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ART AND LITERATURE

VOL. XXIV

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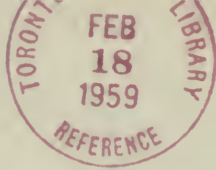
A GAUCHO COWBOY

WITH CHIRIPA (UNDER-GARMENT) AND CHILD

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE ARGENTINE GAUCHO

By JOHN D. LECKIE

THE Gaucho of the Argentine plains may be of any race or colour from pure Indian to pure white, but he generally possesses a strain of both white and Indian blood. In his character he partakes more of his Indian than of his white ancestry, perhaps because, in the majority of cases, the Indian is his maternal side, and those aboriginal traits which are not inherited are instilled into him from the earliest age by maternal tuition.

It is said that if you scratch the Russian you will find the Tartar, and it is equally true that if you scratch the Gaucho you will find the aboriginal Indian. It is said that mongrel races generally inherit the vices of both parents without the virtues of either. In the West Indies, for example, one finds the proverb, "God made the white man, and God made the black man, but the devil made the mulatto," nor can it be denied by those enabled to speak with authority that there is a substratum of truth in the saying.

Perhaps the nearest approach to the Gaucho type and character to be found in Europe is that of the wandering Gypsies, with whom most of us are acquainted. Travellers who have visited both Northern Africa or Arabia and Argentina assure us that there is a striking resemblance between the Arab and the Gaucho character, caused doubtless by similar surroundings and methods of life.

Before delineating the unfavourable points of the Gaucho character, we will in justice have a word to say about his good points, of which he certainly has a few. Like the Arab of the desert, the Gaucho is characterised by his innate courtesy, hospitality and fidelity to his master or leader. This is a trait which seems characteristic of all peoples who live in a semi-feudal state, and was very noticeable as late as last century among our own Highlanders, though in this age of manhood suffrage, trades unions and strikes, the bonds of sympathy which formerly

AN ARGENTINE ESTANCHIA (RANCH)

SHEPHERD'S HUT AND TRAVELLING CAR

In the latter he lives for months at a time while herding sheep.

attached master and servant have been, in a great measure, loosened.

Courtesy is a universal trait of the Gaucho. He may be, and generally is, unlettered and uneducated, but he never forgets that he is one of Nature's gentlemen, and, unless under strong provocation, is careful not to offend, in any way, the feelings of those with whom he comes in contact. But if courteous himself, he expects equal courtesy on the part of others, even those placed in authority over him, and would leave in a moment the employ of any master who dared to address him a harsh word for any fault he might have committed. If his dignity is respected he will, however, generally be found a faithful and trustworthy servant.

In matters of religion his beliefs are simple, and no intricate theological dogmas trouble him. He shows every reverence for the priest, because this has been impressed on him as a duty from his tenderest years. The women, however, are much more fervent in their piety than the men, for while the former are frequent church-goers, the men rarely enter a church door. They look on it, however, as their duty to confess their sins once in a while, and they can generally manage to mutter in an unintelligible manner a *Credo* or *Ave Maria*—there their religion begins and there it ends. They usually know the most important saints' days in the calendar such as the church festivals, for the simple reason that those days are holidays on which no work must be done, and this latter duty is religiously complied with by the Gaucho. The Gaucho looks on the foreigner with a curious mixture of respect and contempt — respect, because the foreigner is always much more skilled in the arts and sciences than he is, and generally also more practised in the use of firearms; and contempt, because foreigners are, in comparison to themselves, such poor horsemen. The Gaucho almost lives in the saddle; his horse is his most treasured possession, and even the poorest of them has one, and often two or three. There is no moral or physical excellence in their eyes equal to that of being a first-rate horseman, and no man could aspire to be a leader of the Gauchos who was not an unexceptionally skilled equestrian. During the wars which afflicted the country during the last century, foreigners had frequently to intervene in order to defend their

A TYPICAL ARGENTINE GAUCHO

With Poncho, which is Overcoat by day and Blanket by night

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH

own interests, and on one occasion a Gaucho orator declared in a warlike speech that those "gringoes" (term of contempt for a European) were men of no account, who were not even equal to a single night's gallop—a statement which his large plebeian audience applauded to the echo. He believes that the foreigner is not a Christian; he has never been baptised; he is a mere heretic with no hope of salvation, who cannot even name the various saints'

CUTTING UP AN OX FOR FOOD—EUROPEAN OVERSEER AND GAUCHO COWBOYS

days or recite an *Ave Maria* or *Paternoster*—a belief which bears evidence of the teachings of the priests among an ignorant population.

Although the Gaucho is usually honest where his master's property is concerned, he has a failing for petty thieving, and it is difficult to get him to understand the principle of *meum* and *teum* in such matters. They will seldom steal articles of great value except under strong temptation, but they have a weakness for "commandeering" any stray horses they take a fancy to. The prevalence of horse-thieving may be accounted for by the ease with which such a theft is accomplished, and the strong temptation to a roving Gaucho, who has lost his steed, to appropriate one of the many thousands he finds grazing in the boundless prairies. Horses, it must

GAUCHO GIRLS POUNDING CORN

Corn meal is prepared by pounding the corn with wooden pestles in a large wooden mortar and then passing the product through a sieve

be remembered, have very little value in the River Plate. We have mentioned a Gaucho's skill in horsemanship. To ride an unbroken and half-wild horse is looked upon as a very ordinary feat. He will not only jump off a horse at full gallop, but will consider himself unskilful if he does not alight on his feet without falling—a feat which may seem impossible to an English horseman. I certainly have never heard of a Gaucho having been killed by a fall from his horse, an accident not unfrequent among foreigners.

EUROPEAN EMPLOYEES ON A RANCH

For their chiefs and leaders they have always showed the greatest respect and attachment, even though the former exercised their sway in the most despotic manner. Men like Rosas or Quiroga easily acquired boundless influence over them, because they understood the Gaucho character and possessed those qualities which their followers admired. Although the Gauchoes are possessed of a considerable amount of native cunning, Quiroga was more than a match for them, and was credited by them with the possession of a wisdom equal to that of Solomon, a reputation not undeserved, as the following anecdote (which is only a sample of many such) will show. Quiroga was on one occasion much offended because one of his immediate followers had stolen some article of his property and he was unable to detect the thief. He summoned all those he suspected and distributed among them rods of equal length, telling them to deliver the rods at a certain spot, and that the rod of

IN A GAUCHO BACKYARD

ARGENTINE—GAUCHO WOMAN AND PLOUGH

the culprit would be found to have grown in the meantime. The rods were duly delivered, when it was found that one of them was shorter than the rest. Quiroga immediately called up the owner of the short rod and denounced him as the thief. The man, in his terror, admitted his guilt, acknowledging that in the dread of being discovered he had cut a piece off the end of his rod.

The Gaucho sets a very low value on human life, and homicides are of frequent occurrence. Most of these arise out of personal quarrels, and in the local press they are generally alluded to as a "desgracia" (a word which in Spanish does not mean "disgrace," as it should in such a case, but simply "misfortune"). Such offences rarely receive adequate punishment, eight years' imprisonment being about the maximum penalty, but in many cases the imprisonment only extends to a few months. In very many cases, perhaps the majority, the criminal escapes punishment altogether. It is not unusual to find persons still at large who are known to have committed half a dozen homicides. Though he has little idea of the sacredness of human life, this evil record is the outcome not so much of a bloodthirsty disposition, as of the lax administration of justice already alluded to, which allows crimes of violence to escape almost unpunished. It used formerly to be the custom to punish homicides by enrolling them in the army for a few months, and sending them for service on the Indian frontier. One may form some idea of the nature of troops recruited in this manner.

These remarks apply more especially to the Gaucho of the Pampas of Central Argentina, and the whole region extending from Bahia Blanca to the frontier of Paraguay. In some of the north-eastern provinces they are said to be of a milder disposition. The Correntinos (natives of the province of

Corrientes) enjoy an unenviable reputation for bloodthirstiness, nor is this reputation by any means undeserved, as I can attest by personal experience. It has been my lot to live for some months among the Correntinos, and people of a lower grade of moral character I have never met anywhere, although I have travelled considerably—nor are their numerous defects relieved by a single good point I can think of. The Argentine army is largely composed of Correntinos, and they make good soldiers.

OLD GAUCHO WOMAN WEAVING A HAMMOCK ON HOME-MADE LOOM

The Gaucho is somewhat of a musician, and even of a poet, for not only will he thrum a lively air on the guitar, but he will accompany it by an extempore ditty of his own accomposition—needless to say his poetry is not of as high a standard as that of Byron. For example, if the pedestrian chances to come on a group of idlers who are passing the time by listening to one of these rustic bards, he may not unprobably be greeted by a number of complimentary remarks regarding the honour he does by joining their company, etc., etc., delivered in a rhyming jingle, to the music of the guitar aforesaid, all of which the stranger may very correctly interpret as a gentle hint to stand drinks all round, nor will he find his invitation refused by any of the bystanders.

The attire is not unpicturesque. His nether garment, known as a "bombacha," is wide and baggy, like that worn by a French Zouave, or the divided skirt sometimes worn by lady cyclists. But his most essential garment is the "poncho," which is generally of wool if the wearer can afford it, though the poorer classes have to content themselves with cotton. The poncho resembles a blanket with a hole in the middle, through which the wearer thrusts his head, and is used as an overcoat by day and a blanket by night. It is a most convenient garment for a traveller, and can be adjusted to suit any change of weather. Thus, in cold or wet weather, it is

worn so as to envelop the entire body; if the temperature becomes somewhat milder, it is thrown over the shoulder and round the neck, somewhat after the manner of a Scotch plaid; and if the thermometer mounts still higher, it is the work of a moment to throw it off altogether. The poncho, indeed, is an economiser of time, money and labour.

The Gaucho, like most children of nature, is very superstitious and full of strange beliefs. He is a decided believer in ghosts, magic, witchcraft, divining, and, in fact, in everything supernatural; nor is it easy to disabuse him of such ideas or reason him out of them. Some of their customs are rather peculiar, such as that of holding a wake or "velorio" over the body of an infant child. This custom is confined to the lower classes, and when one of them loses a child, it is the instant signal not for a manifestation of grief, but for a joyful meeting of all the neighbours for miles around, who make the night lively with dancing, music and other diversions, which will be kept up until an early hour in the morning.

The time is long past when the Gaucho was a power in the land; Gaucho presidents are no longer seen, and even Gaucho generals are scarce. The rapid increase of population in the River Plate republics, caused by immigration, has tended to drive the Gaucho element into the background; for not only are they relatively inferior in numbers, but these sons of the plains, not being residents of the towns, retire before the march of settlement like the buffalo and the wild Indian.

The time is probably not far distant when the Gaucho will be as extinct as the dodo, nor will civilisation be a loser by the change.

A SUMMER NIGHT, LAKE OF BAYS, MUSKOKA

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

SILENT the vast of night:
  Silent the hills on horizons,
Low, dark, continuing;
Not a leaf is bestirred on the branches
By the wind, now hushed into nothing,
Or the careless, confident touch of a bird alighting;
Silent the rocks, sullen resisters;
Silent the waters,
Even the very young waves, the gentle rippling washes of the slim sand's little lovers;
Very silent the moon, that rises and rises, dear sorceress—
Never a whisper, a hint, yet the luminous, tremulous path is forever
Turning and twinkling to me, appearing, evanishing,

Infinite points of light liquescent, sparkling and darkling;
And I look at the hills and the trees and the rocks and the waters,
And I look at the moon and the glorified path to her glory,
And share my brothers' silence.

MR. WATERS

FROM CANADA TO TONGALAND

THE EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY

By A. THEODORE WATERS

FROM a village boy in Canada to a Protestant missionary of the Gospel in Africa, had not quite entered into my youthful calculations, but so it fell out. Who can tell the course of a fox an hour hence because he is now running east?

About the time of my conversion in Chicago (Moody's Church), there was also another young man converted there, a Mr. Fred Hedden of Columbus, Ohio. We were both constrained in spirit to go as missionaries to Africa, and were also of one mind to go independently and at our own expense.

After seven years spent in commerce and study (including a brief term of medicine), I was ready in 1897. I joined my yokefellow in Buffalo, where we were set apart to the work of the Gospel by the Jefferson Street Church of Christ.

During my service as head bookkeeper for a large manufacturing firm in Toronto, I had saved money toward my journey abroad. We made our purses into one common fund. But there was not enough in it to pay our way throughout to our destination, Johannesburg, South Africa. So we determined to work our way. After repeated trips to the East Buffalo horse sales stables, we succeeded in working our way to New York, over the New York Central Ry., in charge of horses. We rode in the caboose, but our duty was to get out at the stopping places and see that the horses kept to their feet. As I rode into New York city on the top of a freight car with my guitar (the caboose had been detached), in a drizzling rain, I looked like a "broken" actor. Had we failed to get a ride from Buffalo, we could have walked, but now the ocean lay before us.

We canvassed all the freight lines (there were then no passenger boats) running direct to South Africa, but without success. We then decided to venture around by England, so set to work trying to "get a job" to an English port. This route also proved hard

IN DELAGOA BAY

TONGALAND—MAPUTA COURT HOUSE AND POLICE FORCE

to book on, but through the influence of a letter of introduction from the manager of the East Buffalo stables, we succeeded finally in shipping on a great steam freighter, as horsemen. We were called "stiffs," a sea term synonymous with the land term "dead-head."

Horses, cattle and sheep, with grain and general merchandise made up our cargo of eight thousand tons. A company of fifty "stiffs" composed the "help" crew, subjects of almost as many nations, and as varied in colour, either from blood or aversion to water. Their skill in swearing and abuse of each other was second only to that of the regular crew, men of foul mouths, the characteristic most noticeable among this class of men the world over.

The horses were "stalled" separately, so that they could not lie down during the whole voyage. The cattle were "penned" together in herds, also on the lower deck. On the top deck pens were improvised for the sheep.

Our sleeping quarters were down in the "forecastle," adjoining the cattle pens. But the human filth and stench of this "black hole" drove us to sleep among the horses. The food consisted of meat tougher than "bully beef," soggy bread and plain tea. But we were more fortunate than the others in our food, for in recognition of my medical treatment of the steward, who was ill, he permitted us to eat in the galley with the cooks. We ate standing beside the dresser, and at times had to hang on to the galley ropes with one hand and feed with the other, while with our bodies we kept the dishes from sliding off as the ship rolled and pitched.

I had only eight horses to feed and water, but my friend had twelve. And

TONGALAND—RAFTING MATERIAL FOR A SCHOOLHOUSE

as I was fortunate in having less work than my companion, so was I more fortunate also in being free from seasickness, while he, poor fellow, was sick much of the time. The regular voyage run was nine days, New York to Liverpool, but owing to mighty storms encountered during this winter season we were four days overdue.

One night, roused from sleep among the horses during a raging storm, we learned that the captain, unable longer to keep the ship heading against the wind, the huge vessel being as a cork in a boiling cauldron, in terror and despair had determined to attempt to turn and run before the wind. All was made ready. The last hope fluttered in every heart. The signals sounded. See, she turns! The steel plates creak! The tempest shrieks among the rigging, bending the masts, and striking her on the weather beam with a crash; it swings her clean around, driving her back upon her track and the American coast! For a night and a day he let her drive—and, as I see in my journal, "This has been to us the day of days, a day of a mighty storm at sea." As a result the hatches are strewn with wreckage and with dead, dying and drowning sheep—a hundred to a hundred and fifty have perished. The horses, for life, struggled to retain their feet. It was pitiable to see the poor brutes, one moment thrown upon their haunches or felled to the floor, the next hurled with the force of an engine against the breast planks and iron stanchions.

Feed boxes, stall boards, pails, lumber, bundles of hay and bags of grain flew through space or floated about the flooded deck. Sheep were shot out of their pen, and even men were dashed from one side to the other and back again. The horses, terrified, neighed and trembled. Their terror increased as to this confusion and tumult was added the bleating of the sheep, the moaning and bellowing of the cattle, the whinnying and struggling of their neighbours, and the yelling and shouting and cursing of men.

PORTUGUESE TONGALAND—ON THE MAPUTA RIVER

The wind, howling, swept down the stokehold with wrath and fury; and the ocean piled into mountainous billows drove its water through the portholes, scuttles and hatches. She shipped sea after sea, which flooded the horses to the knees and blew their drenched tails taut against their bellies. They knew their danger. Fear stood out in every ear and muscle, in every eye and nostril. And the ship itself seemed struck with the same spirit as she rolled and

plunged and shuddered and creaked and groaned in every steel plate!

During the thirteen days' voyage our clothes were not once removed, though much of the time we were wet to the hips with sea water flooding the manure. Occasionally we took off our boots and socks, rinsed them both out in the horse buckets, and put them to dry under the blankets on the horses. On landing in Liverpool the first use we made of our "sea legs" was to waddle up to the public baths.

TONGALAND—MAGISTRATE COLENBRANDER AND CHIEF NGWANASI

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR, AUGUST, 1900

A week was spent in Liverpool and another in London endeavouring to book for South Africa. We tried every line running to South Africa, and were willing to do anything from stoking coal to commanding the ship! As a last resort we even called, late at night, upon Sir Donald Currie, manager of the Castle S.S. Company, in his city mansion, Hyde Park. But every effort failed. Though daily we walked ourselves tired, ate little and slept in cheap lodgings in order to economise, we had peace of mind and heartily enjoyed our circumstances and environments.

It was finally decided that I should go on alone, and Mr. Hedden follow as soon as possible. After paying for steerage passage to Port Elizabeth, and third-class rail to Johannesburg, there remained to each of us eighty-nine cents. The parting was a sore trial under these circumstances. From London I went by train to Southampton, and resumed my voyage into the unknown. But the position only strengthened me in spirit, constraining me to preach with power to my own steerage fellow-passengers and also to the second cabin passengers during the voyage of some twenty-six days. We touched at Teneriffe in the Canary Islands, and landed on St. Helena Island, the prison home of Napoleon.

We enjoyed an early-morning stroll up the valley, through the neat white-washed Spanish town, to a banana plantation on its outskirts. A stone stairway of seven hundred steps led us up the mountain-side to the fortress, which looks far out on the bosom of the ocean. After lagging wearily down to the quay in the sultry morning, I refreshed myself in the clear, blue waters off St. Helena before returning to the ship.

The third week I landed in Capetown, having sixty-two cents left. An interview with the Hon. Cecil Rhodes at his beautiful home added interest to the very pleasant call of four days in Capetown. A former Chicago friend met me on arrival in Johannesburg,

and kindly entertained me at his private lodgings until I took up quarters among the Kaffirs. Special permission from the Boer City Government had to be secured to reside in the Kaffir Location, as white people were not allowed to dwell among the natives. Another special permit was granted to me to practise medicine among these black people. By this means I supported myself, and preached the Gospel, at first through interpreters. In the meantime I studied the Zulu language during the year and a half I remained on the Rand, and used it among the natives in the Location, in the city and on the gold mines.

On the mines the preaching is done mostly in the "compounds," where the "boys" gather and squat on the ground around the missionary and hear, perhaps for the first time, about God. As many tribes may be represented in the audience, the teaching may be interpreted into three or four languages in succession. As the first interpreter is likely to get the thought twisted, the others are sure to get it tangled beyond recognition. And one's fluency in a foreign tongue is not enhanced as he observes the uneasiness of hungry stomachs swaying his audience. And when the "porridge" horn would blow, without waiting to say "Nexepe" (excuse me) they would bolt away for their porridge receptacles and "line up" in their nakedness (save the loin cloth) with tin pans, bowls, small pots, saucepans, wash-basins, biscuit and kerosene tins; pot covers, pitchers, powder casks, grocery boxes and iron buckets! Thus strung out in long single files from the porridge oven (some mines have as many as two thousand "boys") they would "step up" to the black "cook" and have their share of the "impupu" plunked into their vessels from a shovel; with which implement the cook also stirred the cornmeal porridge in the several caldrons from his position on the top of the "oven."

NGWANASI, PARAMOUNT CHIEF OF BRITISH TONGALAND

Should the boys get impatient and crowd, the cook, having a heavy sjamboke (whip of hippopotamus hide), would slash them unmercifully with it, shouting "Boss up!"

This year and a half were interesting and exciting times, leading up to the Boer war. When down in Pretoria, some three months before this event, when the excitement was at its height and everybody, both Boer and Outlander, daily expected hostilities to be declared, I enjoyed an agreeable call on the old gentleman of the "White House," Oom Paul. Returning from the Parliament Buildings in his four-in-hand coach, with liveried footmen and uniformed outriders, the President, though aged, stepped from the carriage and brushed into the White House with the alacrity of a young man, and presently we were both seated on the verandah—the old man, with massive frame, and with coarse and heavy, but commanding features, wearing his stovepipe hat, and puffing hard at his famous big pipe, sat before me leaning upon his cane. The political tension was so great I could not touch upon it, so our interview had to

A PICKANINNIE BEER DRINKING PARTY!

Delagoa Bay, the stuff amounted to thirty-two native loads. The journey from Durban into isolation required a month. From Durban I went to Delagoa Bay by steamship. At Delagoa a sail and row boat, about thirty feet long, was hired to go to the head of navigation, on the Maputa River. The boat was manned by two natives, one of whom was called the "induna," or captain. A missionary from Delagoa Bay, a Mr. Benoit, kindly consented to accompany me and return with the boat. All the supplies were stored away into this open boat, and early one morning we sailed out of Delagoa Bay into the Indian Ocean and during the afternoon entered the Maputa River.

be limited to personal remarks and "small talk." Discontinuing his smoke for a while, and removing the green goggles which he wore, his eyes were seen to be terribly inflamed, and he went on to explain that he was under medical treatment for them. He remarked that excepting this ailment he felt as healthy and as buoyant as in youth. Notwithstanding the breaking strain he was labouring under (with possibly the War Ultimatum already in his pocket) he appeared at ease and was agreeable, but would not speak in English, and limited himself to an interpreter whom I had procured at the Detective Office of the Police Department, as was then required by Government.

Six weeks before war was declared, I entered into engagement with the South Africa General Mission to go into British Tongaland, Province of Zululand, as pioneer missionary and Government acting district surgeon. Again medical knowledge provided for my support through the salary received from the Government.

From Johannesburg I went by rail, down to Durban, Natal. Here I purchased supplies for a year. With over a hundred dollars' worth of drugs supplied by the Government and, including other additions made later at

During the second evening of this voyage we narrowly escaped being wrecked by a hippopotamus, this virgin African river being infested with them and with crocodiles. Night was coming down, and dull angry clouds spat fitful showers at us. The tide was running out, and the wind blew with it, driving the deep and dark muddy river to the sea with ominous speed. Gloom possessed us all, in this wilderness, but the boatmen pulled faithfully and hard at the oars. On our approach the water fowl, settled for the night among the reeds, would start with cries of alarm and fly away to safety in the marshes.

Looking up stream, we sighted on the water the little ears and eyes and great nostrils of a hippopotamus, bearing down upon us. The natives trembled! They are always cowardly. "Let's have some fun with him!" I called to my friend. He sprang to the stern with an assegai (spear) and

I mounted the bow with a shot gun. The hippopotamus, startled with the strange sight, shook the river with a snort like a pig grunt and disappeared as is their habit. We waited, ready for its reappearance, but as it did not again appear by the time we thought it should, one grumbled with disappointment, "We've lost our fun!" With the words, we were lifted clean out of the water and dashed among the branches of a big tree laying in the stream, and up over the gunwale came the hippopotamus' head and feet, with mouth wide open and eyes and tusks gleaming. I aimed the gun at his mouth, but refrained from shooting, fearing to only wound him. Down he went and we stood fixed with terror, expecting the next moment to be smashed up by the great brute! Moments seemed like hours, till at last he reappeared down stream, having been swept down by the current, while we were stuck in the tree, our only damage being an oar broken.

At the head of navigation I had to wait two weeks for carriers. Though here alone in the wilderness, I enjoyed this "hunters' paradise" of South-East Africa. There is a place known to the writer where, within a radius of some fifteen miles, is found the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, leopard, wild hog, jackal, fox and many other small animals; numerous varieties of the buck and antelope; several varieties of monkeys and baboons; crocodiles, fish and numerous kinds of water fowl and land birds.

A tramp of fifty miles over hot, sandy paths brought me, at last, to my destination. The seat of government, previously at this place, had recently been removed to the Lubombo Mountains, some sixty miles distant. I was assigned one of the vacated buildings as a dwelling.

MR. WATERS' RESIDENCE IN TONGALAND—MADE OF WATTLE AND CLAY WITH THATCHED ROOF

On my arrival, on October 5th, 1899, there were only three other white men in the territory, viz., two mounted policemen and a trader. Chief Ngwanasi, who had requested the Government to send a missionary to his people, came with his retinue and gave me a warm welcome as missionary, but a no less hearty reception as surgeon, he having a lame foot at the time! Natives are very keen for medical treatment, and look to the white man to perform miracles with his medicines. A blazer jacket was presented to the chief in token of friendship. He returned the compliment later. For several years our friendship increased and our intercourses were frequent. His subjects numbered ten or twelve thousand and

PORTUGUESE POLICE CAMP AT USUTU PORT, PORTUGUESE TONGALAND

his wives forty-six. Previous to 1897, at which date the British took possession at his request, Ngwanasi had been king of all the Tongas, *i.e.*, what is now called Portuguese and British Tongalands.

Ten days after my arrival, the Boer war having broken out, the white policemen and part of the native police force were called up to the mountains to defend the magistracy against the Boers. This left me the only Government servant in the land and with the watchcare of it, having the remainder of the native police force under my supervision.

A few days later a native runner came in haste, bringing a message from the police, saying that they were in flight before the Boers, who had destroyed the magistracy and were coming down to Maputa, and that the trader and I should flee for our lives. My first thought was to do so, but after deliberation and prayer I decided to remain at the post of duty. The trader, however, fled in the night for Delagoa Bay, and did not return for a month, during which period I was the only white man in the country. And the police department not returning for thirteen months, the general watchcare of the territory continued in my hands during this period. Soon after hostilities began, the Government was pleased to add to my duties and cares as missionary, school teacher, physician and guardian of the country, besides extensive travel in itinerating, exploration and watching for the Boers, the two other appointments as postmaster and border customs officer, with charge of the native forces attaching to these departments.

Nearly four years were spent in this unique isolation. But the many and thrilling experiences of these years, and also of the previous years on the Gold Fields, cannot, of course, be told in the scope of a single magazine article. I shall, however, attempt to give some idea of my experience in Tongaland in another issue.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

THE THINGS THAT ARE AT NIGHT

By AUBREY FULLERTON

IT was turning six when I left the house, and a merry din of bells and whistles sounded from either end of the city. In the later hours of the afternoon a partial stillness had fallen, in warning of the night, but now the busy noise of the streets suddenly increased. Like the storm-burst after a lull, the confusion of the day's ending broke upon a moment's quiet with quick force and loud report, yet cheerfully. People were already moving homeward; some drove in carriages, some rode awheel, and many were afoot. They were well-conditioned people, with whom life seemed to go brightly, and it was pleasant, in meeting and passing, to note the eager faces and the apparent good spirits.

Night comes gently up-town. As I neared the centre of the city the crowd greatly increased and, at the same time, changed. Men and women in plainer garb and less lively manner came now in twos and threes; faces that seemed worn and tired took the places of the animated ones I had seen a few moments before; yet they were equally eager and perhaps equally happy. It was, indeed, for these and not for them that day changed into night with greatest welcome. For these were the toilers, the men and women who had been at work since morning and now were free.

By a short cut through an unfrequented street I escaped the stress of the crowd, now becoming intense, and came into it again at a point lower down, where it divided in different directions. It was a pleasant time to leave off work, the fine mid-fall evening seeming outwardly restful, yet suggestive also of warm cheer indoors; and the workers felt the latter influence if not the other. Emptying the mills, and shops, and offices, they filled the streets, an eager crowd that was quickly gathered and would soon pass. The trolley cars filled and hurried off, east, and north, and south, and west, but here, as uptown, the greater number were those who walked or wheeled. Their common purpose was to get home, mine to follow them; and, indeed, without any effort of my own I was presently caught in the current and pressed on with it for several blocks. Breaking loose where two streets crossed, I took a favourable stand at the corner and watched the crowd go by, no longer myself a part of it. On and on and on they went—good-natured, talkative, and probably hungry. An army of soldiers on the move is picturesque because of its uniformity, an army of workers because of its variety.

I boarded a car and found it a reproduction of the street. Mixed among office-girls and sales-clerks were some belated shoppers, known by their parcels; and well-to-do business men shared standing-room with labourers-by-the-day. I caught myself surmising the work from which each had come and the home to which each was going. I know not how well I guessed, but a man's calling does, more or less plainly, fasten its marks upon him. To most of my fellow-passengers, I thought, the day had been but one of a thousand, all alike, but with others something out of the ordinary may have happened, to be talked over at home and long remembered. One by one they dropped off at their appointed corners, and at the turning of the road I too got out.

For the walk back I chose another route, which led past many of the people's homes. The crowd had been interesting, but it was good to swing my own gait again, where no crowds were. The people whom I had seen hurrying away from shops and offices were now, some of them, within their own doors. The houses were alight, and an undrawn blind here and there

showed the assembled family at evening meal. Further on I passed a row of boarding houses, those makeshift homes of homeless clerks and students, from whose basement kitchens came familiar savours.

Back again to the heart of the city, I found that the stress of the crowd had greatly lightened. Workmen who had been delayed, or had had errands of their own, moved in fewer numbers, but more impatiently; and the newsboys cried louder, but sold less. Many of the smaller stores were still open and would remain so till eight or nine o'clock, seeking such custom as late buyers might bring their way. The streets, never quite empty, had so thinned out that it was easy now to "track" a man, and I observed several enter these open shops and come out presently with parcels—something, no doubt, that the wife wanted at home. But, allowing for all delays, another half-hour would see the city's workmen housed and fed.

And then a strange thing happened. Work recommenced. Lights appeared in near-by warehouses and offices, and I saw men hurrying thither—not so many and not so eager as those who had hurried out, but still as with a purpose; for these were the workers who turned night into day.

Every twelve hours the work-a-day drama runs its length and begins anew. At six o'clock, or thereabouts, the scenes are shifted; the world stops, turns back, and then goes on again. One set of workers goes home to rest and sleep, but at almost the same hour a lesser throng, to whom the evening is a second morning, begins. The one marks its calendar by daylight, and the other by lamp and lantern.

There is an interval, however, between the day's end and sleeping time that is busy with a life peculiarly its own. It belongs neither to the day nor to the actual night, yet partakes of both. For two or three hours there is a recess for play, beginning toward eight, when the pleasure-seekers come out to see and hear. Every night brings holiday, and summer or winter, the city observes it with much ado.

I walked up street again, and met new crowds, for by this time the theatre-goers were moving. The boards announced rare treats to-night, in tempting promise of which the open doors let out great floods of light. They were merry folk who went inside, themselves making drama while they sought a play. Music halls and churches were also alight. Theatre, opera, concert, lecture, prayer meeting—every man to his liking. At one of the fine houses which I passed an evening party was beginning, and would probably be still in progress long after midnight. I went no further, but taking this one street as an example of many others, I made an imaginative estimate of the number and variety of the evening's events throughout the city. For this was play-time.

Thus far I had seen the change from day to night, the crowded home-going of the day-workers and the arrival of the others, the quieting of the city streets and the beginning of the night's festivities. With goings to and fro I had filled in the three first and busiest hours of the night, and it was now past nine o'clock. I turned again to the down-town streets, where the real life of the night is most apparent, and where work goes on unceasingly. One of the large factories was in full operation, and the rumble of wheels and the thud of hammers sounded out distinctly in the quiet street. There is a fascination about mills that run at night. The cheeriest music I have ever heard was the sharp ringing buzz of great round saws in a lumber mill, working topmost speed at midnight. Long usage accustoms the night-worker to read the laws of nature inversely. He sleeps while others work, and works while others sleep. He does his day's work, but he does it at night. If you ask him about it, he says he can work as well, suffers no inconvenience, and feels no ill effects; but in the long run

the habitual night-worker falls before the day-worker.

Down on the water-front I found a vantage-point for both seeing and thinking. A steamer discharging freight, two little schooners swinging idly at their berths, with lights in the cabin but not a soul astir; the clumsy ferry-boat puffing up the harbour with a score or so of passengers, while as many were waiting to return—these were the night scenes at the wharf. Looking townward, the lights from many buildings made an irregular outline of bright spots in the darkness, like lower stars. Long rows of street lamps crossed the city to its farthest limits, and I wished a bird's-eye view were possible.

Yes, the city must have its light. Yonder was the power-station, with its high chimney belching fiery smoke, and through an open door I caught a glimpse of the great fly-wheels, busily spinning the whole night through.

Leaving the water-front and coming again into the streets, I found them quiet and almost bare. From this out there would be only such traffic as night affairs made necessary. The theatres had closed, and for a while the cabs and trolleys had been busy; but there would now be no more crowds till morning.

From one of the committee-rooms of the City Hall there gleamed a light; evidently the city's business was requiring late hours. Matters of public import are not infrequently worked out while the public is asleep, and as a case in point there came to mind a night once spent in the Canadian House of Commons. An important question had been under final discussion since early afternoon. The debate continued through the evening and the night, and toward five in the morning the vote was taken. Day was breaking when the House adjourned.

There are a number of places, however, where night hours are nothing novel, but even more necessary than in the mills and warehouses. Telegraph and telephone offices never lock their doors, their work going on incessantly by night as well as by day. Ear down to catch the news, the men who hold the wires maintain connection between the sleeping city and the universe, and in the night watches it is almost an uncanny thing to talk across the continent or the ocean. I wondered what weighty tidings were moving now, of which we should hear perhaps in the morning papers. Thus from telegraphs to newspapers, and, following the suggestion, I made my way to one of the offices where editors and typos work all night. A newspaper office is the one place on earth to which admittance is always to be had, presumably with welcome, and boldly therefore I climbed the stairs to the journalistic work-room. The click of type-machines and the general hurry-hither gave at once an impression of something doing. Here was the people's news preparing for them while they slept—a grist of great and little affairs that must first be winnowed, digested, and labelled. It was a busy place, more busy than it had been by day, and no let-up possible until the public had its papers.

I rested for a little in a reportorial chair, for I had been long afoot. Two chairs away from me was the Night Editor, shirt-sleeved, and not to be bothered. Night work here was serious. A few hours later the hurry would reach its climax, the press would start, the mailers and bundlers would get to work, and by daybreak the morning edition would be off. Meanwhile, however, there was news to get. The Night Editor called one of his men and said "Police Station." I went with him.

It is a doubly dark side of the night that is known to the city policemen. They see and hear the tragic things of which the rest of us learn second-hand, or not at all. There were already five night-prisoners at the station when we reached it, and no doubt an hour or so would bring more. One of the cases was of some importance, and furnished material which, the reporter said, would make interest-

ing news the next morning. When morning came, too, there would be for these misdoers the dreaded Police Court, and the revelations of open day. Under cover of the night, evil waxes bold and stalks abroad, or makes the still hours hideous in dives and dens. Yet the night is not evil. It was once as pure as day, and to the pure man it still is so.

With this glimpse of the unpleasant night-life, I sought again some cheerier phase. A car, running now at long intervals, was at the corner, and I went to the railway depot. The trains had all gone out. Strangely contrasting with its daytime bustle, the great shed was echoing only a voice here and there and the noise of an occasional truck. Long rows of empty cars stood on the tracks, and a score of men were cleaning them. In those same cars many travellers had that day come to the city, and some who had gone further on were still travelling. Night journeys, oft-repeated, are wearisome, but as a first experience it is pleasant to speed into the night on an unknown path, catching mysterious and fitful glimpses of town and country from car windows or rear platforms.

Some incoming trains were still due, and presently from down the line there sounded a shrill whistle and clanging bell. The station wakened into life again. A little band of weary waiters gathered at the track, and almost at their feet the midnight express came to a stop, engine panting loudly, like a big tired human.

I followed a passenger to his hotel, and there found another phase of night-work. The office was quiet, but ready for business, and the new-comer fared better, perhaps, than a day guest would have done. Elsewhere in the building preparations had been already made for the morrow's meals, and bake-shops down the street were cooking the breakfast bread.

A light strayed out from the window of a "Meals-at-all-hours" restaurant, and the time seemed fitting to break my own fast. There were both food and fun inside, for a group of college boys were doing honour to a football champion who had won them a victory that day—or, now, the day before. Speeches, songs and college yells go merrily at night, and the later the hour the more of zest and the less concern for to-morrow's classes. As for myself, I was out for the night, and this was one of the night's events.

At two o'clock an alarm of fire rang suddenly and noisily. I knew the number, and quite ready for some new excitement, hurried down the street. The firemen were already at work, and a small crowd, not fully awake, had gathered from round about. The clatter of a fire engine through the streets at dead of night is disturbing, but they who wake pay little heed to it unless the cause be near their own door. Yet a fire is seen best at night, when the shafts of flame show vividly against the darkness. The house was gone—a little dwelling in which some workman's family had had its home, and from which they were now rudely expelled with nothing but their lives. Here was domestic misfortune which made the fire seem not so picturesque.

I had now seen enough. For another two hours things would go on very much the same, and then the city would be waking. Meanwhile I turned to one of the public squares, where there were benches, and sat down. The night was not uncomfortably cool, and its crisp freshness was a pleasant brace to tired limbs. A multitude of impressions which had fixed themselves in my mind during the past eight or nine hours gave me food to think upon. There is undoubtedly something in night experiences which make them last; they are remembered long afterward, and sometimes with startling clearness. It is probably because night experiences are rarer than those by day that we so well remember them; but I prefer to think it a subtle influence of the Night Spirit. There stand out sharply in my own memory a number of nights, with each of which some particular experience is forever associated. Very commonplace ex-

periences they were — nothing more than nights on the water, or in camp, or at the old home, night journeys, visits to lighthouses, moonlight rambles in the fields, sick-room vigils, and such like—but they gave rise, then and after, to thoughts and feelings out of all proportion to their importance. Not the experiences themselves, but the time, makes these things memorable, and not their own significance, but the effectual working of the Spirit of the Night, gives them moral value.

The impressions of the moment were restful and pleasant. The great heart of the city was asleep, and so still was everything that I heard my own breathing, while the quarter-hours of the town clock rang out clear and strong. It had all been so busy at six o'clock, would be so busy again when daylight came! I forgot for a time that work was still going on here and there; the city seemed at rest.

I must have fallen asleep, for when I next looked about me it was with a sudden start, and wonderingly. I thought I had dreamed, too. And then it came to me that the people of the city were dreaming, even as I had done. I had seen the life of the day and the life of the night, but there was a third, more mysterious than either, the wayward dream-life. The sleeping multitude was not dead, but living more gloriously, perhaps, than ever it could live by day, fighting battles, winning fame, doing and achieving. It was a purely ideal life, but it might, in many cases, have a practical influence on real life. There would be degrees in this busy dream-life, for according to individual abilities by day are the visions by night. Very different, I thought, would be the fantasies now passing before a professor whom I knew, an æsthetic man, and the dream-experiences of another friend, the scheming manager of a newspaper. I could go no farther. It was a book tight-sealed to me, and what variety of form or action, what degree of fear or delight, this unconscious life of the city was now assuming, I could only guess. Awake or asleep, how mighty a thing is a city of people!

There were signs of dawn. The trees stirred slightly above the bench, and some chirping sparrows were already on the move. Here and there a light and a fresh wreath of smoke announced an early riser, for whom another day had now commenced. It was still dark, but gradually the morning gray came on; the street lights sputtered and then died out. Delivery waggons began to appear, and trolleys shunted out of their sheds on schedule time. The procession of workers also began, and in a short time the streets were busy. It would be two hours yet before the bulk of the people were astir, but the early ones were moving now, and the day had set. I took the hint, and again trudged on. When I reached the house it was after six, and the city had resumed its noise.

THE WINGS OF NIGHT

By T. W. KING

HE snow was drifting and the day express from Montreal was belated. The few passengers wandered from one Pullman to another — nervous, irresolute, discontented. Westmorland himself had risen and was pacing the aisle, like a sentry upon his beat. Each time as he passed where Grace McClain and her child were seated, he glanced smilingly towards them.

"Come Bertha," he said, as he paused for a moment beside them, "let us take Mamma to dinner."

The child sprang to his arms with a cry of delight.

"Hurry, Mamma," she said, "we're going to dinner."

"You are spoiling her," Grace remonstrated, "but she loves you dearly."

"I certainly succeed better with her," rejoined Westmorland, as they seated themselves at the table, "than I do with her mother. Like measles or mumps, I am dangerous only to children. Young ladies from three to five I find are very susceptible; but after that they get to be—"

"Married?"

"No, adolescent."

"And how old is that?"

"Oh, I don't know—twenty-five."

"Twenty-five! I like that!"

"Oh, you aren't that old?"

"Certainly not."

"Anyhow, you're too old. When they get to your age I find that I am outclassed."

"Perhaps you arrive too late!"

Upon their return they found the car deserted. The child, fretful and sleepy, now gladly came to her mother's arms for rest. Westmorland seated himself across the aisle and gazed fondly upon them—the mother, herself but a girl; slight, yet womanly, with hair that seemed black by contrast with her eyes of blue; eyes soft and gentle, yet large and bright.

"We are the playthings of fate," he murmured sadly. "I will see that picture in Scotland as plainly as I see it now."

As Grace gently laid the sleeping child to rest, he took his seat beside her, and she asked:

"You will keep your promise to me?"

And he answered:

"Yes; the train that catches my steamer leaves Montreal Sunday noon."

"It is best for you to go."

"Would it make any difference if I waited until summer?"

"It might; the day may come when I cannot tell you to go. It is hard for me now; but my duty is too plain."

"So far as your marriage goes—"

"Yes, I know all that you can say about that! I might obtain a divorce at Ottawa; any court in your country, of course, would divorce me; many clergymen perhaps will say that once divorced I may, if I choose, remarry. But my conscience is not in their keeping; I am bound—rashly and foolishly—bound! You are an American, and you cannot understand it; you are a man, and you cannot appreciate it; but how can I keep my self-respect with two husbands living? I know that many good women in your country think differently; but to be in that position —perhaps the mother of children, with the father of one in Toronto and the father of another in Texas—to me it is simply revolting!"

"That is a morbid sentiment."

"It is not a matter of sentiment; it is a matter of duty."

"You speak of duty," said Westmorland impatiently; "do you know what it means? Duty to whom? To whom is it *due?* Is it to this man you despise, who has disappeared heaven only knows where; or is it to your own

little girl? Has she no rights in this matter? I waive all question of sentiment; suppose you care nothing for me—"

"But I do," she said gently; "that is why I discuss it at all"; then—to herself rather than to Westmorland—she murmured:

"Oh, I wish he were dead!"

"He will be dead to us hereafter. I can arrange in a few months for your divorce in Ohio. We will spend our lives among strangers, and Bertha will grow up to believe that I am her father. Why, in time you and I will come ourselves to believe it."

"Will you try to find out something about him?" she asked. "I have not heard of him for more than three years now; he may be dead for all that I know to the contrary."

"Those fellows never die," he rejoined, "but they can be eliminated. Come, give me your promise now—for Bertha's sake—before we reach Toronto."

"You know," she continued, still following aloud her own train of thought, "that his name was not McClain. We were married under that name, and of course I retain it; but he wrote to me after the baby was born that his name was Allen Dow."

"Oh, well, that doesn't make any difference."

"Do you know that I fancied once that I saw him in Marietta?"

"You saw me there at any rate," Westmorland responded. He was not especially interested in reminiscences about McClain.

"But I didn't," she went on, ignoring his interruption; "at that very time, as I afterwards learned, he was somewhere in Texas. He wrote to me from Belle Centre a dozen times for money."

"And you sent him repeatedly?"

"What else could I do?"

"And he went there by the name of Allen Dow?"

"Yes, I know that he did."

"A small, delicate man, was he not, with a mania for cigarettes?"

"He certainly smoked cigarettes."

Westmorland was trembling with suppressed agitation.

"And he had the morphine habit, I reckon?"

"Yes, but how did you know it?"

"And a long scar, here, on his neck?"

"Yes, yes! Did you ever see him? Oh, is he really alive? If he is living I cannot do as you wish; I cannot, I cannot!"

They had risen; for a moment Westmorland stood rigid. Then, suddenly, he drew her, resisting, to him.

"Grace dear," he whispered, "do not be startled; it happened three years ago. Your life is your own again. The man is dead!"

Staring and pale, she confronted him.

"He is dead?"

"Yes, the man is dead!"

"Thank God." Then—as she slowly sank to her seat:

"Why did you not tell me this sooner?"

"The *name*," he explained. "I knew him as Dow; you were Mrs. McClain. He died before I came to Toronto."

"But are you sure?"

He answered—even in her excitement she noticed—with constraint:

"I tell you that he is dead."

"No, no," she protested, "you are telling me this to overcome me to your way of thinking."

"I am telling you, upon my honour, what I know to be true."

"How do you know it?"

"I saw him die."

"When? Where? Why were you with him?"

"It was during the boom at Belle Centre; you must take my word for the fact."

"But why do you tell me so little? I am shivering with apprehension.

"Oh, it isn't true," she sobbed; "it can't be true!"

"Grace," he said slowly, "don't say that again! I tell you the man is dead."

"And you saw him die?"

"No, I didn't precisely *see* him die, but I know, only too well, that he is dead."

"I don't believe it!"

"But I know it."

"No, no," she sobbed hysterically; "I will not believe it; he is not dead!"

"I know that he is!"

"How do you know it?"

"I killed him!"

Grace covered her face with her hands—she was rocking herself back and forth in tearless agony. Westmorland stood helplessly by until Bertha — suddenly awakened — cried shrilly. He had taken the child in his arms when Grace snatched her away so violently that he flushed with mortification.

"I will not hurt your child!" he said bitterly.

"It is *his* child," she cried; "can't you see what it means? You must never touch her again! She must forget you before she learns the truth."

"But there is nothing for her to learn. Of course, I said that I killed him; that was a violent way to put it. The fact is—"

"It was accidental, of course?"

"Yes, I never intended to hurt, much less to kill him—"

"Oh, I knew it was accidental! Still it is dreadful. How did it happen? Tell me about it!"

"His skull was fractured; the doctors should have trepanned it."

"But how did it happen?"

"He fell in the lobby of the Grand Hotel; he was crazed with morphine at the time."

"And you?"

"Grace, he was trying to kill me; he had a knife in his hand when I struck him."

"Then it was you that killed him?"

"That is one way to put it!"

"It is the way that you put it."

"At any rate," said Westmorland, "he's dead."

His tone grated upon her, and she answered bitterly:

"Yes, he is dead, and the man who has taken his life proposes to take his place—to marry his wife and adopt his child."

"No," said Westmorland, "I do not propose to take his place. He had no place. He long ago forfeited his wife and his child; he cared for neither, and I love them both."

"Don't, don't," she pleaded; "that is over now."

Again the child stirred uneasily; other passengers entered the car, and Westmorland said gently:

"I will leave you for a while; you are nervous and worn out."

He was himself overwrought with the scene and the memories it recalled.

At Toronto he assisted Grace and the child to the carriage that awaited them.

"I will remain here," he said. "Tell Sir William that I am at the King Edward."

"It is no use for you to remain," she answered; "I have thought it all over; I cannot see you again."

"You will feel differently in the morning."

"No, my mind is made up."

"Good night," he said gently.

But she answered:

"Good-bye!"

II

Sir William Carter had narrowly missed being the most eminent man in Canada. But a strain of whimsicality —it hardly rose to eccentricity—prevented his success in public life; and speculations had diminished his large estate. He was now over sixty, living a retired life; whimsical as ever—even amused by the comparative failure of his own career!

His children lived abroad, and he had settled upon them generously when he married the present Lady Carter. She was the sister of Grace McClain, and Sir William's house had been Grace's refuge and home for years.

He was sincerely attached to Westmorland, whom he long had known, and greeted him warmly when the latter called upon the following day:

"Come to my den," he said; "I am not certain that the ladies are visible."

"How are they?"

The Knight smiled at him quizzically:

"You must be quite an entertaining companion," he said. "Grace arrived home in hysterics."

"Have you seen her this morning?"

"No, but I learned, in a general way, what you told her."

"Her husband is dead."

"Yes, and she fancies that you killed him."

"I suppose that she does!"

"What on earth did you say to her?"

"I was excited; we were both of us a trifle hysterical—"

"I should think so," Sir William assented.

"Of course," Westmorland proceeded, "I did knock him down, and it is possible that he fractured his skull when he struck the floor; the doctors said that he did."

"Did you know at the time that he was injured?"

"No, he was around for a week or two after that; then he sickened and died. His skull was fractured; they should have trepanned it."

"It is too bad," said Sir William; "of course, we all know you're fond of her. Though why"—he went on in his quizzical way—"you should have lingered here for three years to fall in love with a woman you believed to be married, is beyond my comprehension—I can't understand it."

"I met her in Marietta. I know now that she must have visited there shortly after her husband deserted her. I was employed by your friend, Judge Stewart, in buying and selling derricks, bits, cable—what we used to call junk—in the oil fields of West Virginia. I went to his house in Marietta on business one evening; you remember the broad verandah?"

"I recall it."

"They were sitting there that summer night, overlooking the river. I was presented to 'Miss McClain,' as I understood it. I met her once again. I learned that she was Lady Carter's sister and that she lived in Toronto. And I knew, in my heart, that she was the one only woman in the world for me!

"A few months later came the boom at Belle Centre. I was one of the first on the ground. I made money fast, and as soon as I could I turned everything into cash. Then I came to Toronto to find Grace McClain, and, if possible, to make her my wife. I found her at your house; she was a wife and a mother!

"I should have returned to Texas, but on one pretext or another I lingered. You and I were old friends; there are no limits, Sir William, to your hospitality; and in time we four—Lady Carter, Grace, you and I—were almost daily together. I knew her story; in time she knew my secret. I urged her to seek a divorce; this she refused to do. Then I promised to go abroad.

"Yesterday morning I was at the Windsor, and I saw Grace and Bertha pass in a sleigh, on their way to the station. I came with them from Montreal to Toronto. You know the rest."

Sir William answered with unusual gravity:

"It's awkward," he said, "there is no doubt about that. We Canadians are so very old-fashioned! I really think you had best go abroad. Time is the great healer, you know."

"But I must see Grace, Sir William, before I go; I wish to see her now."

"I will tell Lady Carter," replied the Knight, ruefully; but at the door he turned, with his whimsical smile, to say: "Westmorland, you certainly have made a mess of it!"

In a few moments he returned to say that Grace was in the drawing-room, and to shake hands, with mock solemnity, as Westmorland left him.

She was dressed in black; her face seemed exceedingly pale, but her manner was quiet and self-contained:

"You have come to say good-bye?" she asked him.

"No, not precisely, although I will go away for awhile if you wish it. I was excited yesterday—brutal, abrupt. I hope you will forget and forgive what I said to you!"

"I think I understand," said Grace. "You were not to blame. 'Self defence,' do the lawyers call it?"

"Yes," said Westmorland eagerly, "that was it."

"I am not passing judgment upon you; your own conscience can judge you the best."

"Certainly," assented Westmorland, "my conscience is entirely clear."

"You feel no remorse about it?"

"No, indeed, I do not."

"Then it will not make you morbid; I am glad that you feel as you do about it."

"And you will make me happy?" he asked, almost triumphantly.

"Make you happy?" Again his tone grated upon her.

"Yes, after all, Grace, this happened three years ago. Let us be quietly married and go abroad. On Bertha's account, the sooner the better!"

"Have you no respect for me whatever?" she demanded; "do you think that I have no respect for my child?"

"What do you mean?"

"During the past twenty-four hours," she answered, suddenly flushing, as she rose to her feet and confronted him, "many things have been revealed to me: Years ago you saw me—scarcely met me—at Marietta; you fancied me; you determined, even then, to marry me! Within a few months, flushed with your sudden rise to fortune, you came here, to find me another's wife. Does that deter you? No! You essay to snap that sacred tie as though it were a rotten thread; you treat as beneath contempt the barriers placed by God and man between us. When my conscience will not bend to your imperious will—when you know that I cannot be you wife, with this man alive—you then declare, without regret, that you killed him; and, in the same breath, you command me—his wife—and our child, to be your accomplices, to crown your happiness!"

Westmorland looked at her wonderingly:

"Do you think you are just?"

But now her excitement had passed, and, seating herself beside him, she answered gently:

"No, I am unjust. I let you speak and I let myself think about you as a lover, when I still believed myself to be married. Of course from your standpoint I was foolish and wrong to hesitate about a divorce.

"As to this other," she continued, "you were frank and brave to tell me the truth; you might have evaded it. But of course this puts an end to our friendship—to our acquaintance indeed, for Bertha must entirely forget you. As to our —"

"Marriage?" Westmorland suggested, for she seemed to hesitate.

"Yes, as to marriage—let us be frank; as to marriage, that is impossible!"

"Why?"

"Can't you see?"

"No."

"Then I can't explain it to you; but the situation is simply impossible."

"And what am I to do?"

"You must, once and for all, say good-bye."

"I don't see why that is necessary."

"But I do. There are many reasons that I think you will understand. In the first place our thoughts and traditions are so different that every year you would seem to me more reckless and irreverent, and I would seem to you more foolish and fanatical. Were there no other obstacle, this alone should make us hesitate before linking our lives together."

"I will take chances on that," said Westmorland smilingly.

"But that is not all! In time Bertha must know that her father is dead, and how he died. Even though I deceived her, she would learn some day. Then think of what lies before us! The innocence of youth is cruel in its judgments. How can we live with this child, year after year, and this secret between us?

"Again, you and I know the truth; but how is the world to know it? How will our enemies tell it? You fall in love with a married woman; you travel thousands of miles to find her husband and kill him; then you return and marry the widow! How would this story sound to Bertha, if she heard it, ten years from now? No, the world is cruel, but its laws are wise; we must avoid the appearance of evil."

"We must do what is right."

"And we must not appear to do wrong."

"But for the present," Westmorland plead, "why should our friendship be interrupted?"

"I can answer that easily. When a man and a woman are placed as we are — when they have shown their hearts to each other—they will talk of themselves whenever they meet. If you continue to come here as usual, will you and I discuss Mr. Chamberlain, the Alaskan Award, the state of the weather? Ah, no, it will be always the same, and the end is certain: either I yield to your importunity, or we part in a quarrel forever."

"We are not quarrelling now!"

"No," she said, rising and extending her hand frankly towards him, "we part in peace."

"And your mind is made up?"

"Irrevocably."

"It is very hard; it is very unjust!"

"It is fate."

Her tone and manner more than her words appalled him. To his mind they spelled the end.

He held her hand between his own; she could see that he was deeply moved; that his strong feeling made him, for the time, inarticulate. Then he turned and left her. She heard him slowly pass through the wide hall to the street; then, as the door closed behind him, she hastened to the window and, herself unobserved, gazed after him. The wind was blowing a gale, and the snow was drifting heavily; the elements seemed to accentuate her cruelty.

"Good-bye!" she sobbed as he disappeared from her sight; "Good-bye, good-bye!"

III

The winter dragged slowly by for Grace McClain. To a few friends she confided the fact of her husband's death; they frankly congratulated her upon her release. She told them that he had died some time before; that only her sister, Sir William and Mr. Westmorland knew of it; that she hesitated to formally announce her widowhood. More than one of her confidants discreetly inquired about Mr. Westmorland; she could only answer that he had gone abroad.

But as time passed and no word came from Westmorland, her interest revived and quickened in the happenings of her daily life. The spring was one of peculiar charm, and Grace eagerly breathed its buoyant beauty. Social ambitions, long dormant, now stirred again. She reappeared, with some of her old-time zest, at the golf links and upon the bay. She had persuaded herself that she had ceased to remember, when — frightened, elated, half-pleased and only half-surprised— she received an offer of marriage that brought her sharply face to face with the problem of her life. It was from her dead father's dearest friend—her own life-long friend and guardian. Although he spoke with modest, manly depreciation of his own deserts, she knew full well that to be his wife was to gratify a very high ambition. It meant to her social supremacy among those she had always known, freedom from care, a life of luxurious comfort brightened by congenial activity.

By birth, tradition, and through hard experience she had come to set no little store upon the well-ordered conventionalities of life; and marriage to Westmorland—she faced the question bravely now—"would it be quite respectable?" Did it not stand for the suppression of truth, the keeping of secrets? She was innocent, but the pitiless question confronted her: could

she marry the man who had caused her husband's death?

There remained the possibility of perpetual widowhood. Her own poverty gave Grace no concern; Sir William was her brother, her unfailing friend; and her sister, after all, was kind and affectionate; but the child? And now she blushed guiltily at the unbidden thought of Westmorland's love for them both; in her heart she knew that Bertha would be his heir. She tried to make herself believe that she might never see him again, that he might marry abroad, and in time forget them, but her heart laughed her to scorn. Hurt and unhappy he might be, but she never doubted his lifelong love and solicitude. That was the one thing in this world that was fixed and unchangeable! With a great throb of love and gratitude she turned to his photograph that for years had gazed upon her. "Faithfully yours," he had written—yes, he would be faithful unto death. But was she true to the love God had placed in her heart? Had she the right to marry one man while she still loved another? Was it just to either? Would it not in the end be cruel to both?

But now the fresh, bright air invited her. She walked abroad, to find that gossip was busy with her future. Already she perceived that deference advanced to greet her coming greatness. She was too womanly not to recall more than one slight put upon her during the dark days now happily ended, and too human not to thrill with the pride of power within her grasp. Lady Carter noticed at dinner her strange exaltation, and Sir William, with the whimsical smile that covered alike his pleasure and his pain, murmured silently over his port:

"Westmorland, you certainly have made a mess of it!"

That evening she said to her suitor:

"Do you think that under any circumstances a woman should marry the man who has killed her husband—say in a duel, or in 'self-defence,' do you call it?"

"They are not quite the same thing," he commented. "But, tell me, was she the cause of the quarrel?"

"No, this man did not know for years after that it was her husband. The husband was insane at the time, you know, and attacked this gentleman and tried to kill him, and in the scuffle he hurt his head."

"Fractured his skull, perhaps?"

"Yes, they should have trepanned it." She did not know precisely what this meant, but she recalled Westmorland saying it.

"He was about the streets," she continued, "for a long time afterwards, then he sickened and died; you see they didn't trepan it."

"Oh, a hundred things may have caused his death. It is only guesswork, you know."

"But would you advise her to marry him?"

"I couldn't advise a lady I never knew to marry a man I never saw."

"That is true; but just supposing—"

"Oh, a hypothetical case? Well, I am not on the bench, you know; but I must say that I don't like the story. It is—well—a little too complicated. I assume that she has no children?"

"Yes, there is one child."

"Of course that increases the difficulty. I could not advise a marriage like this, yet the circumstances are so peculiar that I would not absolutely condemn it."

"Thank you," she said, "you are always kind and just."

"Do not quote me to your friend," he said.

"There is no need of it. I see myself that it would never do; the marriage will not take place."

. . . .

During the night Lady Carter heard Grace moving about her room, and stepped to the hall to find her dressed for the street.

"Grace," she exclaimed, "where on earth are you going?"

"I am going to Mr. Westmorland."

"Where is he?"

"He is here," she said simply; "he wishes to see me."

"But, Grace," she remonstrated, "he is not here."

"I must go to him," she answered; "he has sent for me."

"You are dreaming, Grace; it is two o'clock in the morning!"

The girl stood blinking, like one who is dazed and blinded by a sudden glare of light.

"I know that he called me," she repeated, in a patient, colourless way.

Lady Carter, now thoroughly frightened, shook her violently, as though to awaken her.

"You are dreaming," she insisted; "you must remain in your room till morning."

"Very well," she submitted; "I will not go to bed!"

They prevailed upon her, at last, to remove her hat and boots, but otherwise she was dressed, as for a journey, when she lay down to rest. Soon after she sank into a deep slumber—almost a stupor—that lasted for hours. As she descended to breakfast Sir William stood at the foot of the stair, and she gazed at him expectantly:

"I have bad news," he said, "of Westmorland."

"I knew it," she gasped; "he is dead!"

"He may be," said Sir William sadly, "but he is very ill, to say the least of it. He is at the hospital in Cincinnati."

"In Cincinnati?"

"Yes, he has been there, it seems. He had an ugly accident. There has been one operation and, by this time, I fear, another; the second operation may kill him. If he rallies from that, he may recover!"

"I must go to him," she said; "he summoned me last night."

"You wish to go?"

"I must go, Sir William!"

"You know what it means?"

"It means that I am going to nurse him; it means that I am going to marry him!"

"It may mean, my dear, that you are going to bury him."

"You don't mean that!" she sobbed. "Oh, Sir William, you don't mean that?"

"No, there is still a chance! I will take you to Cincinnati."

"How did you learn this?" she asked him presently."

"At the hospital they found a packet of papers with an indorsement upon them that, in case of death or other sudden emergency, they should be delivered to me as soon as possible. The surgeon in charge forwarded the papers to me and also a history of the case. I telegraphed him this morning; we should have an answer soon."

Grace prepared for her journey—finding a certain relief in the mechanical labour; then she crept to the drawing-room window from which she had last seen Westmorland, and tearfully watched for the message of life or death. Here Sir William found her.

"They telephoned the message," she heard him say; "he is living still!"

They found that there was no train until evening, and Grace roamed wearily through the house waiting for the long dead day to wear itself out.

Meeting Sir William, she asked him:

"What were the papers he sent you?"

"One was his will; it is, of course, still unopened. The other related to the death of your husband; there can be no question but that he died from an overdose of morphine. It is true there was a slight fracture of the skull—how old or how recent nobody knows, but there had been a scuffle between him and Westmorland, and the latter assumed that he might be responsible. The doctors, nurses and undertakers were only too glad to agree with him; he was plucked of hundreds of dollars. Yet, strange to say, the doctor was honest enough, at the time, to make a true return to the government; the official record shows that 'Allan Dow' died from an 'overdose of morphine administered by mistake.'"

"It doesn't matter now," she said wearily; "let us go to the station; I would rather wait there than here."

At Buffalo a telegram awaited Sir William. The operation had been successfully performed, but Westmorland had not rallied satisfactorily, and the surgeons feared the worst. Then followed a weary vigil; tenderly they spoke of their brave, true friend as of one already dead !

He was unconscious when they found him, but his marvellous vitality forbade despair. Slowly there came reviving strength and consciousness. For days Grace had been with him constantly; he had not known her, but during her absence one afternoon he recognised Sir William, and the excitement told so heavily against him that the surgeons forbade her to return. In a few days, however, they said to her:

"You may see him, Mrs. McClain, if you insist upon it. Your presence may relieve this nervous depression and rouse him to some effort to get well; he is making no effort now."

"I insist upon it," she answered; "I understand."

At the hour appointed he was sleeping. She slipped to his bedside and knelt beside him. In the dim, half-darkened room he awakened slowly. She bowed over his pale face, and as his wasted fingers touched her hair she softly kissed his lips:

"I knew you would come," he whispered. "My sweetheart !"

And she answered:

"Your wife !"

L'AMOUR

BY INGLIS MORSE

I WAS a longing unto thee,
  My heart's true goal—
An arrow that thou drewest
  To thy soul.

And I, thy woman's way loved best,
  Which was for me
A hint that did suggest
  Eternity.

ST. LOUIS—FESTIVAL HALL, AT NIGHT

CANADA AT ST. LOUIS

By THE EDITOR

THE relation between a market and a fair is often lost sight of by the public. A market is a meeting together of buyers and sellers in some place at an appointed time. Every fair is, historically speaking, a market, but it is more than that. A fair possesses features which are not seen in an ordinary market and is of a more miscellaneous character; it extends over a longer period and is

ST. LOUIS—THE VIEW FROM FESTIVAL HALL

In the central distance is the Louisiana Purchase Monument. On either side are two of the eight large Exhibit Palaces

FESTIVAL HALL, WITH ITS STAIRWAYS, LAWNS AND STATUARY

held at greater intervals. The name is probably derived from the Latin *feria* (a holiday), and was originally a festival of some kind at which traders took advantage of the opportunity to display their wares.

When commerce was in its early stages, for example in England just after the Norman conquest, the annual fairs were occasions on which distant or foreign traders visited the various towns to display wares not usually procurable there. The great fair at Stourbridge, near Cambridge, was held annually in September, and lasted for three weeks. The space allotted to this fair, about half a square mile, was divided into streets which were named after the various nations or trades, and in each of these streets some special trade was carried on, the principal being in foreign spices and fruits, ironmongery, fish, metal goods, cloth, wool, leather and latterly books. Traders came from such distant points as Genoa, Venice, the Levant and Spain.

The continental fairs were one of the prominent characteristics of mediæval mercantile life. Their origin is ascribed to the great religious festivals which attracted large numbers of people and gave opportunity for trade. The French mediæval fairs had their fullest development in the twelfth century. These were mainly in the Champagne country. Later the Lyons fair was the most important in France. Leipzig fair was prominent in the eighteenth century, when Germany began to be of commercial importance.

The Russian Annual Fair at Nijni Novgorod is perhaps the most famous in the world. Here for two months in the year two hundred thousand people, collected from the ends of the earth, meet to trade. There are sixteen thousand shops at this point which are used only during fair time. There is the Persian Quarter, the China Quar-

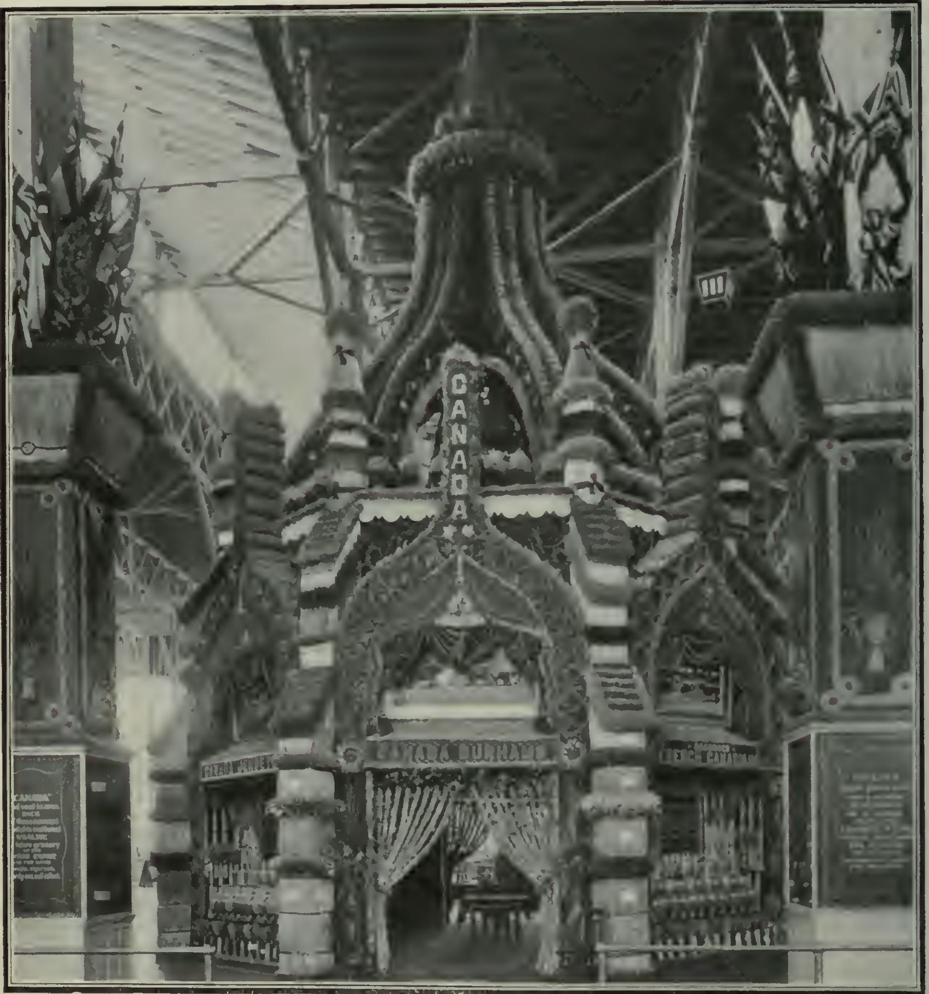
ST. LOUIS—THE CANADIAN BUILDING, ERECTED AT A COST OF $30,000

ter, the Khivan Quarter, the Tartar Quarter, and so on. As soon as railways pierce through the great district of which Nijni Novgorod is the centre, the fair will probably change in character, but for hundreds of years it has been a great meeting place for European and Asiatic traders.

The modern type of World's Fair came in with the London Exhibition of 1851, where British North America was represented by 195 exhibitors. In the New York Exhibition of 1853 Canada had 152 exhibitors. At Paris in 1855, Canada obtained 88 prizes divided among 321 exhibitors. At the London Exhibition of 1862, Canada secured 100 medals and 50 honourable

ST. LOUIS—BRAZIL'S BUILDING

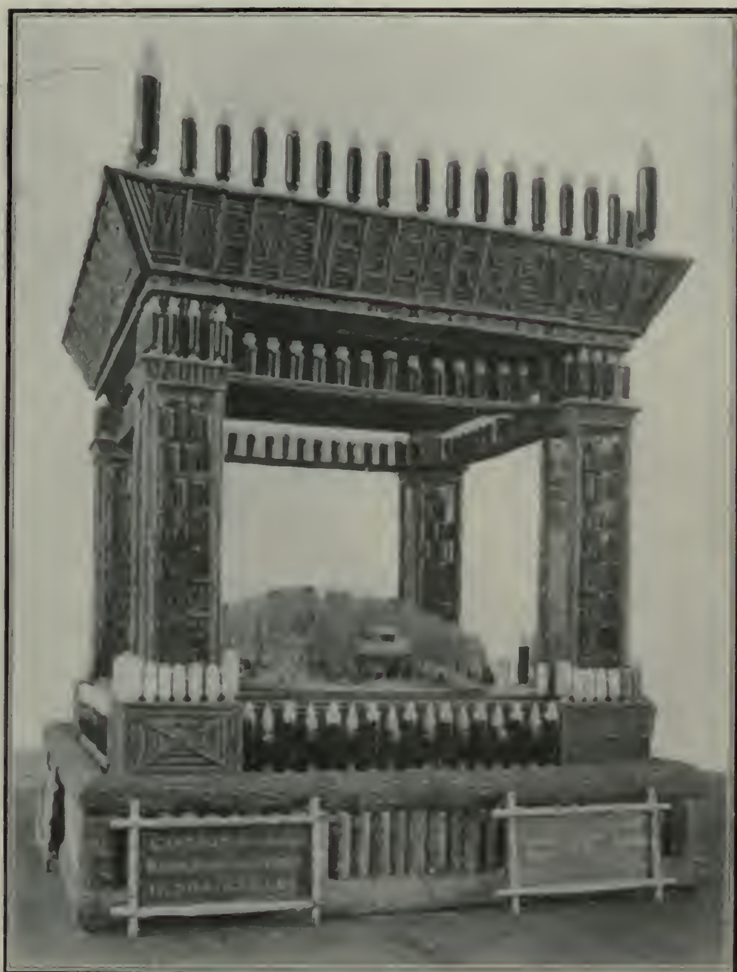
This and other national and state buildings show an architecture much superior to that of the Canadian building.



ST. LOUIS—THE MAGNIFICENT TROPHY WHICH REPRESENTED CANADA IN THE PALACE OF AGRICULTURE. THE CENTRAL PART IS 65 FEET HIGH

mentions. Then there were the Dublin Exhibition of 1865, the Paris Fair of 1867, the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, the Sydney (N.S.W.) Exhibition of 1879, the London Fisheries Exhibition of 1883, the Antwerp Universal Exhibition of 1885, the Colonial and Indian Exhibition at London in 1886, the Jamaica Exhibition of 1891, and the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. At all these there were Canadian exhibits and Canadian prize winners. Since Confederation the Dominion Government has spent over a million dollars in making Canadian products known to the world through the medium of exhibits at various foreign fairs.

The World's Fair at St. Louis this year is a magnificent accomplishment. Three years of steady preparation were not quite enough to execute the ambitious plans of the promoters, and when the gates swung open in May, there was general incompleteness. The cold wet weather had interfered with the progress of road-making and landscape gardening, while incompetence or indifference had retarded the com-



ST. LOUIS—THE MAPLE SUGAR AND SYRUP DISPLAY, WITH SMALL BUSH AND CAMP ENCLOSED

pleting of the individual and national displays. Practically only the Japanese and United States Government displays were complete.

So far as the buildings were concerned, the fair managers had practically completed their labours, and only a few finishing touches were still required. These buildings are numerous, large, varied and splendidly conceived. Scattered over a broader area than was ever covered by a previous World's Fair, they yet present one composite picture of marvellous beauty with the towering Louisiana Purchase Monument as a centrepiece, and the Festival Hall as the central view-point. On either side of the monument are four great exhibit palaces, covering from eight to fifteen acres each. The wide spaces between them are embellished by landscape and water effects. The Cascade Gardens connects them with Festival Hall and the supporting Palace of Fine Arts. On the outskirts of this central group are the various National, State and other buildings.

By July the grounds were in good order, the exhibits all in place, the "Pike" noisy and merry, and the streets of this Magic City were daily thronged with unwearied searchers for that which would delight the eye and please the mind. The World's Fair at St. Louis is a success, in so far as a World's Fair can be a success. If it has not emphasised for the world a new idea of supreme industrial importance, it has at least indicated the progress of western civilisation which has passed in a short half-century from the banks of the Thames to the western bank of the Mississippi. Fifty years ago the Prince Consort watched

CANADA'S DISPLAY OF FISH AND GAME—GIVEN A GRAND PRIZE

the magnificent Crystal Palace rise to show the world something new in exhibitions; to-day the people of St. Louis are imitating his initiative for the special benefit of the Western States and the general benefit of the industrial and intellectual worlds.

On this occasion Canada has again

CANADA'S EXCELLENT DISPLAY OF FRUIT, EQUALLED ONLY BY CALIFORNIA

been represented, though perhaps not so adequately as might have been expected. There are no exhibits of Canadian manufactures or dairy products because the Government felt that there was little gain in displaying goods which could not be sold in the United States. That this was a somewhat narrow view for the authorities to take, will be generally admitted. Yet there is something to be said in their defence. They decided, wisely or unwisely, to show only such products as might be in demand in that country, and to keep the Canadian building a sort of immigration bureau. With this end in view the agricultural and mining products were emphasised, because these were the products likely to interest prospective settlers and investors. The Canadian building was kept small and unassuming, and was plainly furnished so that the farmers would not fear to intrude.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER EXHIBIT

The picture of the Canadian building shown herewith proves that little money was wasted on architectural design. Some disgusted Canadians have labelled it "The Wedding-Cake House." The interior is as plain as the exterior, and is decorated with a few deer heads and some paintings of rural scenes and cattle. The agricultural trophy in the Palace of Agriculture is in better taste. It is a replica in outline of the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, and is quite imposing. The pillars and displays which surround it rather detracted from its striking appearance, but served a decided utilitarian purpose in providing space for mottoes, samples of foodstuffs, and other exhibition features. The display was in favour with the authorities and was granted one of the grand awards for displays of this character.

The following list will give an idea of the classes of goods which were

used as accessories to this agricultural trophy:

FLOUR—
Archie Campbell, Toronto, Ont.
Lake Huron and Manitoba Co., Goderich.
Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Keewatin
Ogilvie Milling Co., Montreal, P.Q.

CEREAL FOODS—
The Robert Greig Co., Toronto, Ont.
P. McIntosh & Son, Toronto, Ont.
The Tillson Company, Tillsonburg, Ont.
The Frontenac Cereal Co., Kingston, Ont.
Eby, Blain Co., Toronto, Ont.
W. T. Benson, Montreal, P.Q.

BISCUITS —
Christie, Brown & Co., Toronto, Ont.

CHEESE—
A. F. MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co., Toronto, Ont.
Ingersoll Packing Co., Ingersoll, Ont.

CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY—
Hiram Walker & Sons, Walkerville, Ont.

ALES AND PORTER—
Dawes & Co., Lachine, Que.
John Labatt, London, Ont.
Toronto Brewing and Malting Co., Toronto.
The Carling Brewing and Malting Co., London, Ont.

THE WALTER BAKER EXHIBIT

BAKING POWDER—
E. W. Gillett Co., Toronto, Ont.

CREAM TARTAR—
E. W. Gillett Co., Toronto, Ont.

STARCH—
Imperial Starch Co., Prescott, Ont.
Edwardsburg Starch Co., Cardinal, Ont.

CONDENSED MILK AND CREAM—
Truro Condensed Milk Co., Truro, N.S.

CORN SYRUP—
Edwardsburg Starch Co., Cardinal, Ont.

CANNED FRUITS——
Eby, Blain Co., Toronto, Ont.

CANNED VEGETABLES—
Eby, Blain Co., Toronto, Ont.

HONEY—
General display.

TOBACCO—
General display.

HOPS—
General display.

MAPLE SUGAR AND SYRUP—
General display. (Sugar samples were regularly distributed.)

CEREALS, GRAINS AND GRASSES—
Contributed by over 3,000 farmers throughout the Dominion.

The fish and game exhibit includes many stuffed animals and a rustic arch

built of Canadian woods. This is a unique design, but the whole effect was somewhat of the "dead" variety. The differing character of the particular woods is not impressed upon the spectator. The enquiring public is not enlightened by placards or reading matter of an adequate character. The exhibit is a splendid one, but it lacks interpretation.

EXHIBIT OF POSTUM CEREAL CO.

The mineral exhibit is imposing, but hardly more effective than the game and wood exhibit. It is provided with labels such as one would find in a technical museum. The learned mineralogist or the experienced miner would be at home with the samples and labels, but the inexperienced public would find little information of a popular or educational character. The material is there, but as with the previous exhibit, the accessories which translate the features of an exhibit for the man who has but a few minutes to spare for such a display are almost absent. This is in strong contrast with the Japanese mineral exhibit, which occupied about one quarter the space. This display is walled, and around the walls are hung pictures of the various mining camps and plants, with both interior and exterior views; on a counter on one side was a model of a mining camp, showing huts, shafts, drifts and machinery. The samples of ore were not numerous, but were quite sufficient for the purpose. The mineral samples in the U.S. Government Building were also well displayed, each piece of ore being fully explained by a large card on which there was printed a popular description. As the United States purchases thirty-two of our thirty-five million dollars' worth of mineral exports each year, this display should have received the best of attention. The authorities apparently intended to make it impressive, but a smaller display and fuller information would have been even more effective.

In fruits, Canada makes an excellent display, much to the surprise of that part of the great public which

still believes that Canada is a country of eternal frost and snow. There were ninety-four varieties of fresh apples and fifty varieties of preserved specimens. Plums, pears, grapes, cherries and peaches are in profusion, to add to the wonder of the sight-seer. The whole horticultural display is excellent and has been declared by competent critics to surpass any similar display at St. Louis with the exception of that from California.

Yet it is surprising to find such an excellent display of fruit. The authorities did not display creamery products or manufactured goods because there was no market for these in the United States. It is well known that there is no market—in the same sense—for Canadian fruit in that country, yet an excellent display was made. There is an inconsistency here which a stern-minded critic might declare required explanation.

The Canadian art display was badly managed. The furnishings and decorations are tawdry and far from attractive. There is no one in attendance to explain the pictures, there are no seats to invite the wanderer to linger. There are no pictures of our great waterfalls, of our capacious harbours, our beautiful forests or our more imposing public buildings. There is a collection of canvasses such as might have been painted by third-rate French or British artists. These pictures are good in their way, and would have been attractive in a local exhibition in Toronto or Montreal; as a representative collection to show strangers wherein Canadian art, landscape, nature and civilisation differs from those of other countries, it is a flat failure. The art collection of Norway and Sweden, for example, gave one a distinct idea of the landscape and the civilisation of those countries; and so it was with the others. The French Art display was one-half industrial, in keeping with the idea that a Fair is a promoter of buying and selling.

Pulp woods and pulp are exhibited along with some British Columbia woods in a small building near the Canadian Pavilion. There are also some samples of hard woods from the other provinces. There was some delay in placing this exhibit, but it is worthy of the occasion. The only point in connection with it is that there is a likelihood of its being overlooked. Had it been placed in a gallery connected with the main building this danger might have been avoided.

On the whole, it must be admitted that Canada has been better represented at St. Louis than at Chicago or Buffalo, so far as interior displays are concerned. In horses, cattle and sheep there has been a falling off, due partly to the Government's lack of enthusiasm, and partly to the cost of transportation and difference in climate. Mr. Beith was the only exhibitor of horses, but his seven splendid Hackneys excelled all competitors and brought him $1,900 in prizes. Mr. J. C. Clark, of Ottawa, was the only cattle exhibitor, but his herd of sixteen Ayrshires brought him even more prize-money than was secured by Mr. Beith. The Canadian entries of sheep and swine were more numerous, and were fairly well rewarded.

Canada has done well, although she might have done better. The authorities have learned some things which will no doubt be of advantage to them in future displays. The Japanese exhibitors have taught all teachable nations at this fair; their displays were completed in time, were well scattered throughout the various buildings, were excellently arranged, and were in charge of shrewd and intelligent persons. Japan has begun to pay back her debt to Western civilisation.

Canada's exhibits at the fairs of the world should be in charge of agricultural, mining and horticultural experts. Politicians who are merely "good fellows," and whose knowledge is bounded by the uses of a spiral staircase, are not the persons best fitted to manage the advertising of a nation.

DEPARTURE OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE FOR THE CRIMEA, FEBRUARY 22, 1854

THE GRENADIER GUARDS AND THEIR BAND

By J. HENRY

IS Majesty's Grenadier Guards, whose band is now touring Canada, need little introduction to Canadians. The second battalion came to Canada in the Rebellion period, and were stationed at Quebec from 1839 to 1842. A battalion came here also at the time of the "Trent" affair. Yet at this time a brief review of their history may be interesting.

The regiment dates back to 1656, when an English corps known as "The Royal Regiment of Guards" was one of six infantry regiments formed from among the adherents of Charles II during his exile in Flanders. Their first engagement was the so-called battle of the "Dunes" near Dunkirk, on the French coast. On the restoration of Charles, four years later, the regiment was re-organised under Colonel John Russell in England, though the original troops were still embodied under Lord Wentworth at Dunkirk. When this fort was sold the two regiments were united in England. They received special colours and the famous series of twenty-four Royal badges, one for each company. The regiment was handsomely dressed in scarlet coats faced with blue, with blue breeches and stockings, and plumed hats. The present "bear-skin" headgear was not adopted by the whole regiment until 1815, the pattern being taken from Napoleon's Imperial Guards. The grenade, which had previously been worn on the head-

COL. HORACE RICARDO, M.V.O., COMMANDING GRENADIER GUARDS

1808, and especially distinguished itself at Quatré Bras and Waterloo. At the latter battle the second and third battalions formed the First Brigade of Guards under Sir Peregrine Maitland. Their position was on the ridge above Huguemont, whence in line four deep they swept down in their famous charge at the close of the day. Five thousand men of the Old Imperial Guard under Marshal Ney were seen advancing with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" They came steadily on; but on reaching the crest the Guards poured out a pitiless volley, and whether it was "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" or "Now, Maitland, now's your time!" vociferated by the Iron Duke, Lord Saltoun cried out, "Now's the time, my boys!" and the Guards sprang forward, driving the enemy over a hedge of dead and dying down the hill. In that conflict and at Quatré Bras the First Guards lost 181 killed, including 7 officers, and had 853 wounded, making a total of 1,034. They had earned undying fame. "Guards," exclaimed Wellington, "you shall be rewarded for this;" and when encamped at Paris in the Bois de Boulogne at the close of the French war, as a distinguished honour they became "The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards." The colours which floated over the devoted third battalion of the 1st Foot Guards at Waterloo are still preserved at Wellington Barracks, where Canadians visiting the metropolis can now see them in the Royal Military Chapel. In connection with the colours of the regiment, it may be noted that when six more companies were added at the outbreak of the Crimean War, as many additional new badges were created.

On the decease of the Duke of Wel-

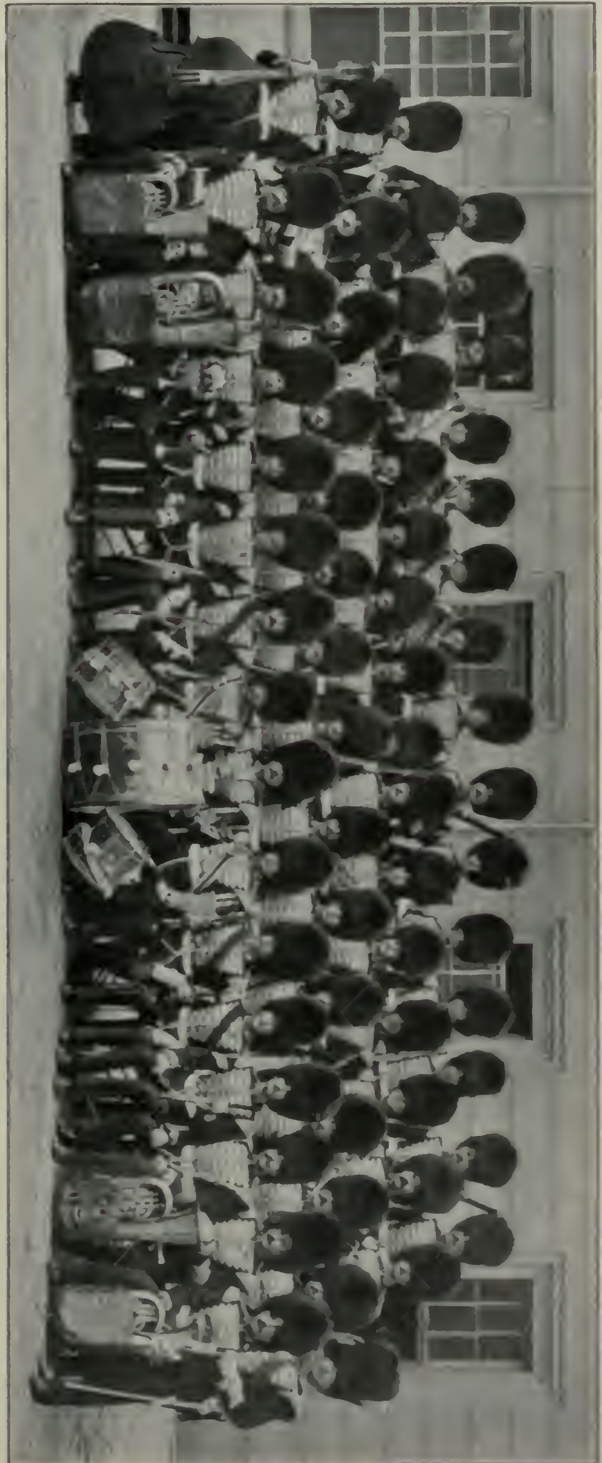
gear, was placed also on the collar of officers and men.

Their series of victories is long, and cannot be given in any detail. They served at Blenheim in 1704, and, in fact, in Marlborough's whole campaign from 1702 to 1711. It is interesting to note that this great general began his career as an ensign in the Guards, and that he was their colonel at Blenheim.

During the Seven Years' War the Guards served under Bligh, on the coast of France, in 1758, and under the Marquis of Granby in Germany in 1760-3. The regiment contributed its quota to the combined battalion of Guards which served in America throughout the War of Independence. It served through the Napoleonic wars, was with Sir John Moore in

lington, Sept. 14th, 1852, the supreme command of the regiment was conferred on Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort, who held it till his death in 1861, when it passed to H.R.H. the late lamented Duke of Cambridge. In the Crimea, French and British troops fought side by side, and a lasting tribute was paid by the former to the honour and bravery of their island allies. It is recorded that one day Marshal Canrobert asked Lord Raglan to send the Grenadiers to the front with his own men, and when the British General, feeling obliged to refuse, owing to the fatigue of the Guards, who had just come off the field, the Marshal replied: "My Zouaves will do better if they see the Bearskins with them"—referring to the tall fur head-dress peculiar to the Guards. On another occasion, a French officer, noticing their valour, exclaimed: "Now I understand Waterloo!"

The subsequent services of this famous regiment include the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, where the 2nd battalion formed part of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught's brigade; the Nile Campaign, where they toiled on the River and fought in the desert; and the Suakin



THE BAND OF HIS MAJESTY'S GRENADIER GUARDS

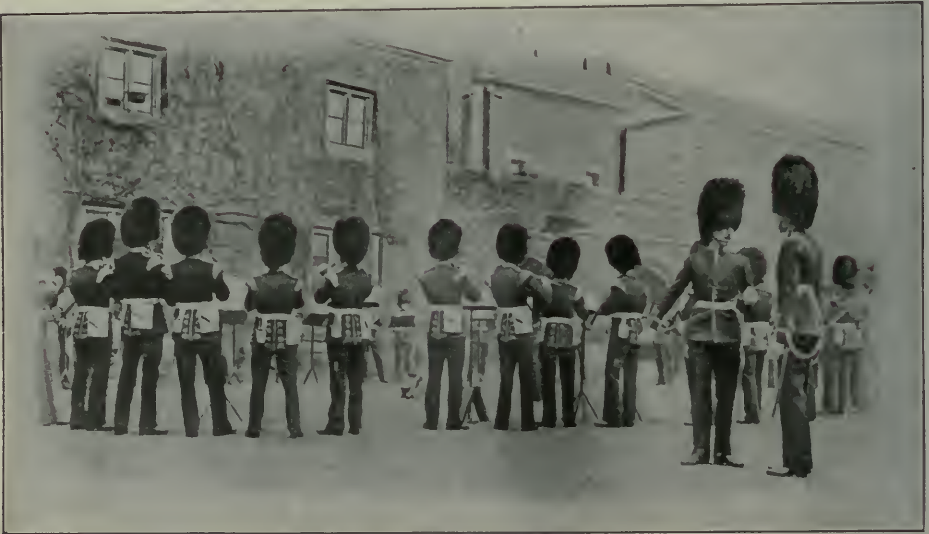
expedition of 1885, when the 3rd Battalion was in the field.

The 1st Battalion were at Gibraltar in 1897, and the following year proceeded to Egypt to join the forces under Sir Herbert Kitchener on his march to Khartoum. They were present at the battle of Omdurman, immediately returning to London, where they met with a splendid reception. With their meritorious services in the recent South African war every reader is familiar. In this, as in all their campaigns, they added to the regimental high traditions.

of their existence are in a special manner representative of the traditional British Grenadiers, "old in glory and honour they have yet the vigour of youth."

THE BAND

By the special favour of His Majesty the King and the permission of the Colonel Commanding, the band of the Grenadier Guards is visiting the United States and Canada this season. This is not the first visit paid by the Grenadier Guards Band to the United States. It was present at the International Peace and Musical Festival in Boston in June, 1892, and received a magnificent ovation. The London press at the time published special despatches of its performances, when Dan Godfrey, the bandmaster, conducted.



THE GUARDS BAND AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE

Their present Colonel-in-Chief is His Majesty King Edward VII, the Colonel being the King's brother, F.M., H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and the Lieut.-Col. Commanding, Horace Ricardo, M.V.O. The headquarters of the regiment is in London at Wellington Barracks, battalions being stationed at times also at Chelsea Barracks, the Tower, Windsor, and, during the summer, at Aldershot and Pirbright. As in the days of Charles II they are always present, ready for the personal service of the Sovereign and to bear their part in all the great functions of the State. The Grenadier Guards in the third century

The band may claim origin from the earliest body of musicians connected with the British Army. On January 3rd, 1685, King Charles II, only a few days before his death, signed a warrant authorising the establishment of twelve hautbois players to be attached to his "Royal Regiment of Foot-Guards," and this doubtless is the first official record of a band other than

drums and fifes in His Majesty's forces. It is a favourite tradition in the Grenadier Guards that Handel composed the well-known "March in Scipio" as a parade "slow march" for the regiment, and it has been used for this purpose since the time of this eminent composer. The celebrated "quick march," "The British Grenadiers," dates back to the days of good Queen Anne, in the early eighteenth century. The band was sent to Paris in 1815 to join the regiment during its sojourn in the French capital, but it does not seem to have attained any particularly high grade of musical excellence until some years later. Under the late Lieut. Dan Godfrey, who was its conductor from July, 1856, to September, 1896, the band achieved a reputation second to none.

A. WILLIAMS, MUS. BAC. OXON., BANDMASTER

The present conductor, Mr. Albert Williams, Mus. Bac. Oxon., has wielded the baton since 1896, and during his leadership has spared no effort to keep his band well abreast of the musical advance so characteristic of these times.

The concerts given by the band of the Grenadier Guards are a very prominent feature in the outdoor life of the metropolis. One of the leading features at Earl's Court Exhibition, the great summer attraction at London, and visited by so many Canadians, are the concerts in the beautiful Western Gardens by the Grenadier's Band. During the last few seasons the classical programme given on stated evenings has drawn crowds of enthusiastic and delighted amateurs to the illuminated gardens of this very popular resort. The band always performs in town on Sunday evenings, in the Royal Parks—Hyde Park and Green Park—with thousands for an audience in the open air, and frequently during the King's residence at Windsor on the East Terrace of the Castle.

No prominent fêtes or events occur without this band, and during the season short tours are made to provincial exhibitions, seaside resorts and other places—all indicating the very important part taken in national events by this worthy company of soldier musicians.

When engaged for the St. Louis Fair the authorities insisted upon the band playing at the low pitch of A 439, and consequently a whole new set of instruments had to be made specially for this arrangement. An order was entrusted to Messrs. Boosey & Co., Military Band Instrument Manufacturers, Regent St., London, on May 3rd, and all the new instruments were delivered about July 8th, being used immediately at Guard Mounting and Earl's Court Exhibition with complete satisfaction.

The personnel of the band, in all 60 musicians, consists of three sergeants, five corporals and fifty-two bandsmen, and the bandmaster. Accompanying the organisation to America is Captain G. D. Jeffreys, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, son of the Right Hon. A. F. Jeffreys, M.P.

MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN

PHOTO BY NOTMAN

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 56—MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN

LMOST every day throughout the year there appears on the floor of the Montreal Board of Trade an elderly man of medium height and well-preserved frame. Should he remove his hat, as he is apt to do on a warm summer's day, swinging it the while in his hand, he will uncover hair as thick as that of the average youth, though it, as well as the liberal moustache and square-trimmed beard, is whitened with advancing years. As he crosses the room, mayhap in a preoccupied manner, his quick step and nervous action indicate a divorce between his spirit and his whitened hair. Passing through into the Corn Exchange Room, he will pause in front of the quotation board in a somewhat characteristic attitude, regarding it attentively through his thick-rimmed spectacles, and remarking upon it in a partial undertone, and apparently impartial manner. But it is only apparently impartial, for, being the president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., this man is deeply interested in the wheat market, the dividends of the company which he directs largely depending upon it.

Mr. Robert Meighen is one of the best known and best liked members of the Corn Exchange. He is also among the foremost of Montreal's successful business men, successful not alone in having acquired wealth, but in everything for which the average man yearns.

Everything? No, he desires one thing more.

"You are rich," said he in his some-

what dramatic manner to an envious and rather impecunious acquaintance, lately. "I ask for but one thing—to be twenty years younger. I cannot have youth—you have it, and in a country like Canada you ought to be able to get the rest."

His confidence in what Canada has to offer to energetic young men is born of his own experience and his hopeful and fearless outlook, which outlook, by the way, is more easy for the successful than the unsuccessful to reach.

The tribute to youth came from a man not yet old. His sixty years sit lightly on him. His physique is as sound, his step as quick and elastic, and his intellect as bright as they could well have been when he came to Montreal twenty-five years ago.

If success in life is evidence of a man's ability, Mr. Meighen must possess his share. Like so many of Canada's successful men, he has known what it is to battle with adversity. As his quick and vivacious temperament may to some extent indicate, he is of Irish extraction, his birthplace being the village of Dungiven, near Londonderry. His fatherless youth was spent in the town of Perth, Ontario, where he came with his mother when very young. He received his elementary education at the public school, and at the age of fourteen he began his business career in the firm of which he afterwards became a partner. This firm, that of Messrs. A. Meighen & Bros., founded fifty-five years ago, is still engaged in the general trading business.

Those were the days of small things. To-day Mr. Meighen is president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Ltd., which he, with Mr. Geo. Stephen (now Lord Mount Stephen) and others founded. He is also president of the New Brunswick Railway Co., now operated under lease by the Canadian Pacific Railway. He has lately been elected to the directorate of the Bank of Toronto, besides which he is a director of the Canada Northwest Land Co., the Dominion Transport Co., Ltd., and is interested in many other prominent Canadian industrial institutions.

One of his most delightful characteristics—delightful and rare—is his lack of appreciation of the necessity of a difference between his treatment of rich and poor. This indication of a well-balanced mind cannot be easily counterfeited. His success has not affected his balance. He has made wealth—wealth has not made him.

Had he not been possessed of good judgment, the Lake of the Woods Co. could hardly have been such a splendid success, for the rise and fall of the wheat market largely determines its dividends and a few blunders of judgment would quickly wipe them out. He never authorises a change in the price of flour until he is satisfied that the movement in the wheat market is sufficiently permanent to demand it. In this his conservative tendencies are shown. It is said that no one knows an hour beforehand when a change is going to take place in the company's prices. All are treated alike. When the time comes the quotations are telegraphed to all the agents, and thereafter none may vary from his instructions.

Although speculation is, to some extent, constantly present in a business of this nature, Mr. Meighen is not a speculator. He never buys shares on margin; having the money to buy them outright makes an investor of him. He foretold to a nicety the rise in C.P.R. stock to par, though, generally speaking, he will offer no opinion on the course of stocks. The fact that he has invested in securities at levels which they have not since approached, simply goes to show that insiders and moneyed men are by no means infallible.

He seldom leaves the Board of Trade without engaging in, at least, one animated discussion, and here his ready wit and repartee make him a dangerous opponent. He has an excellent memory which enables him at any moment to draw upon a large fund of quotations in verse and prose, as

well as numerous funny stories, and these he will use with gusto against his opponent wherever applicable, and perhaps sometimes where they are not. But they all serve to keep the discussion from becoming too bitter, and the contestants always part on good terms.

As may be inferred, he has many of the instincts of the orator. Though cool and calculating enough in a business deal, he shows nervousness when about to address an important meeting and may be seen walking quickly and somewhat aimlessly back and forth as though endeavouring to collect his thoughts. When he takes the platform he may even forget the order of his remarks. Then his dramatic sense will come to his aid and he seldom fails to aquit himself creditably.

There is also something of the statesman about Mr. Meighen. The philosophic aspect, however, does not appeal to him in the slightest, and he cares nothing about economics from that standpoint. He is an opportunist with a considerable capacity for belief in the rightness and patriotism of the policy which benefits him. And he furthers that cause in a large-minded way which calls forth one's admiration.

He is a strong protectionist. In politics he is a life-long Conservative. Although he has been offered many nominations for parliamentary constituencies, the representation of which his popularity would probably have secured for him, he has always refused to stand for election. He is also an enthusiastic advocate of Preferential Trade Within the Empire, and it was he who set on foot, and was instrumental in carrying to a successful issue, the recent meeting of the Montreal Board of Trade which adopted his resolution upon that subject.

It is worthy of note, too, that so far back as May 18, 1896, in an interview with the press he advocated that Canada should give a preference to the Mother Country, thus anticipating by a year the policy adopted by the Liberal Government.

This was not the only occasion upon which he showed an unusual ability to sum up the signs of the times and rightly interpret them. On Feb. 21, 1902, largely on the strength of his assurances that England would impose a tax on grain, he succeeded in getting a motion passed on the Board of Trade asking that a preference be given the products of the Colonies on the British markets of the United Kingdom. The grain tax, as we all know, was afterwards imposed. He also privately made the prediction that the tax would not be removed, but that grain from the Colonies would receive a preference. He thus succeeded in predicting the course Mr. Chamberlain would have pursued. The British voter, however, has yet to be heard from upon the subject.

Mr. Meighen is a prime favourite with the newspaper men who have served their time on the Board of Trade, and they all feel that had the fates been kinder to him they might have had in him a colleague of whom they would have been proud. He frequently refuses them the information they want; but when he makes a statement they know they may rely upon it.

The president of the Lake of the Woods Co. has a great capacity for hard work, and he exercises it as indefatigably now as during his early days. It might be said that business has been his recreation and his play, for he never took any other.

His is certainly a unique experience. He never took any interest in the sports which usually occupy the attention of young people. He never attended games; he knows nothing about hockey, lacrosse, baseball; he never fired a gun or went hunting, and, oh shades of the departed Isaak Walton, he never baited a hook or sat on a grassy bank all day with his nerves aquiver at the gentlest tug. It is doubtful, even, if he ever attended a theatre until he had left half a century behind him. A couple of years ago he was induced to leave business for a few months to indulge himself in a trans-Atlantic tour. Occasionally he takes a trip out to the Pacific Coast; and

even then, doubtless his imagination is engaged in picturing the future waving fields of wheat, "all raised," as he is wont to say, "on the virgin soil of our great North-West."

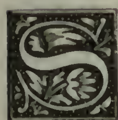
Mr. Meighen's private life is very quiet. He lives in probably the most magnificent and costly house in Canada. He purchased it a few years ago from his brother-in-law, Lord Mount Stephen, whose youngest sister became his wife in 1868. The house itself is a model of architecture. The splendid hall and staircase, drawing room, library and dining room are panelled in mahogany or satin wood, as the case may be; the walls are hung with costly paintings; a splendid mantelpiece is of onyx and alabaster. In summer the beautiful and well-cared-for garden, in which are to be found many highly prized plants, is the attraction of Drummond street.

Here lives the man who commenced life humbly, who fought his way upward and attained what we term success, and whose only wish now is that he might be twenty years younger—he has everything else.

T. C. ALLUM.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

By M. A. RUTHERFORD



SINCE his earliest childhood Arthur Rilington had adored his beautiful and statuesque mother, and, in return, his mother worshipped—his brother John.

Like a filial and super-youthful Sir Galahad, his pure and fervent devotion had never wavered. There had been no interval in all his short life in which he was not her faithful knight, nor any age at which he was not ready to do her service—to challenge creation on her behalf. But circumstances had been against the expression of his loyalty. No opportunity had been given him—nor, being reticent by nature, did he desire it—of clothing his enthusiasm in the adequate language of his well-bred class and world.

To most people the fact that the Honourable Mrs. Rilington was a widow with but two sons on whom to lavish her affection made her palpable favouritism the more inexcusable. In the first place, there had been, from Mrs. Rilington's point of view, two children where one would have sufficed—for her sons were twins. John—the elder by a short half-hour—was the heir, therefore needed and welcomed. But for Arthur there was no such ready-made role, nor, as far as his mother could see, any reason or necessity for his existence. "Poor little chap!" his father had dubbed him at sight, with an instinct of prophetic commiseration. A year later Major Rilington was killed in a railway accident, and Arthur was left practically parentless. His mother's heart had not holding capacity for the two beside herself.

In addition to the privileges conferred by primogeniture, all the decorative graces of body and mind that the beautiful worldly woman most prized had been centred on John; Arthur, who was small and plain and silent, came in nowhere. From his nursery days John was what is called there a "taking" child; healthy, good-looking, good-tempered; of such importance in the household that he was always John—never Johnny or Jack even to his mother. Consequently his bearing was assured, his manner fearless and expansive. The lesson that took Arthur the morning to learn John mastered in an hour. Gauged by the same formal standard the brothers "panned out" differently. Whether the ore they yielded was of the same value neither mother nor tutors paused to inquire.

Between themselves the boys, though antithetical, were not antagonistic.

John looked down to Arthur and was kind, and Arthur accepted the position and looked up to John. His sole inheritance from his mother was an inclination to think that all was for the best in this best of possible worlds. That the treatment he received in it was different from that awarded to his brother did not affect his finding.

In spite of the great gulf fixed between them by their mother's injudicious hand, the twins had taken each progressive step in their existence side by side. They had gone to Harrow together, and had entered and had left Sandhurst at the same time. That John's name appeared near the top of the list and his brother's not far from the other end surprised no one.

Only one person among all Mrs. Rilington's friends had the temerity to remark that it was astonishing. Mrs. Rilington's reply was a self-revelation:

"Poor little Arthur, he hasn't done badly for him! He must have worked hard to have got through at all. We didn't expect he would. I fancy John's example influenced him more than any of us know. Oh, no! There is not the least fear that he has overworked himself. He is perfectly strong and never complains. He has not given me an hour's anxiety since he was born."

The rash friend smiled, and agreed with the last remark more emphatically than was, perhaps, quite polite. Arthur, she was certain, had never cost his mother a moment's uneasiness since he was born.

So life—the easy, pleasant life of the rich—passed happily enough for the young Rilingtons, with plenty of pastime and very few troubles until the year after they left Sandhurst. Even at this point where, in the natural course of events, there should have been the parting of the ways, the strange inter-blending of their fates interfered.

They were both gazetted to the same regiment. Then the Boer war was declared, and with the down hardly formed on their faces, and in company with most that was young and eager and strenuous in the Empire, John and Arthur Rilington set sail for the front.

At John's express wish their mother consented that the farewells should be said at home instead of on the crowded transport. Dry-eyed, haggard and intense, she followed the young men's movements, and hung on their words during the brief hours they could pass with her. When the moment of parting came she watched them, in an agony too great for words, mount the dog-cart that was to take them to the station and out of her sight, perhaps, for ever. The reins were in John's hands when her white lips parted in a supreme effort to speak. Then she put out her hand and pulled her youngest son by the arm till her lips were at his ear.

"Take care of John," she whispered.

. . . .

"Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky."

To-night the lines recurred incessantly to Arthur. "The sentinel stars," he repeated to himself, lingering on the expression. He loved to think of them as such, for he, too, was on "sentry go," and had been ever since his mother's last injunction fell on his ear.

The campaign had lasted eighteen months, and for most of the time the regiment to which the Rilingtons belonged—the Light Defencibles—had been in the thick of the fray. In the Orange Free State, in the Transvaal, in Cape Colony, they had followed the trend of the fighting; and, although many a brave soldier had fallen out of the ranks, never to rise again, the Rilington brothers, the *Gemini*, as they were commonly called, had escaped unhurt. Among their brother officers it was said that Arthur's anxiety formed an invisible protective armour round John that turned both shot and shell. As there was no such shield for Arthur, his immunity, they agreed, must be ascribed to luck. John himself

neither noticed nor returned the solicitude.

Arthur's presence to-night in the little camp under the stars instead of in the comparative comfort of the mess tent at the temporary base, was due to this well-known tie between him and his brother. John, his senior in the regiment as he was in life by a single step, had been sent out in command of a small convoy and its escort, and Arthur had been deputed to accompany him.

"I dare say it will be a bit of a treat for the *Gemini* to be together," thought their kind-hearted Colonel. "I'm blest if I ever saw brothers such chums. It's rather the other way round as a rule."

The march was to be a short one. The little column had only left camp that morning, and expected to reach their destination the next evening. The country to be traversed had been reported free from the enemy; no danger was anticipated. For this reason, and also because we are a sanguine nation, the escort was small, and officers and men proportionately lighthearted.

Night had come, and darkness had fallen on the land as quickly as a thick veil drawn by a hasty hand covers a scarred face. As far as the eye could see the solitary little camp was the only sign of human life in the vast and boundless veldt. The usual precautions against surprise had been taken, the oxen had been watered, the rations eaten, the last pipe smoked, and weary men and patient, long-suffering animals had lain down to rest. Only John and Arthur seemed wakeful, and exchanged a few desultory remarks before turning in. They spoke of their mother and of how lonely she must be, and again Arthur remembered the charge she had given him.

But darkness is the best cover, and under its wing men who know the country and its secrets can effect movements in unbroken silence. Nearer and nearer through the muffled hours of night crept a foe who slumbered not, whose case was desperate, and whose existence as a fighting force depended on the capture of that convoy. All they craved—food, clothing, weapons, and, above all, ammunition—was in those waggons.

As the first glow of dawn deepened and burned in the eastern sky, a solitary rifle shot rang out over the plain; then another and another, in sharp succession, running into one long, unbroken rattle of musketry. Phit-ping, phit-ping, sang the hail of Mauser lead that stung and blinded and bewildered men and animals alike. Phit-ping on every side, and no shelter at hand.

The moment of attack had been well chosen—when Kaffir drivers were harnessing the ox-teams, and the bustle of the start was on the unprepared men. Taken at a disadvantage, and for the moment in hopeless disorder, the men seized their rifles and wildly returned the enemy's fire, wasting their bullets as fast as they could discharge their weapons.

In the midst of the excitement Arthur found time to think of John.

"Lie down, John," he said, "what's the good of exposing yourself like that? The men are all right—they will be steadier presently," he urged, as a bullet hit his brother's helmet.

To his amazement, John's face turned ghastly pale. "This must be stopped," he said brokenly, like a man shaken with some terrible fear. "We must surrender. We are outnumbered, and the ammunition is exhausted."

"Surrender! No fear," returned Arthur reassuringly. "There's plenty of ammunition in the waggon. I'll have some served out."

He turned, and as he did so John slipped a handkerchief from his sleeve, fastened it on a bayonet, and held it on high, where the breeze caught and rocked it gently.

Almost at once the firing from the kopje slackened, and then ceased, and simultaneously the men heard the bugle sound "cease fire." When they looked round bewildered, though no doubt to some extent relieved, they saw their officers standing to-

gether, and on the ground between them a bayonet with a shameful pennon attached. Which of the two had raised it?

. . . .

But nothing certain was known of the surrender until, by one of the strange chances of war that upset all calculations and render the foresight of experience futile, Colonel Le Sage heard from the Rilingtons themselves an account of what had happened.

For reasons of their own, the Boers had set the two young officers free, having first relieved them of their valuables. The brothers had tramped back to camp, some fifty miles, in less than thirty hours. They had had neither food nor water, and had been soaked to the skin in heavy rain. As John was on the point of collapse, shaking in every limb, and almost unconscious, he was ordered into hospital by the doctor, and on Arthur devolved the task of giving the details of the unfortunate occurrence.

"Devilish awkward for the boy, having such a story to tell when his own brother was in charge," thought the Colonel, as he prepared himself to listen to the disclosure.

After the first few sentences his face hardened. He misdoubted his own senses.

"I fail to follow you, Mr. Rilington," he interrupted, in a tone that was seldom heard by the regiment. "Your story is incredible. Am I to understand that, without your brother's knowledge or permission, you flew the white flag after a bare ten minutes' fighting, and with a total loss of three men wounded and two killed?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were not in any way separated from the ammunition waggon?"

"No, sir, we were not."

"Could you have got at it—if you had tried?"

"*Quite easily, sir.*"

There was a ring of conviction and truth in the last three words that had been wholly wanting in all that had gone before, and the Colonel recognised it. A tinge of colour came into the young man's face, and for the first time since he had come into camp he looked up. Then, remembering the part he had set himself, his eyes resought the ground. But the Colonel had seen what he wanted in them, and had formed his own opinion therefrom.

"Do you know you are practically accusing yourself of cowardice?"

"Yes, sir," answered Arthur, relapsing into the cold and guarded manner he had momentarily dropped.

"Well, Mr. Rilington," resumed the Colonel, after a painful pause, "I have heard all you've got to say. Of course, you are aware that you have left me no option in the matter. It will have to be gone into when your brother is able to give evidence, which at present he is not. In the meantime I shall be obliged by your considering the statement you have just made as confidential. But there's something behind it which I haven't got at. In the meantime you can return to duty."

As the youngster left the tent Colonel Le Sage sighed deeply. He had seen many a good man fall in his country's service, others had lost health or strength or limbs, and others, again—more piteous still—their reputation and their honour. Was his old friend's son destined to join their dishonoured ranks?

"It is bound to go hard with him if he sticks to that story," he muttered. "But there's something fishy somewhere. I'd much sooner believe it of that full-dress-parade brother of his. I'll give the boy a chance, anyway. He may clear himself yet."

But Arthur never did clear himself. He fell mortally wounded in the very next skirmish, and died some hours afterwards.

"I am glad the Colonel understood," he said, as he drew his last flickering breath. And so was Colonel Le Sage when he heard the message.

Of course the court of inquiry never was held. There was no object in stirring up muddy waters. John was invalided home with rheumatic fever, but recovered to enjoy himself in civil life.

CHAPTER XI—FLIGHT OF THE FRENCH ARMY FROM QUEBEC—MURRAY IN COMMAND OF THE BRITISH GARRISON—AMHERST CAPTURES TICONDEROGA AND CROWN POINT—PRIDEAUX TAKES NIAGARA—1759

WITH the fall of Wolfe, the chief command devolved on Monckton, but that gallant officer, like his chief, was stretched upon the ground with a ball through his lungs, though the wound in this case was happily not a fatal one. It then fell upon Townshend to clinch the victory won by the man whom he alone of all the army had been inclined to belittle, and no fault can be found with the fashion in which he did it.

The main part of the battle was over in twenty minutes. Montcalm's army was swept in such headlong rout and confusion from the field that isolated efforts to stem the tide were futile, and the brave French general, who, mounted on his black horse, had done his utmost to rally the broken troops, was now in this bitter hour himself struck down with a mortal wound. But on either flank of the actual battlefield there had been resistance of a most effective kind. Large bodies of Canadian irregulars and Indians had thrown themselves into the bordering woods and poured a hot fire into the victorious British. There were no Rangers on the spot, and it had fallen to the lot of the Highlanders and light infantry to clear the woods as they advanced. The former, rashly trusting to their broadswords only, lost 160 out of 600 men, mostly in this perilous performance. After a time, however, these flanking sharpshooters of the enemy were driven from their cover to swell the panic-stricken mob of fugitives who were choking the gates of Quebec and the approaches to the bridge over the St. Charles. The guns of the city, however, had no immediate reason to share in the general paralysis, and Townshend sounded the recall as they began to play upon his pursuing troops. Trenching tools and guns were being rapidly brought up from the Anse du Foulon, and no time was lost in strengthening the position. An advanced party of Bougainville's force had actually attacked the rear during the battle, but the troops left in reserve had repulsed them without difficulty. The main column now arrived, but it was too late, for Montcalm's army had vanished, and 4,000

veterans, flushed with victory, barred the way.

The loss of the French during the action was about 1,500, including 250 prisoners. Of the British, 58 were killed and 597 wounded. Knox tells us that many of the French officers who were taken were still haunted with fears of vengeance for Fort William Henry, and with bared heads protested earnestly that they had taken no part in that lamentable massacre. Montcalm, shot through the abdomen, lay dying within the ruined town. When told that he had only twelve hours to live, he professed satisfaction since he would not, in that case, be a witness of the surrender of the city. He declared that as he was fated to be beaten he was glad it was by so brave an enemy. He refused to issue any more orders, saying his time was too short, and he would fain be left alone. He did not, however, forget his soldiers, and dictated a generous note to Townshend on behalf of his prisoners and the Canadians generally, assuring him at the same time of his confidence in the humanity of the English.

"Be their protector," he winds up with touching quaintness, "as I have been their father."

The brave gentleman and able soldier died before the dawn. In the confusion no coffin was forthcoming. His remains were placed in a deal box, and, escorted by a few officers of the garrison and a troop of women and children, were borne to the chapel of the Ursulines, and deposited in a grave made by the bursting of a British shell.

Vaudreuil, in the meantime, met the fugitives from the battlefield at the bridge over the St. Charles, where there was a scene of indescribable confusion. Every one had lost his head, and veteran officers were clamouring for a surrender, crying out that the British were upon them, and that they would be cut to pieces.

The British, as a matter of fact, had ceased from the pursuit, and were concentrating on their lines, worn out with exhaustion and fatigue. Nothing, however, could allay the panic of the French, which indeed passed all reason. A council of war was called. Vaudreuil loudly blamed Montcalm for precipitating a conflict which he himself carefully shirked, and then proceeded to give a taste of his courage and generalship by urging a retreat up the river of the whole army. In the demoralised state of the French his suggestions met with an only too ready response. The whole position of Beauport was abandoned, just as it stood, tents and all, to be looted by country people and the Indians. Bougainville was notified of the movement, and at dark that same evening the entire French force, except the militiamen who deserted to their homes and the feeble garrison within the city, were hurrying around the British position at a pace which the Chevalier Johnstone, who was with them, calls a disgraceful rout. Not only Montcalm, but Senezergue and De L'Ours, his second and third in command, had been mortally wounded. De Ramezay, with a thousand quite inefficient men, mere citizens for the most part, was left in the city with instructions to surrender if an assault should be threatened. This remnant were not lacking in spirit, and had endured the siege without murmur, but to expect more of them at this moment was ridiculous. If the French army, they justly urged, was afraid to again face Wolfe's victorious battalions, what could be expected of a few hundred half-starved old men and boys, with only a score or two sailors and soldiers to stiffen them?

The French army, in the meantime, did not stay their rapid flight till they had placed thirty miles behind them, and reached Jacques Cartier on the St. Lawrence. A message had been sent on the day of battle to Lévis at Montreal, who was now in chief command, and Vaudreuil's expectations that he would descend the river and meet them at Jacques Cartier were well founded. When that brave and vigorous soldier reached the camp of the fugitive army he was filled with indig-

nation, as well he may have been. To a man who had more than once won victories against great odds the situation was humiliating enough. Never in their darkest days of inexperience, indiscipline and bad leadership, had the British in America behaved so badly. Bougainville's force, which had retired again upon Cap Rouge, had increased, according to French writers, to 3,000 men. There had been, moreover, 1,500 good militia inactive on the Beauport lines, to say nothing of the garrison of the city, while in Vaudreuil's fugitive army there could not have been much less than another 3,000 soldiers, and in great part good ones. The British army before the city walls was reduced by casualties to under 4,000. Wolfe's total losses, prior to the battle, in killed and wounded and sick, had been 1,500. There were probably 2,000 efficient men on guard at the camps, hospitals and batteries below Quebec, which were liable to attack at any moment from bands of guerillas. Townshend could hardly have drawn seriously on this reserve, and we may therefore picture him, with his small army and a few sailors who had assisted in hauling up his guns and stores, busy for the moment with pick and shovel upon the Plains of Abraham. The desertion of many thousand militia is allowed for in the above estimate of the French, which is, in fact, their own. Comment is needless. Panic is spelled in every line of it, but it must always be remembered that the author of the panic was the young hero now lying dead in the cabin of the *Sutherland*.

Lévis, when he reached Jacques Cartier, breathed some heart into Vaudreuil's demoralised army. A hundred mounted men with sacks of meal were despatched in haste by a circuitous route to Quebec, with instructions to Ramezay to hold out, for help was coming. The troops themselves marched upon the 18th. They were to pick up Bougainville at Cap Rouge, and would then far outnumber the British. But that night, when still fifteen miles from the city, the news reached them that it had fallen.

There is not much to be said of the four days which Townshend and his troops spent upon the heights before Quebec. He extended his lines down to the St. Charles, and pushed his trenches close up to the walls. Within the city all was wretchedness, recrimination and despair, save for a small body of gunners, who pounded the British trenches with commendable spirit, but with little effect. On the evening of the 17th some threatening movements of the English ships and troops put a finishing touch to the futile and vanishing courage of the feeble garrison. Their officers, and small blame to them, refused to fight, and told Ramezay, a gallant old gentleman with a good record, that it was not fair to expect them to sustain the assault of a disciplined army from which their own, though far superior in numbers, had fled. There was a doughty, if unreasonable, town Major, however, one Johannès, who waxed indignant at such sentiments, and emphasised his indignation with the flat of his sword. But it was of no avail. Ramezay had no choice but to hoist the white flag, though the devoted Johannès, who surely deserves to be remembered at such a moment, instantly hauled it down again. He was alone in his protests, but eventually consented to go himself to Townshend with an offer of capitulation. It seems that, by making subtle efforts to spin out the negotiations, he defeated thereby his own object by wearing out Townshend's limited stock of patience, since all the satisfaction he could bring to Ramezay was that if the place were not delivered up by eleven o'clock it would be carried by storm. Ramezay signed the articles submitted to him, and they were in Townshend's hands by the time agreed upon. He had scarcely received them when Lévis' light horse with the meal bags rode in to say that succour was coming. Ramezay, however, with an honour that does him credit, refused to cancel an agreement on which the ink had

scarcely dried. The terms were favourable, for Townshend's position was none too secure, and without loss of time he marched his army into the ruined town, which had yet another siege to endure, though its details have been hopelessly obscured by the glamour of the first one. It will be our duty in the succeeding chapter to say something of an episode in British history that is not without honour, but, for the reason, no doubt, just mentioned, is utterly without fame.

In regard to this memorable 18th of September it only remains to tell how the re-invigorated French army learnt that night at St. Augustin that they were too late, and that the British flag was already floating over the ruins of the proud city which for a century and a half had been almost more French than France herself.

Of the still more famous 13th of the same month what more can be said? It is my business to follow out the campaign to its termination, and in so doing to seem, perhaps, a destroyer of landmarks, a disturber of time-honoured traditions. I should like, however, so far as my own study of these wars teaches me, to endorse rather than to disturb ancient landmarks. The fight upon the Plains of Abraham, beyond all doubt or question, settled the fate of Canada and eliminated the Frenchman as a governing factor in the life of the western continent. It did yet more, for if the republic of the United States was born at Yorktown, the seeds of the Dominion of Canada were surely sown on the plateau of Quebec. In all history there is no more dramatic episode; at the same time it would be hard to name one that had more influence on the future of the world.

The infinite significance of the achievement was, of course, in great part hidden from the eyes of those who shared in or applauded it. But the immediate value of the victory was patent enough to the meanest intelligence. When the news arrived in England, following so closely as it did on tidings of a disheartening kind, there was an outburst of enthusiasm that, though tempered in one sense, was in another stimulated to an even greater excess of emotion by the victor's glorious death. All England blazed with bonfires and resounded with pealing bells, but the grief for Wolfe, mingled with the sounds of triumph, Burke tells us, was most noticeable. "The loss of a genius in war is a loss that we know not how to repair." "The people," says Walpole, "triumphed and wept, for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, curiosity, astonishment were painted on every countenance. Not an incident but was heroic and affecting!" The recent doubters abased themselves, the tongues of envy which had freely wagged were silenced. Townshend, who failed significantly to do full honour in his despatches to his dead rival, was driven amid much obloquy to defend himself in print, which he did but tamely. The affection with which the army he commanded regarded their fallen chief could be instanced by a flood of written testimony: "Our joy is inexpressibly damped," wrote Knox on the evening of the 13th, "by the loss of one of the greatest heroes that this or any age can boast of."

But all further eulogy on Wolfe must be resisted. Though the crucial blow of the war had been struck and the striker was dead, there was yet much to be done and much even to be suffered before the end came. For the present, seeing we must return later to Quebec, it will be sufficient to state that Murray was left in command of the shattered city with almost all the troops that survived the campaign, and that on October 17th Admiral Saunders and his ships sailed for England, carrying with them the embalmed body of the dead soldier whose endeavours they had from first to last so loyally seconded.

The *Royal William*, bearing the remains, arrived at Portsmouth on November the 17th. Amid the firing of minute guns from the fleet, the tolling of muffled bells, and the hushed silence of a vast concourse of spectators, the

funeral cortége wound its way through the town on the long road to London.

Wolfe was laid by his father's side in the family vault at Greenwich church, while the bulky monument in Westminster Abbey commemorates a nation's gratitude if it does no great credit to its taste.

While, with 8,000 men, Wolfe had gone to encounter Montcalm and Lévis, and take Quebec, Amherst, with almost as many good troops and 5,000 provincials in addition, had proceeded against Bourlamaque, who, with what forces could be spared from the main army, was to defend the Champlain route to Canada. That Wolfe succeeded and his chief failed is a fact of history that, reduced to bare figures, creates an unfair inference. The former won success by genius and dash which we may almost fancy compelled the assistance which an admiring fortune gave him. The latter failed from the lack of such inspiration as is heaven-born and given to but a few. He was thorough and careful, and made almost no mistakes; but he had great difficulties to contend with, and did not succeed, this year at least, in attracting the smiles of fortune.

Amherst was, in truth, a good soldier and a man of tact as well. He was well liked in America, though he had to face the bad odour which the hapless Abercromby had left behind him. This, however, in the provinces which had reason to complain, he had no difficulty in surmounting. It was in those rather who had none, but on the contrary owed their deliverance from three years of frontier war, and misery and massacre, to the self-sacrifice of Forbes, that obstruction and discontent met his friendly overtures.

In Philadelphia, where the brave Scotchman had just laid down his life, and whither Amherst went early in the year to talk about reinforcements and Indian affairs, he found no gratitude whatever for the routing of the French and Indian upon the long-harried Pennsylvania border. There was much grumbling at having to shelter the troops who had fought and bled for them, and still more because government had not yet met the claims of team-owners and hucksters, whose impositions the honest Forbes, it will be remembered, had denounced in unmeasured terms. The fact was, that every one in government employ in America, from Amherst and Wolfe down to the meanest private, had to wait for his money. It was a time of supreme effort and self-denial, and a moment well worth it, if ever there were one. Still it was aggravated by scandalous negligence on the part of Barrington, the English Secretary for War. Amherst was immensely hampered, and had to occupy himself in urging the provincial governments to temporary financial expedients, which was not easy, as the credit of the imperial government had suffered greatly.

After finding the garrison for Fort Pitt, as Duquesne was now called, and that of a few smaller posts, the southern colonies, freed at length from all fear of French or Indian, relapsed into their wonted calm of tobacco-planting, visit-paying, fox-hunting and mild wrangling with their governors. They appear no more in this war, in which they had, indeed, figured somewhat poorly, while their borderers, who were for the most part a race unto themselves, set to work to re-occupy the ravaged districts along the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. Washington, with no further prospect of active service, now retired to matrimony and country life. He had gone straight to Virginia off the long and arduous return march with the dying Forbes, accompanied by several of his friends among the British officers, and married in their presence the handsome and well-dowered widow, Mrs. Custis. He was personally thanked for his past services by the House of Burgesses, and his inability to reply to the Speaker's eulogistic address drew from that gentleman a happy remark, which, together with the incident, has become historic: "Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty equals your valour." Remembering Washington's outspoken criticisms of his legislature and the

feeble support it had given him, one might well imagine that his heart was too full for words, and as a simple, straightforward man, he considered that the less said the better.

Pennsylvania in the meantime was so backward in voting the troops Amherst asked for that he threatened to remove all the garrisons from her frontier, a threat which brought matters to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion. For it must not be forgotten that there was a sturdy minority, even in Philadelphia, who had felt bitterly the part played by the Legislature, while the Western Counties had on one occasion threatened to march upon the city and compel the House to take military action. The Northern Colonies, on the other hand, swallowed the memory of Abercromby, made the best of financial difficulties, and came forward handsomely. New York found 3,000 men, and even little Jersey, almost the only province without an exposed frontier, supplied a regiment a thousand strong, while New England, as usual, was in no way backward.

Colonel and Brigadier Prideaux, who had just landed, was to lead a force up the Mohawk route, rebuild Oswego and attack Niagara. Amherst himself, as we know, was for the Northern road. Albany was the starting-point for both armies, and once again when the ice melted and the spring opened it resounded with the din of arms, and the thrifty Dutch traders reaped the harvest that of necessity accrued from the prolonged presence of 20,000 armed men. Once more the rough forest road from Fort Edward on the Hudson to Lake George was beaten hard by a steady stream of marching troops, of guns and waggons, and the old trysting place at the lake head was again gay with tents and varied uniforms, and the bay itself dark with boats. Amherst had collected here 6,000 regulars and nearly 5,000 provincials. There were 2,000 Highlanders with the 17th, 27th, 53rd regiments, and 1st battalion of the 60th, besides light infantry under Gage; Rangers, who now ranked as regulars, as well they may have, and the usual small complement of artillerymen.

The inevitable delays in mustering and provisioning the colonial troops had occurred, and it was the 20th of July when another pageant, no less gorgeous than that of Abercromby in the previous year, and with more hopeful prospects, floated down the lake. The troops landed without opposition on the east bank of the river outlet and marched without hindrance across to the sawmills whence Abercromby had delivered his ill-timed and ill-fated assault. Crossing the stream, the scouts found the famous redoubt of Ticonderoga stronger than ever but, to their surprise, unoccupied. Bourlamaque was stationed here with nearly 4,000 men—more, in fact, than Montcalm had used on the same spot with such deadly effect. But Amherst was not Abercromby, as Bourlamaque knew very well, and would have knocked those wooden walls to pieces in an hour. The French were in the stone fortress on the point. The preliminary operation of a siege, with some little skirmishing in the woods which were full of French Indians, went on. Bourlamaque, however, was under orders from Vaudreuil to make his stand at another point. So on the night of the 26th he and his garrison embarked quietly on the lake, abandoning the fort. After the last man had left, a dull roar, followed by a tremendous explosion, burst on the summer night as part of the masonry of the fort was hurled skywards. Sheets of flame flared from the débris, making a grand and awful spectacle, while against the light of the flames the abandoned French flag was seen streaming in the wind. A sergeant of Gage's corps, with four privates, rushed forward and achieved the perilous task of snatching the trophy from the blazing buildings. Thus, in dramatic fashion, fell Ticonderoga, for years the armed gate of Canada, the barrier to invading armies, and the scourge of the Northern frontiers as Duquesne has been to those of the lower colonies.

The French had temporarily retired

to their second fort at Crown Point, ten miles down the lake, and Amherst in his deliberate fashion followed them, but only to find this also gutted and abandoned. Bourlamaque had carried his army to the extreme end of Lake Champlain and, according to his instructions, prepared to resist Amherst at the île-aux-Noix. This last was an island in the centre of the Richelieu River, the waterway to Canada and a position of great natural strength. But, in spite of the numbers and spirit of his force and his own skill, Amherst was now stopped by an obstacle, small enough in itself, but insuperable. This was the presence on the lake of four vicious little French vessels, armed with cannon and manned with sailors. Amherst had nothing to cope with them. It is often said that, as their existence was no secret, he should have provided himself with a superior armament, building it on Wood Creek early in the season. But it was too late for regrets; he had now to sit down and create his little fleet with the sole assistance of the historic but inefficient sawmill near Ticonderoga.

It was now only the beginning of August, and his ships were not finished till the middle of October, by which time there was little hope of reaching Canada, and none whatever of assisting Wolfe, of whom no news had come. Three messengers had been sent to him: one of them had got through, but the others were caught and sent to Montcalm. Amherst had a passion for fort building, and having patched up Ticonderoga, he decided to restore and enlarge Crown Point, which, standing out on a promontory at the narrowest part of the lake, was eminently the key to the whole situation. Three thousand men were now set to work upon the fortress. Others worked upon the ships. The remainder practised their manœuvres or fished in the lake, while the Rangers, under Rogers, scoured the woods.

Our invaluable traveller, Dr. Kalm, had been staying at Crown Point a few years earlier in the piping times of peace, as a guest of the commandant, M. Lusignan. He gives a delightful account of the almost idyllic life led by the garrison at this romantic spot. The fort, he tells us, was a quadrangle with high stone walls, rendered still more formidable in some parts by the steep rocks over the lake on which they stood. At one end was a high stone tower mounted with guns from base to summit, while in the enclosure were excellent stone houses for the men and officers, and a chapel. On the shore adjoining the fort were cleared fields where the garrison cows wandered, and where every private soldier had his garden. The commandant was a man of culture and varied information. The soldiers, though in no way disrespectful, seemed on the friendliest terms with their officers. They were sufficiently paid and admirably fed, for the woods were full of game, the lake of fish, and a holiday could always be had for the asking. The men served till they were forty or fifty years old, when, as we know, the king presented them with a farm and provided them with food for the first two or three years, and sometimes even with a wife. The learned Professor gazed with admiration at the lofty, wood-clad masses of the Adirondacks behind the fort, and marked across the lake the long, level plain of then virgin forest, backed by the swelling ridges of the green mountains, from which the State of Vermont took its name. He rambled everywhere, noting birds and flowers and trees and rocks, these things being his immediate business. He also tells us of a stone windmill, mounted with cannon—so placed as to command a splendid view of the water towards Ticonderoga—whence the hostile barks of the British or their Iroquois allies could be seen approaching. All this was in 1749, and though blood enough had been shed even then along these lakes, neither the Doctor nor his host could have guessed what warlike pageants and stirring scenes they were yet to witness.

News came to Amherst in August of

the capture of Niagara and the death of Prideaux, upon which he at once despatched Gage to take command. The two months at Crown Point were not wholly inactive ones. They were marked, at any rate, by one of the most sensational pieces of dare-devil enterprise that even Robert Rogers ever achieved.

Now there was a large settlement of Abernakis Indians on the St. Francis River, about 180 miles north of Crown Point, near Montreal, and far in Bourlamaque's rear. They had been settled there for several generations under the protection of the French, and were what the Canadian Church was pleased to call Christians, observing, that is to say in ignorant fashion, the mere outward forms of the Roman Church, but in practical Christianity being no better than the darkest western savage. Perhaps they were even worse, as intertribal obligations had been cast off and they had no limitations to their lust of blood. They were invaluable, however, to the Canadians, and the scourge of the New England frontier. Rogers set out on September 13th with 230 picked men, to read them a lesson. "Take your revenge," Amherst told him; "but, though these villains have promiscuously murdered our women and children of all ages, it is my orders that none of theirs are killed or hurt."

Rogers and his party stole along the western shore of Lake Champlain in whale boats, unobserved by the French cruisers, as far as Missisquoi Bay, 90 miles to the northward. There he hid his boats, leaving some friendly Indians to watch if they were discovered, and bring him word. He had now another 90 miles to march through the trackless forest, overlapped upon every side by enemies. His Indian watchers soon overtook him with the information that his boats were destroyed and that a large force of French were in hot pursuit. With this crushing blow the courage of Rogers and his men rose rather than fell. They determined to press on, keep ahead of their pursuers, destroy the Indian hornets' nest at St. Francis, and then, sweeping to the eastward, make for the frontier of New England. Perhaps a closer knowledge of local topography, and of the then state of the country than could be expected of the general reader, is required to quite grasp the daring of Rogers' exploit and the woodcraft that made it possible. He sent a message back to Amherst to forward provisions to a certain spot on the Connecticut River, and then he and his men toiled on for ten days through some of the densest swamps and forests in North America. When they reached the St. Francis River the current was swift and chin deep. All of them, however, but a few British officers, volunteers, were hardened backwoodsmen, and, linking arms, they reached the further bank in safety, though with great difficulty. Soon afterwards Rogers climbed to the top of a tree and espied the Indian village three miles away, nestling amid the woods in supreme unconsciousness of its impending fate. Secreting his men, he himself crept to the edge of the settlement and found the whole population absorbed in one of their characteristic festivals, a mad orgie of dancing and clamour. Creeping back to his force, which by sickness, death and hardship had been reduced to 142, he lay with them in hiding till the dark hours of the morning. Then, in a half-circle, they silently advanced upon the town, now wrapt in sleep more profound than common from the exertions of the previous evening. At a given signal from Rogers the whole band rushed upon the cabins and wigwams. The surprise was complete. There were about 200 men in the place, nearly as many, unfortunately from Rogers' point of view, being absent on an expedition. Every one of them was killed. A few got away upon the river but were followed up and slaughtered, though no women or children were touched. Five English captives were released, and 600 English scalps, torn from the heads of both sexes and all ages beyond the New England frontier, were found nailed to the doors of the houses as trophies. The Catholic

Church, with amazing incongruity, rose in the midst of these unredeemed barbarians, three generations of whom its bell had rung to mass with laborious regularity. Such was the Christianity which satisfied the ethics of the French-Canadian priesthood of that day. Rogers burnt the whole village to the ground, including the church, and one can scarcely profess much compunction that the priest perished inside it. Only one man of the British force was killed, and three or four were wounded. It was now past sunrise, and the famous backwoods leader learned that there were 400 Frenchmen just in front of him and 200 more on his flank. The whole army of Bourlamaque lay between him and Crown Point, 190 miles away, and he was half that distance over the Canadian frontier. If his boats on Lake Champlain had escaped notice he would have got back without difficulty. As it was, however, the circuitous route to the Connecticut River, whither Amherst had promised to send food in case of accidents, was Rogers' only choice. Carrying such corn as they were able for their subsistence, these intrepid men eluded their swarming foes by a forced march of eight days through tangled swamps and wooded ridges. They traversed through blinding forests what is now a fair and famous country, "the Eastern townships" of Canada, an old and highly developed settlement of purely British blood and origin, sandwiched between French Canada and the United States. Ultimately they reached the broad waters of Lake Memphremagog, so familiar now to the tourist and the sportsman. Here, running out of food, they separated into small parties so as better to kill the game they stood in need of, but which proved woefully scarce. The adventures and sufferings of the various groups before the survivors reached the British lines, are among the thousand thrilling tales of border warfare. Many were killed, many taken prisoners and carried off to the torture and the stake in Indian villages. The officer Amherst had sent with food to the Connecticut River miserably failed, for which failure he was cashiered. The despair of the ninety odd survivors at this moment was at its height, for a vast distance of wilderness had yet to be travelled. By Rogers' heroism and fertility of resource, however, the half-starved band were in one way and another got back to camp early in November. They had traversed over 400 miles, destroyed more than their own number of the foulest Indians in the north, and struck a blow that resounded through Canada. Amherst thanked them warmly. One does not hear that they received or expected anything more. It was all in the Rangers' day's work, and Rogers himself has left an account of the expedition.

Amherst, in the meantime, had completed his ships, and on the first venture they destroyed their French rivals. But it was now the middle of October, and the weather had broken: sleet-laden storms were lashing the surface of Lake Champlain into a fury, and winter was looming near.

Lévis, who had long since come from Montcalm, had helped Bourlamaque to make the passage of the Richelieu to Canada impregnable under a long siege—and for that there was no time, since 100 guns securely entrenched defended the passage. Quebec, too, had fallen, which lessened the urgency, and, lastly, the service period of the provincial troops expired on November 1st. So the army, still shivering in its summer clothing, retired up the lakes, leaving strong garrisons at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, who sent salvoes of artillery echoing through the surrounding mountains in honour of the birthday, and, as it so happened, the last one, of George the Second.

Prideaux, the brigadier, whose mission it was to rebuild Oswego, take Niagara and ruin the French interest in those north-western regions over which their sway had been so long undisputed, was early in the field. He was at Schenectady on the Mohawk route late in May, and was joined by his

Division. This consisted of the 44th and 46th regiments and 2,600 New York provincials. There were forts now at intervals the whole way from the Hudson to Lake Ontario, and his communications were thus secured against the cross-country raids from Canada, that had been the terror of those who travelled and those who lived upon this forest highway. Johnson was commissioned to seize this favourable moment of the waning of French prestige to stir up the Six Nations to their old enthusiasm for the British cause. The ever-vigilant backwoods baronet needed no pressing, but held in his lavish fashion a grand council, celebrated with meat and drink and eloquence at Fort Johnson. Five hundred Indians attended; not only representatives of the faithful nations, but of several others formerly hostile, who, wise in their generation, had read the writing on the wall. This time they sang the war song on the banks of the Mohawk with serious intent, and 900 warriors at the response of their chiefs painted and befeathered themselves for battle.

Prideaux and his men were upon the site of Oswego by the middle of June. Haldimand, the second in command, was given the task of rebuilding the fort. Like Bouquet, he was a faithful and able Swiss officer, who had been imported to assist in the formation of that motley, but now efficient corps, the Royal Americans. "He had helped to recruit it among Oglethorpe's Highlanders of Georgia, the Germans and Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania, and the indented servants, poor whites and Huguenots of the two Carolinas. He has a three-fold claim on England, but she has forgotten him. He was an indefatigable collector, and has left 232 volumes of contemporary papers bearing on this period to the British Museum, as well as the Bouquet papers, which were his property. His military services were considerable, and, above all, he was Governor of Canada during the Revolutionary War from 1778 to 1784—a sufficiently critical and conspicuous post at that time, which he admirably filled. Canadians complain, and justly so, that his memory is at least as worthy of preservation as that of provincial preachers and forgotten novelists, but that they look in vain through works devoted to cataloguing the illustrious dead for the name of this trusty servant of the British crown.

Prideaux left Oswego on July 1st. He had not been long gone when Saint-Luc de la Corne, the well-known French partisan leader, seized the opportunity to attack Haldimand. He brought with him 1,200 men, mostly Canadian irregulars, and the notorious Abbé Picquet, with some of his so-called Christian Indians, whom he exhorted to give no quarter to the British heretics. They did not have a chance, for, though Haldimand's parties were wood-cutting outside the temporary entrenchments of pork barrels, they soon rallied to their lines. De la Corne's troops were not of the kind to assault redoubts. They confined themselves for some twenty-four hours to desultory rifle fire from the bordering woods, and when the guns which had been brought to bear on them opened from the entrenchments, they were seized with a panic, and raced helter-skelter for their boats, knocking over the reverend Abbé in their haste. Some thirty of them were killed and wounded, among the latter being La Corne himself. Haldimand was henceforward left in peace, and in due course a new fort arose upon the site of Montcalm's first Canadian victory by Lake Ontario, which in after years became the familiar quarters of many British regiments.

Prideaux, in the meantime, with Sir William Johnson and his Indians, was hugging the southern shores of Lake Ontario in boats and batteaux mounted with guns. The coast line to the outlet of the Niagara River, where the fort stood, was over seventy miles. There was a French warship cruising on the lake, which is here about the breadth of the English Channel at Brighton, so it was slowly, and with due caution, that the unseaworthy

flotilla crept along the low shores, in these days so instinct with vigorous humanity, in those presenting to the restless lake a continuous background of silent and sombre woodland.

Captain Pouchot, of the regiment of Béarn, was in command at Fort Niagara, an excellent officer, and one of the many combatants in this war who has left memoirs of it. The Indians for once—a sign of the change of times—had failed the French as newsbearers, and Pouchot was taken by surprise. Some of his men were absent, and his garrison reduced to less than 600 all told. At the very head of the Ohio watershed, near Lake Erie, there were still some small French posts, and Pouchot now sent to these for assistance. Many of the French guerilla leaders, with wild, miscellaneous bands of followers, were yet stirring in this dark country, in vain hopes of dashing down and catching Fort Pitt, now garrisoned with Provincials, unawares. It was to some of these that Pouchot now sent, and they hastened to his succour.

The old fort at Niagara stood on much the same site as the present one, in the angle, that is to say, where the river meets Lake Ontario. It was large, substantial and well armed, as became the portal and defence of the illimitable trading country behind. Prideaux had over 2,000 men with him, besides Johnson's 900 Indians. One-half of his force guarded the boats, the other was free for the attack. The Engineers, like Abercromby's, proved incompetent, and their first trenches were untenable. "Fools and blockheads, G—d d—n them," was the written criticism of an indignant Highland officer. When fresh approaches were constructed and the British guns opened fire, a still worse thing happened, for a shell burst on leaving the mouth of a coehorn and instantly killed Prideaux, who was standing near. Johnson now took command, and the batteries were actively served. In a fortnight the walls were badly shattered, over a hundred of the small garrison were killed or wounded, and Pouchot realised that nothing but immediate succour from the West could save him. On the 24th Johnson's scouts reported that a French force was approaching from above Niagara Falls. He therefore pushed forward during the night some light infantry, Grenadiers, and part of the 46th regiment. They took up their position in the immediate path of the approaching French, just below the mighty cataract. In the cool of the morning, De Ligneris, Aubry, Marin, de Répentigny, the cream, in short, of the Canadian backwoods leaders, with a wild following of 1,200 men, came down the portage road from above the Falls. The force included the small garrisons at Venango and Presqu'île, with a horde of fighting traders from Detroit, the Illinois, and the West, truculent, ill-favoured men who lived among the Indians, and, like them, went to battle strung with beads and quills, and smeared with paint and grease. They were brave enough, but the banks of the river above the rapids had been cleared. It was an open, not a woodland fight, though, indeed, long years of practice had made even the British linesman no mean performer among the trees. Here, however, he was in the open and flanked by a band of the Iroquois, the finest of savage warriors. The French threw themselves with undisciplined courage and loud yells upon the British front. The linesmen received them as Wolfe's troops on the Plains of Abraham six weeks later received Montcalm's assault—with a steady, withering fire. They had enough men here, however, for a flank attack, which was carried out by the Indians and light infantry with deadly effect. In an hour the broken column of white savages and bush-rangers were flying back in wild disorder past the Falls and the long stretch of rapids above them, to where their canoes were waiting, in smooth water, to bear them back into Lake Erie, whence they came.

Two hundred and fifty of the Ohio garrison troops alone had been killed

or wounded in this affair, besides numbers of their regulars. All the chief officers were taken prisoners—de Ligneris, Marin, Aubry, de Montigny and de Répentigny, with many more.

While the fight was in progress up the river a French officer thought the British trenches were unguarded, and a sortie was attempted. It was led by de Villars, the captor of Washington, in his youthful essay at Fort Necessity. But as the French approached what had seemed empty trenches, a line of bayonets, those of the 44th, under Col. Farquhar, suddenly flashed in their faces, and de Villars fell back, according to his orders rather than to his inclinations, for though he belonged to a type whose failings were many, lack of courage was certainly not one of them.

There was nothing now for Pouchot but capitulation. Major Hervey, of the Bristol family, was sent by Johnson to demand it, and from him the Frenchman learnt for the first time the full extent of the recent defeat. He would scarcely believe that all these redoubtable partisans were prisoners in Johnson's camp till, at Hervey's request, he sent a witness to verify the fact. This settled the matter. Johnson practically made his own terms, though the "honours of war" were conceded in recognition of the gallantry of the defence. Over 600 prisoners were sent to New York, the women and children to Canada. Fort William Henry was again in the minds of the garrison, and most urgent appeals were made to Johnson for sufficient safeguard against the Indians. This, it need hardly be said, was given, a matter of course, but a weaker man than Johnson would have found difficulty in controlling the plundering instincts of his fierce allies. Everything, however, went smoothly, and the fort, with its forty guns, ammunition and stores, was quietly occupied by the British.

When Johnson returned to Oswego a little friction arose between Haldimand and himself as to the chief command. It was effectually settled, however, by the arrival of Gage from Crown Point, who superseded both. Gage's instructions were to attack the French posted above the first rapids of the St. Lawrence on the way from Lake Ontario to Montreal. He effected, however, nothing of any practical value in that direction. It was reserved for Amherst himself, in the following season, to make the descent of the St. Lawrence, and with it the final move in the long game. With the British in possession of Niagara and Oswego, the French flag finally disappeared from Lake Ontario and its shores. Their western posts at Detroit and the Illinois, as well as the smaller and remoter ones, were isolated by this severance of the main artery, and could only be approached by the tortuous waterways, even now only known to the sportsman and the lumberman of the far back country of Ontario. General Stanwix, in the meantime operating from his base at Fort Pitt, with 4,000 men, had not been idle. He had clinched the new relations with the Ohio tribes, and had eventually occupied every fort to Presqu'île on the shore of Lake Erie. The main trunk of French Dominion was being girdled by the British axe, and its far-spreading limbs, which brushed the distant prairies of the north and crossed the sources of the Mississippi, must now perish from lack of nourishment. One more stroke, and the hardy growth of empire would shrivel up and die, and this was to be aimed by Amherst at Montreal.

In a letter written on the field of battle at two o'clock by an officer, the duration of the fight is estimated at half an hour. The writer is Colonel de Ruvigny, R.E., grandson of the Count de la Caillemotte, killed at the Boyne, and great-grandson of the celebrated Huguenot statesman, the Marquis de Ruvigny, and himself subsequently fifth Marquis de Ruvigny (*de jure*), and a naturalised English subject. The writer speaks of the fury of the French attack, and the confusion of their retreat.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE GOOSANDER

A "DONALD" STORY

By W. ALBERT HICKMAN

NOTE—The "Donald" of this story is the same imperturbable old engineer of Mr. Hickman's story of the ice-crushers, "The Sacrifice of the *Shannon*."

R. MONTGOMERY PAUL sat on the broad verandah of his bungalow and, through his cigar smoke, looked up the harbour at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Mr. Paul's business lay chiefly in following the fluctuations of Twin City and C.P.R. and Dominion Steel and Sao Paulo and Grand Trunk and such like commodities. He had followed with considerable foresight and, as a result, had had a comfortable feeling for some years. His base of operations was Toronto. Five years before he had discovered that Muskoka and the Georgian Bay lacked coolness, and various other things which a man from Toronto seeks in a summer holiday, and simultaneously discovered that in the five continents and seven oceans there is, in all probability, no such summer climate as that of Northumberland Strait and the southern light of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. So he built a bungalow on Hillsborough Bay, and every summer he transported his family thither and sat on the white sand watching the sparkling water and the fifty miles of Nova Scotia coast beyond, and went cod and bass and mackerel fishing outside and forgot how the heat came up in waves from the asphalt on Yonge Street and on King Street West.

For the first four summers he had cruised about a good deal in a twenty-five-foot launch he had bought in Charlottetown, and had found it such a delightful pastime that he had ordered a bigger boat from a Toronto firm. She was to be a fine, seaworthy craft with a steel hull. She was to have power enough to enable her to steam away from any boat of double her size in the Gulf. She was finished by the time he was ready to leave, and he had come in her by lake and river and open gulf all the way from Toronto to Charlottetown. If his stories counted for anything she must, indeed, be a marvellous boat in a sea. She was fifty feet over all, and though she had a comfortable beam her lines were as pretty as those of a destroyer. She had a pair of locomotive-type boilers, a low-set, short-stroked, big-pistoned, triple expansion engine, which swung a long-bladed wheel at a very respectable speed, and from her low house projected a short, stumpy, businesslike funnel. Altogether, to the trained eye, she looked well balanced and formidable. Mr. Paul's tastes were somewhat luxurious, and he had fitted her up with all sorts of shining brass yacht jewellery and innumerable blue plush cushions. So, from Charlottetown's point of view, the *Niobe*, as she was called, was a wonder on the face of the deep.

For that matter, she was not much less in the eyes of her owner, who had just been explaining her virtues to Mr. Robert Hunter, also a follower of the fluctuations of things, and resident in Montreal. Mr. Hunter had a yacht, too, a red cedar boat a foot or two longer than the *Niobe*, and with her engines set away aft along with a water-tube boiler fired with oil. She was called the *Mermaid*. In magnificence the *Mermaid* surpassed even the *Niobe*. Her boiler and funnel blazed and scintillated crimson and gold, for they were covered with rose-lacquered brass. Yes, and rose-lacquered brass was in all her parts, and her cushions were crimson plush instead of blue. Mr. Hunter had said a good deal as to the *Mermaid's* capabilities during the previous season,

and this was one of the chief reasons why Mr. Paul had had the *Niobe* built with plenty of power. There were boats belonging to other magnates in other parts of the Island and on the near mainland, but Mr. Paul felt sure of his position.

"Yes, sir," he was saying to Mr. Hunter, "she'll beat any boat in the Gulf under seventy-five feet in length!"

"Don't believe it!" said Mr. Hunter.

"You don't, eh! Well, I believe it so much that I'll put up a thousand dollars to be raced for, and they can all come; but it's got to be a good, long, open course—say from Charlottetown to Caribou. How does that strike you? Will you come?"

"Will I come!" said Mr. Hunter, and he became reminiscent and thought of the quiet way the *Mermaid's* engine turned two hundred and fifty, "will I come! Yes, I'll come—and I'll give you a drink out of that thousand when we get into Caribou."

"Nice Christian spirit," said Mr. Paul, and he laughed and lit another cigar.

"And you're going to throw it open?"

"Oh, what could you do? If you didn't, every tug-boat captain, every man in the Strait who owned any kind of a scow with a portable sawmill boiler and a single cylindered junk heap in her would say that if 'they'd 'a' let him in he'd 'a' showed 'em.' But it'll be a circus, anyway. The thousand dollars ought to bring out pretty nearly everything with wheels in it," and Mr. Paul smiled complacently, and blew a smoke ring in which he framed a picture of the *Niobe's* triumphant rush across the line in Caribou Harbour.

. . . .

The next harbour up the Strait from Caribou is called North Harbour. On its south shore is a deep cove with its east side a steep, spruce-covered bank, and the west sloping away into a sandy beach. Down by the beach is a long, white lobster factory. One day in August a young lady of about fourteen summers was sitting on a rock at the foot of the bank and swinging a bare foot in the water. The sky was without a cloud, and, as usual, as blue as that of the Mediterranean. The Strait rippled and sparkled, and every white house about Wood Islands, on Prince Edward Island, could be seen with perfect distinctness through the fifteen miles of crystal-clear air. It was a perfect Nova Scotia summer day—and there was nothing beyond. But it was evident that the young lady was not happy. Her golden hair—and it was golden, and glinted like polished gold in the glare of the sun—blew down across her glowing cheeks and freckled nose, and she brushed it back petulantly and wearily, and scowled. Then a sculpin swam lazily up to the rock and settled down to rest, and the girl threw a quohog shell at him. "Go away, you ugly beast!" she blurted, and the sculpin accepted the advice and kept on going until he found a hole four feet deep under a friendly bank of eel grass. Before the sculpin reached the eel grass—though he went so fast that his tail ached for some time afterward—the change had come, the inevitable reaction with all her sex from six to sixty, and the young lady was weeping. Finally she heard the shingle crunch, and she faced round defiantly, while she rubbed the tear stains away with the edge of her skirt. A small boy, a year or two younger than she, was coming toward her, piloting a man with grizzled hair, who was smoking a little black pipe. The two were followed by a portly black cocker spaniel. The girl raced over the rocks.

"Hello, Mr. McDonald," she cried, "where did you come from? Where did you find him, Dick?"

"He walked down," said Dick, "and I saw him comin' in the gate," and he swung the big hand he was holding with vigour. Donald McDonald, the old engineer of the Caribou Fire Department, used to walk over to North Harbour periodically on an informal visit to Aleck Morrison's lobster fac-

tory. When he came the children knew there was sure to be something interesting happen. Donald could make the most wonderful boats with stern wheels, which were driven by rope belts and a treadle that you worked with your feet. Once he came down on Campbell's team with some iron bars and pieces of brass, and in a few days had turned a leaky dory into a treadle boat with a real screw propeller. Donald's most communicative moments were while he was with Aleck Morrison's two children, and then he was nothing less than a revelation to the black spaniel. On this particular occasion Donald smiled his most ingenious smile.

"A joost looked't Conoondrum theyre," indicating the spaniel with a wave of the three-inch pipe, "'n' a thocht: Weel, y're gettin' so fat that y' won't ha' hair t' coover y're skin een a leetle while, 'n' a'll ha't be gettin' old strips o' buffalo robes 'n' dyin' them black an' cementin' them over th' theen places, 'n' a don't know that a'd make mooch of a job o' ye then. So a joost thocht a'd walk heem doon hear for exercise, y'see." The three laughed, and the black spaniel took the joke pleasantly and wagged his tail.

"Ees y're father better, Maisie?" Donald went on.

"Some," said the girl. Then she remembered her troubles again. "But he says he's goin' to sell the colt, 'n' he won't let me 'n' Dick go to th' circus in New Glasgow, 'n' he won't let me go in 'n' get the wool to knit a shawl for Grandma's birthday, 'n' he won't" —and the girl's lip trembled again.

"Noo y' needn' cry," said Donald hastily, "a've na doot we can—"

"I don't care, it's my colt anyway; Papa said so when it was born, 'n'—" and there were further signs of a breakdown, as well as of another in sympathy on the part of Dick. Donald was in a difficulty for a moment.

"Y' see," he finally said, "y're father's been seeck a long time, 'n' he mayn' be sure aboot sellin' th' colt, 'n' y' see he hasn' had a chance t' get t' th' bank, 'n' maybe he deedn' ha' th' money f'r y' t' go t' N' Glaisga. Y' know," he went on confidentially, "people when they're seeck often get so worrked up aboot themsel's thut they never theenk o' leetle things. Here, noo, here's five dollars for the two o' y', 'n' a'll see him aboot th' colt, 'n' a've got a gran' plan on foot thut when y' hear aboot 't y' won't want t' go t' N' Glaisga or onywhere. Y' musn' tell onyone a gave y' th' five dollars." The lack of logical sequence in it all was splendid, but it had the desired effect. Aleck Morrison had put a good deal of money into additions to the lobster factory and into new gear, and the season had been poor. All the summer he had been sick, and now ought to be well on the road to recovery. But he didn't seem to mend as he should, and Donald knew that worry had as much to do with it as anything else. His wife thought he was well off, and the children thought him rich, and so it might prove ultimately; but now things were running pretty close, and the proposed selling of the colt was, in all probability, only a method for raising a necessary hundred dollars or so to bridge over the hard time. Aleck had always said, with a good deal of pride, that he had never owed a man a cent for more than two weeks in his life, and Donald knew Aleck, and knew that he would object to breaking his record now. After all, two or three hundred dollars would make everything easy again.

Maisie had brightened up wonderfully, and Dick had become sympathetically cheerful.

"Tell us what y're goin' t' do?" he said. Donald made up the trio of smiles.

"Coom up 'n' we'll see y're father firrst," he said. "Thees plan," he went on, as they started, "ees a great plan. Eets goin' t' beat th' dory wi' th' propellor all t' pieces. No, y'll joost wait! Y'll know all th're ees t' know soon enough." Maisie and Dick ran ahead, and left Donald and the black spaniel to follow more slowly. They rushed into the room where their father was sitting.

"Here's Mr. McDonald comin',

papa, 'n' he's goin' t' make something new for us, maybe a new kind of a boat."

"He's a great Donald!" said Aleck, half to himself. "He's always able to keep the two of y' quiet, anyway.

"Well, Donald, I'm glad to see y'. I get pretty dull sometimes. Maisie says you've got some new plan on hand. What are y' goin' t' make now—a real steamboat, I suppose?" Donald got comfortably settled, with the girl on his right knee and the boy on his left. He stowed the black pipe in a pocket reserved for it alone.

"A want y' t' lend me th' *Goosander!*" he said solemnly. It may be explained that the *Goosander* was a long, black launch that Aleck had bought two years before from the Dominion Government for use in towing out loads of traps and for general service about the factory. The Government had used her as an auxiliary to their revenue boats, in preventing smuggling from St. Pierre and Miquelon, but she was not well adapted to their purposes and they had disposed of her.

"The *Goosander!*" said Aleck, with a look of surprise, "yes, y' can have her and the whole factory if y' like. But what are y' goin' to do with her?" Donald drew forth from his pocket a copy of the *Caribou Courier*, and pointed to a paragraph. Aleck read as follows:—

"Owing to a discussion as to the relative speed of certain steam yachts which has arisen among a number of the wealthy Toronto and Montreal men who are summering on the Island, Mr. Montgomery Paul, the owner of the splendid yacht *Niobe*, has generously put up a thousand dollars to be raced for by steamers of any type up to seventy-five feet over all. Entries are confined to boats owned by summer or other residents of the Maritime Provinces. The course is to be from Charlottetown to Caribou, and the date, weather permitting, September 12." The paragraph gave various other details, and ended with the assertion that the proposed race was already exciting great interest. Aleck finished and looked at Donald.

"Y' don't mean to say that y' want to go into that with the *Goosander!*" he said.

"O' coorse a do!" was the reply; "a'm needin' soom recreation 'n' a dare say y'll be able t' fin' soom use for th' thoosan' dollars."

"Yes, we could find plenty of use for a thousand dollars if we got it, though y' would have to take the half of it. But there's not much danger of gettin' it. The *Goosander* would be somewhere off here when those fellows got in. They've got some fine boats over there now: boats they've brought down from Upper Canada."

"Aye!" said Donald, "so a've heard. Maybe a'll go ofer 'n' see them. Howefer, eef y' theenk we'll not get th' thoosan' y' needn't mind sayin' y'll tak' 't eef we do. A don't want th' money, y' know; a'll get more th'n a thoosan's worth o' recreation oot o' th' beezness; so between us we'll be makin' a clear two thoosan'," and Donald smiled. Aleck grinned at the argument, and submitted the more readily because his faith in the *Goossander's* chances was exceedingly small. Donald thought a moment.

"Aleck," he said, "d'y' know wheyre a cud buy a nice young horse?" Maisie's eyes had been sparkling at the thought of the *Goosander* racing the yachts across the Strait; now she became very solemn, and flashed a bewildered glance at the old engineer. She felt the big hand tighten for an instant on her shoulder, and knew that in some inscrutable way it was all right. Aleck was silent, and looked doubtfully at Maisie. He was surprised to see that young lady very cheerful.

"What do you want with a horse?" he said.

"What a wanted t' know wiz wheyre a cood get one," was the reply. Aleck knew it was no use to ask for further information. He hesitated.

"I've got a fine colt that might suit y'," he said finally; "Maisie, y' bring the colt round, like a good girl."

Still more to his surprise Maisie ran

off willingly enough, accompanied by the boy, and in five minutes the colt was at the door. Donald made a critical examination of him, and finally offered a hundred and twenty-five dollars, which was promptly accepted. He wrote a cheque and handed it to Aleck.

"Theyre!" he said, "Noo, a'm goin' doon t' look ofer th' *Goosander;* coom on, Dickie. A'll be up t' dinner, Aleck," and the three started for the shore, leaving Aleck Morrison surprised, but more comfortable than he had been for some time. They had not gone far when Maisie looked up inquisitively at Donald, who smiled.

"A suppose y' want t' know aboot th' colt," he said; "weel, a'll joost be needin' a horse for a leetle, 'n' 'ts fery likely a'll be willin' t' sell een a month or two—'n' y' may be wantin' t' buy one yersel' aboot thut time. Y' never can tell what will happen. A—a tak' fery good care o' my horses," he added, as he got the black pipe underway again. Maisie laughed and was satisfied, and, of necessity, Dick was satisfied, too.

The *Goosander* lay at the wharf below the factory. As has been recorded, she was once the property of the Dominion Government, and for a number of years she had come and gone by night, and had hung just over the edge of fog banks, and had travelled betimes without lights, and had escorted one or two brigs and several small, slippery-looking schooners into Sydney or some other port, and had lain still amid the sound of axes on full casks, and had floated in a sea that reeked of Cognac. In those days many a good, fast fore-and-after knew that she was not to be despised. But she had too little freeboard and she was too fine, lacked the beam that makes a good sea boat, and the Government had finally sold her to Aleck Morrison. The *Goosander* had never been beautiful, and Aleck had added to her freeboard by putting a gunwale plank all round her. The gunwale plank made her too high, and took away all the torpedo-boat appearance she formerly had. Then it had not been put on very artistically, and had left her with a magnified sheer, so that she didn't look unlike a gigantic dory. Aleck finished by painting her black. Altogether, the effect was not pleasing. She had a fine, steeple-compound engine and a new boiler that Aleck had put in under Donald's advice shortly after he got her. Donald had often cruised in her, and had apparently a vast belief in her capabilities. "A'd like t' ha' her for aboot a week!" he often said, "a'd show y' what she cud do. All she'd need'd be t' get a string o' kelp tangled up een her rudder for a tail 'n' they'd theenk 'twas th' Great Sea-Serpent coomin'."

Just at present she looked particularly disreputable. Below the waterline she was grown over with weed; her black paint was blistered and peeled; her gunwale was split and splintered in many places along its fifty-seven feet of length; the engine was covered with a scant, dirty tarpaulin, and the boiler and long funnel were streaked with yellow rust. Maisie and Dick went out to the end of the wharf to spear flounders, the black spaniel retired to the shore and found a shady spot under a bush, and Donald climbed aboard the *Goosander*. He looked over her slowly, then lifted up a hatch over the shaft and sniffed at the oily, iridescent, black water that was sluicing about with the slight motion of the boat.

"Y' dirrty, deesgraceful old hoolk! Y' shood be ashamed o' yersel' for not keepin' yersel' clean. Beelge water! Beelge water! Y' can't help havin' a leetle, but no self respectin' steamer allows't to accumulate like thut!" After this rebuke the old engineer rummaged around for pieces of oily waste and kindlings and soon had a fire underway. Then he opened up the lockers and got out hammers and monkey wrenches and spanners and oil cans and boxes of packing and laid them all in order. While the steam was getting up he swept her from stem to stern. He caught the sound of a slight hiss. "Pop valve leakin'!" he

commented, and made a mental note. "Aye, 'n' a try cock, too." He swung his weight on each of the eccentric rods, and felt a hardly noticeable jar. "Pairfectly deesgraceful!" he said. "Aye, nuts on th' straps loose." He studied the inside of the fire-box. "Tubes tight; thut's good, disteenctly good!" A little later he examined the gauge. "Seventy poon." He opened the throttle and immediately closed it again. "Not packin' enough een th' three boxes for one. Magneeficent gland!" and he began measuring and cutting, packing and sliding it into inaccessible places with a jack knife. Bye and bye he looked to his moorings and opened the throttle again. *Bump-siss-bump-siss-bump-siss* went the *Goosander's* engine, with a lot of little *psp-clicks* in between, which, to the uninitiated, mean nothing. Donald turned on the bilge water ejector and sat down to listen. For a diagnosis his ear was as good as an indicator any day. It came in muttered comments. "Low press' valve set too high—cut off too late—guides bindin' a leetle—th' cross-head soonds like a wire nail machine—a cood leeft out thut crank pin," and he aimed a dexterous blow at it as it flashed past. "Weel, een coomparison wi' soom o' them y're not bad! A'd like a leetle more vacuum, tho', eef a cood get 't. Howefer, a'm not goin' t' poot a surface condenser 'n' a circulatin' poomp 'n' an air poomp een y' for 't." So the comments went on until he drew the fire, and a little later there were rods and bolts and nuts and valves lying about on all the lockers, and the *Goosander's* engine was an apparent wreck. In the midst of the wreck, filing and hammering and fitting and testing, sat Donald McDonald, late engineer of the MacMichael boat *Dungeness*, the craft which, for some mysterious reason, used to do twelve knots while he was in her, and never before or since.

When the time came Donald went up to the house to dinner, during which meal he was uncommunicative. Immediately after dinner he went back to the *Goosander* and worked until they blew the horn for supper. Again after supper he went back and worked until darkness came down. After the children went up to bed the black spaniel came aboard for company, and Donald lighted a lantern and kept at it. When Aleck went to bed about eleven he could see the faint light down by the wharf and hear the sound of hammering of steel on steel coming up on the quiet night air. He knew that it was useless to interfere. Donald knew where to find his bed, and when he was ready he would come to it, and not befoıe. The fact that the bed bore marks of having been slept in was the only evidence that he had been near the house during the night. No one heard him come in, and when Aleck first looked out in the morning, when the sun was coming up over the Gulf, the old engineer was aboard the *Goosander*, smoking like a locomotive and still hammering, and the spaniel was slumbering on his jacket on the wharf.

That day Donald worked steadily; and again brought the lantern into use and knocked off at midnight. The following day by eleven o'clock he had the engine assembled again. He filled the boiler and started a fire. When the steam was up and he opened the throttle it was easy to see that the *Goosander's* engine had seen magic. The piston rod glided up and down noiselessly; not a breath of steam showed anywhere; and never a hiss or a sigh could be heard; the eccentrics slid around, oil-bathed in the straps, and the straps never varied the width of a hair; and the cross-head and crank, no matter how fast they were swung, were perfectly silent.

Then Donald cast off the *Goosander's* moorings and started out into the harbour alone, and the way the *Goosander* ploughed up and down North Harbour astonished the inhabitants of the surrounding country. Aleck watched through the glass and could see the old man studying his watch while he raced back and forward between the buoys. After a little while he came into the wharf, tied up,

drew the fire, covered the engine, and came ashore to dinner. During the progress of the meal he spoke very seldom, and then his remarks referred chiefly to smelt fishing, to an incident that occurred on the *Dungeness*, and to the probable weather. On the last subject he was noncommittal. After dinner he departed, leading the colt and followed by the black spaniel, and said that he would be back in a day or two.

Late that afternoon he took the Island boat, and that evening he stepped ashore at Charlottetown. The next day was devoted to research. He wandered about the wharves and got various and unreliable opinions as to the capabilities of the *Mermaid* and the *Niobe* and other boats in the vicinity. His only generalisation from the information he gathered was that the *Niobe* was the best of them all. Then he went to headquarters for fuller details. He got a small boat and rowed down slowly past Mr. Paul's bungalow. The *Niobe* was at anchor, and Mr. Paul was aboard, pottering about and offering advice to his engineer. Donald stopped rowing and cast a glance of evident admiration at the steam yacht. Incidentally, the admiration was perfectly sincere. The bait was too seductive to Mr. Paul, who liked to dissertate on the *Niobe*, and was fond of a new and sympathetic audience.

"Fine day!" he remarked, "having a look at the boat?"

"Aye!" said Donald, ingenuously, "she's a gran' craft."

"One of the finest! one of the very best! Would you like to come aboard?" Donald accepted with apparent reluctance.

"That's right. Come right up here. I suppose you belong about here? Other shore. Do you fish?"

"A 've feeshed a little—Weel! This ees a magneeficent boat. A'd think 't 'd be deeficult t' keep all th' brass clean. She's beautifully feeted up—A —does she burrn wood or coal?" The question was uttered with the innocence of a little child.

"Coal," was the reply, "all these steamers burn coal, you know. Don't know whether you'd like to see the engine or not. It's down here." Donald signified his willingness, and Mr. Paul proceeded to dilate on machinery in general, in passing mentioning the fact that the *Niobe's* boiler was so strong that it stood the strain when the steam inside pressed 190 pounds on every square inch of it, that that type of engine was called a triple expansion engine for various complicated reasons, and that it had driven the boat seventeen measured miles in one hour. Donald asked if the seventeen miles would be considered fast, and Mr. Paul answered "Very. Faster, in fact, than any other boat of the size in Canada can do." Donald said "Na doot" with perfect sincerity, adding: "A'd like t' see her goin' t' full speed." Mr. Paul appreciated the interest.

"I was just getting up steam to take her out when you came along. She'll be ready in a few minutes now. If you're not in a hurry perhaps you'd like to have a turn in her." "A'd be fery glad," was the reply.

"Have a cigar?" said Mr. Paul.

"No, thank y'; a'll joost smoke thees," and he produced the black pipe. A little while later Donald's boat was tied to Mr. Paul's wharf and the *Niobe* was steaming out toward Charlottetown Light. At the light her engineer opened her up and she came in at full speed, while Donald sat by the wheel with Mr. Paul and marvelled. Several times he seemed to have difficulty in getting the black pipe going properly, and had to resort to holding his coat over it. A close observer would have noted that he surreptitiously looked at his watch on each occasion. When they got back and Mr. Paul had been duly thanked, he asked Donald if he expected to be in Caribou on September 12.

"A hope t' be theyre parrt o' th' day," was the reply.

"The reason I asked," said Mr. Paul, "is that we're going to have a steam yacht race from here to Caribou. I thought you might like to see this

boat when she's at her best. You ought to be there in time to see the finish."

"A'd like t'," said Donald, "a'll try t' be theyre een time. A'm sure a'm mooch obliged t' y'," and he climbed into the little boat and rowed away toward Charlottetown.

"That's a queer old cuss," said Mr. Paul to the engineer. The engineer admitted that he seemed to be.

As Donald tied up his boat he smiled drily. "Seventeen mile," he murmured; "more like thirteen, a theenk. Howefer, a'll soon see." He went up to the nearest bookstore and bought a chart of Charlottetown Harbour. Then he went back to the wharf and sat down to it with a pencil and a foot rule. When he had finished he began smoking with unusual vigour.

"Good! fery good!" came between puffs. "Better than a thocht. She's not so bad, th' *Niobe*," and he smiled. As he spoke there came over him an almost imperceptible change. Perhaps only those who had been with him in the *Dungeness*, or those who had stood beside him on the night he screwed down the pop-valve of the old "Ronald" fire engine and spoiled the reputation of the new double-cylindered machine, or those who had seen him work in the number six compartment or at the centrifugal pumps of the *Shannon* before she sank, would have been able to interpret the meaning of the change. To the uninitiated it was only that his smile was a little more bland than common. But the light of battle was in his eye. As usual, when the odds against him suddenly loomed up heavier than he expected, he became more imperturbable than ever.

He went back to Caribou by the next boat, and on the following afternoon appeared at North Harbour. He was exceedingly uncommunicative, stating merely that he had "been doin' a leetle explorin'." He got a fire going in the *Goosander* as soon as possible, and started out into the harbour again to race against time between the buoys. When he came back he told the black spaniel, and him alone, that the trial was not satisfactory. The rest of the morning he spent in making all sorts of measurements of the old boat, and in figuring and making complicated drawings on a piece of planed pine board. At dinner he said he was going away in the *Goosander* for a few days, and about three he took the black spaniel aboard, cast off his moorings, hauled on his wheel-ropes until his tiller was hard-a-port, threw open his throttle, and the *Goosander* boiled out through the little entrance into the Strait. He turned once and waved his cap to the children. The last they saw of him the *Goosander* was heading south and he was sitting motionless in the stern.

Four days passed without a sign of Donald; but on the fifth morning the black launch appeared around the point of the Little Island and came in through the Wide Entrance. In her there were four men instead of one, and over her gunwale protruded various things, including, apparently, a good deal of dimension lumber. That morning Aleck had managed to walk down to the wharf, and he gasped with amazement as the *Goosander* tied up.

"Hello, Jim McIntyre," he said, "have you come too? Donald, for heaven's sake, what have y' got there? It looks as if you'd been robbin' a junk heap." Donald grinned.

"Y' look as eef y' were feelin' better," he said, irrelevently. "A'm glad o' thut." He surveyed the load with complacency. "A've brought McIntyre 'n' Carswell 'n' Beely Dunn," he went on, "'n' we're goin' t' make soom leetle temporary alterations een th' *Goosander*." Aleck was speechless for some time while he carefully looked over the collection.

"It looks as if y' were goin' to make something," he said finally. The remark was quite justifiable. It may be said that the *Goosander's* boiler and engine were compact, and there was plenty of room fore and aft of them. At present in forward, and lying on its side, was a very short, very stout and apparently very rusty upright boiler. Beside it lay a firebox, equally rusty,

which had evidently been built for a boiler of larger size. There was also a great variety of old iron tyres off cart and waggon wheels of all sizes, together with a full thousand feet of iron wire off hay bales, and perhaps a thousand superficial feet of spruce boards. In aft there was a long-cylindered, deliberate looking old horizontal engine, which bore the marks of having already accomplished a life-work. Donald confessed later that it had spent twenty-two years in a sash and door factory. Then over the *Goosander's* stern there projected a battered, rust-pitted funnel, a dozen feet in length. Besides these things there were boxes containing innumerable bolts and spikes and staples and nails; a long, new, somewhat ponderous bit of shafting, with a double crank; most of the portable tools from Donald's little machine shop, and a great unclassified residuüm, which to a less ingenious mind than Donald's would have been nothing more than what Aleck called it—junk. Aleck had been studying the load carefully.

"Look here," he finally said, "what are y' goin' to build, anyway?" Donald smiled.

"A'm goin' t' beeld what y' might call 'n accelerator," he said.

"And what's an accelerator?"

"Thut's what a'm goin' t' beeld!" was the reply, and there the conversation stayed.

Ten minutes later the old man and his crew had brought down a couple of piles, and were erecting them as shears over the *Goosander* as she lay at the wharf. The spaniel viewed the operations from a distance and inferred some permanency; so he retired to his bush and slumbered. With tackle rigged to the shears the ancient boiler and engine were hoisted on to the wharf along with the rest of the "junk." Then ways were laid and the *Goosander* was hauled up ready for operations to begin. Her bottom was cleaned and painted with copper paint until it looked as in the days of her youth. At supper the "accelerator" was discussed at some length, but as neither McIntyre nor Carswell nor Billy Dunn seemed at all certain as to its precise construction, and Donald refused to give any further details, the result was not satisfactory. The next day two timber bases were built in the *Goosander*, one forward of her machinery and one aft, and in the former was set the newly acquired fire-box. Donald's plan was unfolding. Now there began, along lines new to marine engineering, the construction of a pair of remarkable paddle wheels. Both in diameter and in width their size was considerable, but their chief glory lay in their strength. Their construction occupied nearly ten days, and would be extremely difficult to describe. It is sufficient to say that, in the end, if analysed and their component parts traced, they would be found to embody portions of the following: three derelict wind-mills, a worn-out mine-ventilating fan, and a cotton loom, together with practically all the spikes, staples, bolts, iron tyres and wire before mentioned, and a goodly part of the unclassified junk and the spruce boards. During their building Maisie and Dick watched every movement, and would stay until Donald and the others knocked off in the evening.

Finally the *Goosander* was launched again. The long shaft was fitted into the old horizontal engine, which was swung aboard and bolted down to the base. Great bearings were bolted to the gunwale, and the paddles were slid into place and keyed. The short boiler was dropped on to the fire-box, and stayed with a forest of iron wires and a few lengths of chain. Then came the fitting and connecting up of the new main steam pipe, and the setting up and guying of the twelve-foot funnel, and the *Goosander* was complete.

The result was somewhat incongruous. When Donald had tightened the last nut he walked along the beach for fifty yards or so and sat down on a rock to look at her. When he came back he said: "What a ha' been tryin' to fin' oot wiz whayther she looked more like a paddle boat wi' a screw,

oor a screw boat wi' paddles. We'll ha' t' get a fire een th' two booylers 'n' see what she'll do." So they filled the boilers and started the fires, while Donald reached into inaccessible places with a long-nosed oil can and drowned all the new bearings with oil. In a few minutes the steam began to show in the gauges. The old man smiled.

"McIntyre," he said, "y' can fire th' fore booyler 'n' look after th' wheel; Beely, y' can fire th' aft booyler; Carswell, y' tak' th' screw engine, 'n' a'll look after th' paddle engine mysel.' Bein' unaccoostomed t' th' worrk eet may ha' soom leetle peculiarities." Aleck came down and sat on the wharf with Maisie and Dick to see the start. The black spaniel thought over the matter and decided to superintend in person, so he went aboard and sat in the stern with Donald. Carswell looked at his gauge.

"I've got a hundred and sixty," he said, "what have you got, Jim?"

"Hundred and thirty!"

"Y' might cast off that line, Beely," said Donald. In a moment the *Goosander* was floating free. Carswell swung over his lever and opened his throttle. There was a swirl under the stern and the ripples clacked against the bow. The paddle wheels stirred uneasily. Maisie danced up and down on the wharf, and Dick shouted: "Look, Pop, she's goin'!" Donald opened his cylinder cocks and started his throttle, and the long-cylindered engine heaved a profound sigh, spluttered out a stream of mixed steam and water, and started. "Pap—pap—pap-pap-pap-pap-pa-papapapapa" went the floats of the paddles, as Donald opened the throttle wider, and the *Goosander* gathered way and moved majestically out into the harbour. McIntyre brought her round until she was broadside to the wharf, and they stopped her for Aleck to inspect. It was the first time he had had a good look at her since the transformation. He was immediately seized with a convulsion of unseemly merriment, and lay on the wharf with his knees drawn up and laughed until he was red in the face.

"Take her away!" he gasped, "she looks like a suction dredge. Say, Donald y' want to be careful not to get the two engines goin' opposite ways or Dick and Maisie 'll have to take the dory out after y'. If y' want any more funnels on her I've got a lot of old stove-pipe up at the house. Go ahead and let's see if y' can make the new wheels go round." Donald suddenly opened her up. The long-cylindered engine evidently looked upon Aleck's remarks as personal, and the way it handled the new wheels was a sight to see. There was a tremble, a roar as of the noise of many waters, a rush of foam, and a great cloud of flying spray that enveloped Donald and the stern of the *Goosander*, and caused the black spaniel to sneeze violently and finally to crawl into an open locker, where he remained during the rest of the voyage. Aleck expressed his satisfaction. Carswell opened up, and the *Goosander* boiled off towards the buoys on Donald's trial course, leaving a wake like a Fall River boat. McIntyre kept urging his fire, and for an hour they ran back and forward from buoy to buoy while Donald studied his watch. When they got ashore he said he was pleased, and spent the rest of the afternoon wrapping pieces of old carpet and jute bags around the whole length of the new main steam pipe "t' prrevent excessive coondensation." He finished the dressing with a coat of marine glue, and from that time forward, wherever the *Goosander* was, that steam pipe was a notable object in the landscape.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

WOMEN do not attack men's will.
They throw spells over their judgment.
—*Amelia Barr.*

Give most men a good listener and most women enough note-paper and they'll tell all they know.—*George Lorimer.*

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THE discussion over the influence of books still waxes more or less (and more often less) merrily on. There is something, of course, to be said on both sides, but most of us will stand by one of our sex, Miss Agnes Repplier, in the views set forth in her recently published book of essays, "Compromises." In attacking the seemingly prevalent belief that books have a controlling—in fact, *the* controlling influence in the lives of our young people, she takes as a text Carlyle's acid sentence: "Not the wretchedest circulating library novel which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of these foolish girls." She answers sternly: "More than this it would be impossible to say, and few of us, I think, would be willing to say as much. The idea is too oppressive to be borne. . . . Personally, I believe that a foolish girl is more influenced by another foolish girl, to say nothing of a foolish boy, than by all the novels on the library shelves." The writer remembers a time, dozens of years ago, when she was a "foolish" girl herself. She was eagerly reading "John Halifax, Gentleman." John was a good boy, he was a noble man, and this foolish girl adored him. Yet another foolish girl—a not-much-loved foolish girl, either—came along and dared her to take a bite out of a cake of N. P. washing soap. And the first foolish girl did. Now, John would never have taken the dare. It would have been stronger to resist it, especially as the N. P. soap was not good to eat. And this foolish girl, remember, adored John, and knew him like a book. Only once do we read of his allowing himself to swear, and that was when he could not help it; but if he had known this foolish girl, and had been aware that she adored him, perhaps he would have let go of himself again.

Well, we have heard of mothers washing out their little boys' mouths when they have been saying bad words, and we can think of nothing more effective than N. P. washing soap.

B. J. T.

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DOMESTIC ROCKS

PAPER III

THIS brief paper will deal with family fault-finding, or what might be called the *dont's* in the home. Of course every home knows the sound of this word; and, while it is a very good and necessary word at times to keep the baby from falling over the balcony, etc., used too often it becomes extremely hackneyed, and, like any other abused and overworked animal, it finally gets its back up and refuses to do its work.

"I never think of minding mother,"

a vivacious young girl said to me the other day. "But if father tells me not to do anything—oh, dear! I just stop at once."

This is not an exceptional case, by any means.

"Why?" I queried, just for information.

"Oh, because—mother keeps at me all the time and I get used to it. But father—well, he isn't around the house much, and he only tells me once, but I can tell you he means it!"

The whole trouble, then, is the ceaseless repetition of the *don't*. The mother, so much in the house with her children, with little to take her out of her narrow, paltry cares, forms unconsciously the fatal habit of "nagging," which, I believe, drives more sons to drink and more daughters into unlovely marriages than any other thing.

"Don't sit all day reading novels. I never see you without a book in your hand," comes from the lips of one fault-finding mother, when in reality the little offender does not read more than an hour a day. The mother is merely speaking with impulsive carelessness, as she passes the sitting-room where she happens to find her—possibly—favourite daughter curled up in a big chair. Or:

"Don't track so much mud through the house. I believe you are worse than the dogs!"

And at another time:

"Don't be seen walking with Mary Smile again. You ought to have too much pride. But your tastes always did seem to be low in the company you keep."

A minute's pause, and then:

"Don't wear your best hat every time you go out. You won't have anything fit to wear to church soon. . . Don't laugh so loudly. It is decidedly vulgar!"

The mother does not mean half she says. Neither does she intend to hurt her daughter's feelings, for she is fond of her, perhaps, after her own fashion. But her continual and exaggerated reproofs are taken literally and seriously by the child, who in time loses self-respect, and away down in her impressionable heart believes herself to be a little reprobate; but, most of all, doesn't care. She slowly but surely gets used to the thought that she is a useless, wrongdoing and very wicked child.

The parent has no thought of such an evil consequence; in fact, she would be the first to loudly protest should any outsider cast the slightest slur upon the conduct of *her* daughter. Why, the very idea! Louise is the best behaved girl in town!

Yet selfishly she indulges that "nagging" propensity, quite regardless of consequences.

"Nagging," it may be contended, is not a very pretty word; but it is so expressive, and, alas! it will be so generally understood.

Another phase through which nearly every youngster has passed is the continual comparison with the children of other parents.

"Don't be always quarrelling, you two! Why aren't you like Molly and Prudence Sticks! They always get on so beautifully together"—forgetting, apparently, the only example the unfortunate children have ever had—the unhappy inheritance of bickering parents.

Then Mrs. Sticks says to Prudence:

"I can't see why you don't get on better with your music. We have spent ten times as much on you already as they have on Irene Freak; and see how she can play! Her mother has something to be proud of; but look at you. You can't play the simplest little piece without stumbling"—quite ignoring the scientific fact of heredity, and that neither she nor her husband could, to save their lives, tell the difference between "God Save the King" and "Yankee Doodle," excepting, of course, when they heard the words.

At the same time Mrs. Freak is more than likely saying to Irene:

"I wish you were only some use in the world, like Prudence Sticks. Now, she can make all her own shirt-waists, and she does all Molly's sewing as

well. Besides, her aunt told me only the other day that she knows how to bake bread and do all kinds of plain cooking. Her mother can go away for a little visit any time and leave her to keep house for the father. She is a perfect little treasure. But you—all you seem fit for is to strum on that old piano from morning till night, until I declare I am heartily sick of the very sound of it. Why don't you go out more, and get a little colour in your face like Patty Hope?"

And I would wager a good deal that Mrs. Hope is saying to her young "hopeful":

"Patty, come here this minute and take off your hat. Don't you dare go out of the house this day. You're forever gadding the streets. I'm just going to speak to your father about the way you are going on. I simply won't put up with it any longer.

"And you make too free with the boys, too. I never see you coming up the street any more without one of those everlasting school-boys tagging after you, and then they have to hang on to the gate for hours. It's so vulgar—just like the servant girls and their beaux. And, besides, you're too young to be thinking about such things. I never looked at a boy until I was twenty. (?) If you were only as modest as Primrose Plane across the street, I would be the happiest woman in Toronto—no, don't dare talk back. I say you're not to leave this house again to-day."

Across the way Mrs. Plane is holding forth in this wise:

"My dear Primrose, I wish you would go out more and try to get over that dreadful bashfulness. You're a perfect stick, and need never hope to get on in the world unless you are friendlier with people. Now, there is Patty Hope. She has so many nice boy friends; and I think it is the best thing for a girl. Why, I was married to your poor dear father before I was seventeen! (?) But I've seen you go around a block to avoid meeting even your harmless cousin Tom. Do try to get over that way you have, or nobody will ever like you!"

And so on, and so on.

It would take a chapter in itself to narrate a few of the complaints brought against the conduct of the sons of the house. But boys are more fortunate. They can get out of the house, though they do have many a parting shot hurled after their vanishing heads.

A. M.

A HUSBAND TEST

IN a serious medical work, of American origin, I came across an article the other day on the way to tell whether a young man will make a suitable life-partner for a self-respecting young woman or not. Prof. Goodrich, one of the greatest experts in the reading of human character, was quoted as having advised the following course:

First introduce the young man in question (not the questionable young man) to some old lady and leave them together for a while, the longer the better. (That depends, too, on the point of view.) Then ask the old lady what she thinks of him. (You may be willing to risk this, but I shouldn't.)

Next try introducing the youth incidentally, of course, to a young baby. (These are the exact words in the book.) And do not stay around yourself, but afterwards get the baby's opinion of the person at stake (couched in unintelligible terms, but translated on request) from the baby's mother or nurse. Ask how the victim was treated. If the baby pulls his moustache or "crows" to him, it is a sure sign the young man may be trusted (which is more than I would be willing to admit regarding the baby; but this isn't my essay. The book goes on to say:) Babies and very old people are the very best judges of human nature. With either, the young man will be off his guard and act out his inner nature. (Now I think this would be taking an unfair advantage of poor innocent man—sort of a female detective agency. But we must finish the quotation, as there may be girls just mean enough to try this scheme!)

The baby will instinctively feel

an unkind or wicked presence and promptly turn from it, while the old lady whose sight has grown dim depends upon her inner or intuitive impressions, and is rarely mistaken when she does so.

This, the professor declared after thoughtful deliberation, was his very best advice to young women about to launch upon the perilous sea of matrimony.

On looking into the matter there seems to be another side to the question. There is certainly something else to consider beside the conduct of the baby and the subconscious impressions of old age, namely, the bravery of him who dares tackle either situation. It is generally admitted that a youth of the stern sex has a strange aversion to a newly-introduced infant, that he would rather meet an elephant or face the cannon's mouth; and as for the contingency of the baby crowing or taking liberties with his moustache—well, that would be the last straw. The trembling youth would be more than likely to drop that tender bit of "crowing" humanity upon the floor. And yet surely no critic would be so misguided as to declare that such a baby is the making of a criminal because the young man could not endure its presence even for a minute.

Moreover, he who willingly approaches, without a tremour, any old lady but his own grandmother, for the purposes of conversation, is plucky indeed. Whether she is favourably impressed with him or not is of little consequence beside the consideration of manly courage thus evinced.

A. M.

A WOMAN'S HAIR

HAIR dressers tell you a lot of interesting things at times, especially when your head is bent low over the marble basin and partially submerged in the water which is to wash off the "shampoo" mixture.

An expert told me the other day that a woman's scalp has one more layer than a man's. It then occurred to me that we are not called "thick-headed" by the opposite sex without a good and scientific reason; and in future, instead of resenting the accusation, we ought manfully to accept the situation with resignation.

Now, it is well to know that there are compensations; and while compelled to admit a disadvantageous thickness of scalp, we can claim and justly boast a superior thickness of hair. Of course, this "glory of woman" seems a doubtful good at times. When, for instance, you come home at night, worn and weary after a delightful dance, you manage somehow to slip out of your clothes—but, oh! that hair! What unkind things you say to it when nobody is there to hear or defend its reputation! But your words are not words of wisdom, nor is your conduct likewise, for you know perfectly well that "it has to be some time, it may as well be now."

Nevertheless, you throw yourself upon your downy couch for perhaps half an hour, all the time dreading the ordeal of taking out the dozen or two hairpins, brushing the luxurious locks and plaiting them, or putting up the shorter strands in curl papers—or, it may be, laying them tenderly away in a bureau drawer, for thus it is with some ill-favoured mortals!

This brings me to another fact gleaned from a dresser of hair—that most of the switches and wigs on sale in the hairshops are obtained from our asylums and prisons. They are procured for a mere trifle and sold at a big profit. If their origin were more generally known, there would be fewer women—women of refinement that is—who would allow unknown switches to touch their sensitive scalps; particularly those very up-to-date individuals who minutely explore all the sacred mysteries of the universe and make a fad of psychic research. Such persons would probably contend that the contact of the inanimate hair of the criminal with the live scalp of a saint would make, in time, an equal criminal of the wearer.

A. M.

Current Events Abroad.

THE accounts to hand of the defeat of the Watson Labour ministry in Australia show that its overthrow was effected by a union of the forces of Mr. George Reid, the most thorough-going free-trader, and Mr. Deakin, leader of the protectionists and Mr. Watson's predecessor as Premier of Australia. Mr. Watson's short reign was only possible through the division of his opponents. It seemed unlikely that they could unite, but they eventually did so, and destroyed him.

One of the political phenomena in the antipodes is the strength which labour shows at the polls. Its interests and principles largely prevail in the Government of New Zealand. In all the Australian colonies it is a strong political force, represented influentially in every legislative body. In the Federal Parliament it succeeded in gaining the reins of power. Why labour should in Australia show that unity of purpose which it has failed to manifest in other lands where popular government is equally in vogue, is not easily answered. Economically, Australia exhibits some rather unusual features. Every one will be struck with the populousness of the towns as compared with the country which they serve. Melbourne and Sydney, the capitals of Victoria and New South Wales respectively, are both considerably larger than the largest of our Canadian cities, although the density of the adjacent population which they serve is quite inferior to that of the settled parts of Canada. It is perhaps, however, in the rural portions of the country where some of these differences in economic and political conditions have their rise. In the Australian colonies the small farmer, who is the basis of the population of a country like Canada, is by no means numerous enough to be influential. Australia is largely given up to the large farm. A proprietor often covers an immense area with his flocks, and is not only a farmer but also an extensive employer of labour. Labour as a political force is scarcely known outside the cities in America; in Australia a goodly number of the inhabitants of cities find occasional employment in the country. A labour ministry has just been formed in West Australia, where Perth, the largest town, has but 20,000 inhabitants, or thereabouts. The recent elections in New South Wales leave the Labour party with the balance of power.

This was long the position of affairs in the Federal Parliament. No one party was competent to carry on the affairs of the Government. Both

HON. G. H. REID
Australia's new Premier and Minister for External Affairs

HON. MR. McLEAN
Australian Minister of Customs

Sir Edmund Barton, the first premier of united Australia, and his successor, Mr. Deakin, had to depend on Labour votes to keep them in power. Labour and Protection helped to keep Mr. George Reid, leader of the Free Trade Opposition, on the wrong side of the House. At length Mr. Watson and his colleagues of the Labour party persuaded themselves that it was time to assume office and its responsibilities. Mr. Deakin was defeated, and Mr. Watson accepted the task of forming a ministry. It was wholly composed of men who had actually depended for their livelihood at one time or other on manual labour, with the one exception of Mr. H. B. Higgins, one of the prominent members of the Melbourne bar. He accepted the Attorney-Generalship.

The other members of the Labour Ministry were decidedly interesting personages. Even their foes would have conceded one thing, namely, the common capacity for unremitting and earnest work. As one not over-friendly critic said: "They are like a band of ascetic brothers working at all hours to spread a new gospel." Mr. Watson, the defunct Premier, is a printer by trade, but early showed an interest in political affairs. He was first elected for the Young seat in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales. He and his colleagues showed themselves able to live on their indemnity, and thus are enabled to devote their whole time to their public duties. To this, undoubtedly, a large share of their success is due. Mr. Watson is described as being by no means of an impressive figure, but an indefatigable worker, a plain, convincing speaker, and with a great deal of patience, policy and flexibility of temper. Mr. Hughes, the Minister for External Affairs, had been an umbrella maker. He qualified himself to practise law during his spare time, but was not considered a sufficiently heavy weight to take up the duties of Attorney-General. Senator McGregor, Vice-President of the Council, was a bricklayer's labourer before he entered politics. Mr. Fisher, Minister of Customs, was a miner. Mr. Dawson, Minister of Defence, is a mechanical engineer, and is one of the cleverest debaters in the Australian Parliament. Mr. Mahon, the Postmaster-General, is a shorthand reporter, and learned his Parliamentary lore in the gallery of the House. Mr. Lee Batchelor is an engine fitter, and was the only native-born Australian in the defunct cabinet, although "Australia for the Australians" is one of the party's cries.

This group of men had gained a great reputation for their self-abnegation and self-sacrifice on behalf of the cause they represented. Their enemies say, however, that these qualities broke down in sight of office. Mr. Deakin, while in power, was dependent on the votes of the Labour party, who held the balance, with the consequence that many of the radical changes advocated by it were translated into statutes. But because he would not go far enough with them he perished. He resisted an amendment to the arbitration bill providing that civil servants should come under the scope of its operation. The free traders, however, supported the amendment, and Mr.

SIR GEORGE TURNER
Australian Treasurer

SIR JOSIAH SYMON
Australian Attorney-General

Deakin was defeated, and resigned. No section of the House was strong enough to carry on the Government, but Mr. Watson, as leader of the Labour party, was offered the opportunity of forming a ministry, and accepted it. A curious situation then arose. Mr. Watson was at the mercy of any chance union of his disunited enemies and had, therefore, to be wary to afford them no incitement to coalesce. The consequence of this was that the party which, out of office, was seething with new ideas, became in office more cautious and conservative than the party they had displaced. It was not prepared even to urge the clause upon which the Deakin ministry had been defeated. Indeed, its announced programme was so like that of its predecessors that it became a matter of amusement throughout Australia.

The Labour Ministry at length fell, however, on a clause of the arbitration bill which provided that the arbitration tribunal should give a preference to unionists over non-unionists in affording employment. The clause was knocked out in committee, and the Government's foes were able to unite their forces, when Mr. Watson moved for a recommittal. Such a motion prevented the possibility of amendments or compromises. A reading of the debate shows how angry the Government and its supporters were at what some of them called "a dirty trick." They were defeated, and resigned. In the meantime Mr. Deakin's Liberal and Protectionist followers had fixed up a truce and alliance with Mr. Turner's Conservative and Free Trade followers. They agreed to put the fiscal debate on the shelf, to unite on other questions and form a Government. Mr. Deakin refused to take any office, but promised his hearty support as a private member. Mr. Reid was chosen leader of the alliance. Mr. Maclean, Mr. Deakin's chief lieutenant, took his place beside Mr. Reid with "equal powers." This does not look hopeful. There is, however, a quantity of useful legislation waiting for a strong Government to make it law, and, if tariff disputes can be effectually laid aside, this combination, which at least controls a majority in the House, may be able to effect some useful work.

John A. Ewan.

MR. R. L. BORDEN
Leader of the Opposition (Conservative)

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS

ON November 3rd the people will vote for those whom they want to represent them in the House of Commons during the next five years. Incidentally, they will decide whether Sir Wilfrid Laurier shall remain in the Premiership, or whether it shall be offered to Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the Conservatives.

Already the decision as to the character of the next House has proceeded some distance. There are about a million men in the country, and of these about 430 have been selected as candidates. The other 999,570 will

SIR WILFRID LAURIER
Premier of Canada and Leader of the Liberal Party

not be members. The district and ward gatherings sent representatives to the electoral district conventions, and the conventions have selected the 430 men, a Conservative and a Liberal for each constituency and here and there an Independent candidate. Of these candidates, perhaps one-third are

LORD GREY
Canada's New Governor-General

that concerning the character of the new members. If the electors vote wisely, the ballots will be marked for the best candidates — the men with the cleanest records, with the strongest characters and the highest ideals. The country needs a set of members who will keep country in front of party, who will think less of a possible government contract or government appointment than of the country's best interests. Candidates who are known to be drinkers, gamblers and impure in their private life should be discouraged.

So far as protection is concerned, there is little difference between the parties. The Liberals are in favour of a reasonable tariff, the Conservatives of an adequate tariff. If the Liberals are returned to power, the tariff will remain practically where it is now; if the Conservatives gain the treasury benches, the tariff may be increased slightly.

One of the chief issues is the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific from ocean to ocean. The Liberal government has made a contract which is partially government ownership of the roadbed, with a possible ultimate government operation of one-half of the line. The Conservatives are in favour of government ownership of the entire roadbed, with a limited measure of private operation. Just what effect on the building of this transcontinental line a Conservative victory would

new men; the remainder are former members or former candidates. Taken as a whole, they are much like previous crops. A few are bad, a few are good, and most of them are neutral. Of the 215 who will be elected, about one hundred will exercise some good influence in the government of the future, about one hundred will be mere vote-recorders, and about fifteen will exercise a pernicious influence. At least, that is the inference to be drawn from past experiences.

The real question before the electors on November 3rd is not whether the Liberal party or the Conservative party shall be victorious, because that matters little. The chief decision is

have, is hard to estimate.

In respect of leaders, the Liberal party has somewhat the advantage, in that its leading men are better known. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been leader of that party for a dozen years, and has made a name and reputation which is second to none in the country. Messrs. Mulock, Fielding, Sifton and Aylesworth are men of tried experience and well-known ability. Mr. Borden, the leader of the Conservatives, is a man of splendid parts, dignified, scholarly, and with fair executive ability. His lieutenants are, like most lieutenants of oppositions, not so well known as the Cabinet Ministers, and suffer from that disadvantage. Nevertheless, the fight will not be one-sided, and if the Liberals are returned to power it will be with a reduced majority. During recent sessions their majority was almost too large, especially that from the Province of Quebec.

LADY GREY
The New Mistress of Rideau Hall

THE NEW GOVERNOR

THE new Governor-General will arrive shortly, and the present occupants of the vice-regal mansion will depart. Lord and Lady Minto leave with the best wishes of all classes of Canadians. Lord Minto has avoided the rashness which has characterised the public actions of such British representatives as General Hutton and Lord Dundonald, and has followed rather the example set by the Marquis of Dufferin and the Earl of Aberdeen. While he may have differed with his Ministers on some public questions, he never carried his objections beyond a calm and judicious discussion. He never, so far as the public is aware, made a protest of any kind in a spirit which might have been resented by the elected rulers of the country. Lady Minto has been foremost in social leadership and earnest in good works. She has made many warm friends who will wish her all prosperity, success and happiness in whatever sphere she may

spend the remainder of her useful life.

Of the new Governor and Lady Grey much is expected, since they come with bright reputations and high praise from those who have had opportunity of knowing them. The selections made by the British Government in the past have been admirable, and apparently another credit must now be recorded. Their Excellencies are certain to have a warm welcome, although this could not be truthfully said if the appointment had been given to others whose names were mentioned before the final designation was made.

Albert Henry George Grey, 4th Earl of Grey, was born in 1851. He was educated at Harrow School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He represented Northumberland in the Liberal interest from 1880 to 1886. He became a great friend of the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, and was administrator of Rhodesia for a time and later a director of the British South Africa Company. In 1877 he married Alice, the third daughter of Robert Stagner Holford, M.P. They have one son, the present Viscount Howick.

John A. Cooper

FORGING AHEAD

IN spite of a few bluebeards who act as patronisers-general to the rest of the people, our native literature is steadily forging ahead. One or two reviewers, being troubled with dictionary indigestion, still think it smart to deride the art of Parker and Fraser, and to ignore all other native writers. A few banker-authors and other pseudo-literary persons, puffed up with the pride of a large salary and a cash surplus, continue to insist that there is no such thing as Canadian literature, that patriotism should have nothing to do with history, fiction or poetry. According to these self-appointed teachers it is quite correct to speak of "Canadian trade," "Canadian tariff policy," "Canadian sentiment," and so on, but it is bad taste to use the phrase "Canadian Literature."

During the past few weeks, such well-edited journals as the Toronto *Mail and Empire* and the Toronto *News* have devoted as much as a page in the Saturday issue to Canadian book news. It is pleasant to notice that Katharine Hale of the former paper, and Marjory MacMurchy of the latter, are honestly endeavouring to do in the literary field what Sir John Macdonald tried and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is trying to do in the political field. There are other patriotic writers on the daily press who might be mentioned in connection with similar work, but these two reviewers have been especially prominent by reason of their recent successes in this special field.

Just here it may be remarked that when a London journal answered Sir Gilbert Parker's plea for more liberal treatment with the remark that it took him at the estimate of his own countrymen, that London journal was entirely misled by these pessimists. Sir Gilbert Parker may occasionally put his name to a lame work, may once or twice give us a novel showing signs of haste, but he is still the leading Canadian novelist. The good work that he has done in the past has given him a permanent and abiding place in the esteem of his fellow-citi-

zens in this part of the Empire. His receptions in this country have always been most enthusiastic, and perhaps another visit to us would be the best answer to his critics.

LEGAL REMINISCENCES

MR. Hamilton, author of "Osgoode Hall, Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar,"* has become known to the reading public of Ontario by several previous works. His description of the Georgian Bay and its surroundings attracted favourable notice at the time of its publication. He has also devoted much study to the negro question, and is a recognised authority on subjects connected with the history of the African race in Canada and the United States.

Mr. Hamilton's professional connections have been wide and varied, and he is competent from his own training and experience to speak with authority on matters relating to the Ontario Bench and Bar.

MARSHALL SAUNDERS AND HER GUINEA PIG, PRUDY

Miss Saunders has recently taken to farming near Meadowvale, N.S.

Reminiscences are sometimes interesting only to a very limited circle. A work dealing with legal recollections might be supposed to appeal only to legal readers. The profession of the law, however, touches on so many points of life with ordinary people that any subject connected with it applies to a much wider circle than the legal profession itself.

Mr. Hamilton has furnished a record of the law society and an account of the prominent officials connected with the courts and the other machinery of Osgoode Hall. Anecdotes of the judges and of the leaders of the Bar give a fair idea of their private and official characters. The place taken by members of the Bar in occupations and pursuits outside of their own profession is dwelt upon. In order that the tyros of the profession may also see that they are not neglected, an account is given of their essays in oratory and literature. It will be seen, therefore, that this work by its scope covers much ground. Mr. Hamilton has rescued many traditions and legends which in a short time would have perished altogether.

Apart from the domestic relations of Bench and Bar, Mr. Hamilton has dealt with two subjects of distinctly general importance. The first of these subjects is that of the mode of appointment to office in Osgoode Hall. Beneath Mr. Hamilton's satire lurks too much truth. Mr. Hamilton might have added that some of the more recent appointments to the Bench have certainly not been the reward of professional reputation or ability, but have been due to his Captain Quid. The other subject is legal education. On the latter topic Mr. Hamilton has opened up an interesting discussion, and deserves credit for his courage and plain speaking.

In turning over the pages of Mr.

*By James Cleland Hamilton. Toronto: The Carswell Co.

Hamilton's book many well-known names will be found. Some of them will be remembered by the younger members of the Bar with affectionate gratitude. Others will be mentioned with respect, and the general public who read the book will be surprised to learn in how many directions the influence of the Bar permeates public life. Curious and valuable illustrations are interspersed among the pages of the book and add to its value.

ROBERTS' NEW NOVEL

"THE Prisoner of Mademoiselle,"* by Charles G. D. Roberts, is a story of a Bostonian ship's company which made an attack on the troublesome French Colony at Port Royal, with the idea of plunder and of making a search for gold, amethyst and malachite in Acadia. A young lieutenant, while on a scouting expedition, gets lost and is ultimately taken prisoner by a pretty young Frenchwoman. The romance of these two is the chief interest in the story.

Roberts is not a strong story-writer. He is a poet, a stylist, a maker of musical prose—but not a dramatist. This new book is sweet, wholesome and charming, but exhibits little strength. It is not as full of "guff" as are the works of Marie Corelli and some other popular writers, because Roberts is an artist of taste. He is never guilty of expressing cheap opinions. He has a picture in his mind and he paints it with more or less fidelity.

GABRIEL PRAED'S CASTLE

SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN has not written anything quite so lively and so fascinating as Alice Jones's "Gabriel Praed's Castle."† This is a novel which, if the writer is not mistaken, raises Miss Jones to the proud pre-eminence of being the leading Canadian female novelist. Miss Duncan, now Mrs. Cotes, held that position for many years; but while Mrs. Cotes' work has been going off, Miss Jones has been giving signs of unmistakable genius. "Bubbles We Buy" was good, "Gabriel Praed's Castle" is better. A Canadian who has become suddenly rich, mainly through profitable mining investments, goes to Paris with his daughter. They are taken in hand by one of those clever women who make a business of introducing rich strangers to dealers in pictures, antiques and modish costumes. They have some experiences which illustrate the peculiarities of life in Paris—the art life, the tradesman life, the social life. The love story of the Canadian girl and an American artist is an interesting feature. The deceptions practised by a dealer in antiques and the part played by a clever female model in luring the old gentleman to purchase the contents of an old castle, supply the most exciting scenes in a book which is bright, lively and vivid.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Boston: H. B. Turner & Co.

BRITISH AUTHORS

THE author of "Wee MacGreegor" has a newer and longer story, "Jess & Co.," for this season. It will be issued in Canada by the Copp, Clark Co.

W. H. Fitchett, editor of the *Australian Review of Reviews* for many years and now editor of *Australian Life*, the leading six-penny monthly in that colony, is a writer of popular historical works. "Deeds that Won the Empire" was well received. The Copp, Clark Co. will issue his new book, "The Commander of the Hirondelle."

Morang & Co. will issue the latest novels by Hall Caine and S. R. Crockett, though there is little reason for Canadian attention to these prolific and persistent pen-scratchers. Justin McCarthy's "An Irishman's Story" will probably be worth while, and so will Stephen Gwynn's "The Masters of English Literature."

The London *Studio* still continues to be the best shilling art journal in the world. It is sold by the leading book-

sellers here, and its sales would be considerably greater were it not that the British Government taxes the colonial eight cents a pound for postage on all British monthlies. This magnificently printed and illustrated publication should have a wider circulation in Canada than it has, for it certainly is "the best value."

The average student of English will find Professor Meiklejohn's last volume a most comprehensive summary. It is entitled "English Literature: a New History and Survey from Saxon Times to the Death of Tennyson." It is an excellent book of reference, with splendid perspective, and well-chosen quotations from the authors' writings and from the dicta of their critics. (London: Meiklejohn & Holden, 11 Paternoster Square, E.C. Large octavo, 650 pp.)

It has been said that the British writer of short stories who comes nearest to De Maupassant is Rudyard Kipling. De Maupassant was often filthy, judged by our standards; Kipling is brutal according to French standards. Each has his merits, but to compare the two is to compliment each. In his latest volume "Traffics and Discoveries" we have a volume of short stories almost if not quite equal to Mr. Kipling's best. Some are of India, some of the sea, some of the fancy. Under the latter division come "The Return of the Children," and "The Army of a Dream." Both are wonderfully clever and the former exquisitely touching. (Toronto: Morang & Co.)

Marie Corelli's new novel "God's Good Man" is an attempt to portray the character of a type of country clergyman. It is a fair attempt, too. "The Reverend John Walden was one of those rarely gifted individuals who cannot assume an aspect which is foreign to temperament. He was of a cheerful, even sanguine disposition, and his countenance faithfully reflected the ordinary bent of his humour." Yet John Walden is not entirely a saint; he has human traits as most of Miss Corelli's characters have. Neither is the book devoid of the love-story element, for John Walden is introduced as an old bachelor and dismissed as a benedict. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

Just at this time a novel with a Russian setting should meet with much interest, if that novel be worthy. "Hearts in Exile," by John Oxenham, is worthy. It depicts the long, slow struggle against autocracy and bureaucracy, the lives broken in the cause of reform, the hearts shattered, the hopes dismayed, the great struggle which lies between ignorance and intelligence in a nation. And yet the novel is not too ponderous; it is a simple story. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

CANADIAN AUTHORS

DR. DRUMMOND is preparing a new volume of poems, but it will not be issued before February. Mr. Coburn will do the illustrating.

"Doctor Luke of the Labrador," by Norman Duncan, is now running serially in the Toronto *Globe*. It will be issued in book form by the Revell Co.

Mr. Thompson-Seton will have a new animal book this season. It will be issued by Scribners.

"Sportsman Joe," by Edwyn Sandys, is about ready. Macmillans are the publishers.

"By the Queen's Grace," Mrs. Sheard's new novel, will be profusely illustrated. William Briggs will have an edition here.

Mr. Fraser's volume of animal stories has been delayed, and will not be issued this season.

Professor Goldwin Smith's "My Memory of Gladstone" has been issued here by Tyrrell.

"The Prospector," by Ralph Connor, now running serially in the *Westminster*, will be issued shortly in book form by the Westminster Co.

"A Chicago Princess," by Robert Barr, will be issued here by McLeod & Allen.

Langton & Hall will issue the Cana-

dian edition of Miss L. Dougall's new story, "The Earthly Purgatory."

"Pathfinders of the West," by Agnes C. Laut, will be issued here by William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, $1.50.

A new volume of Canadian poetry, "Between the Lights," by Isabel E. Mackay, is an addition to the long "poetry" list of William Briggs. The posthumous volume of poems by James A. Tucker will be issued by the same publisher, with a biographical memorial by Arthur Stringer.

L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, announce a story by Theodore Roberts, with the title "Hemming the Adventurer." Mr. Roberts has been in the West Indies since his marriage.

An interesting announcement made by William Briggs is of a forthcoming volume of the Speeches of the Hon. John Charlton, who, after many years in the Dominion House, has decided, owing to ill-health, not to offer himself for re-election in his old constituency of the north riding of Norfolk county. The book will be a substantial volume of some five hundred pages, containing addresses on a wide variety of topics, most of them on public questions of the day.

A volume on Muskoka, by Mrs. Potts, of Port Sandfield, an English lady who has resided in Muskoka for many years and become enamoured of its attractions as a summer resort, is now in the press and will soon appear bearing the imprint of William Briggs.

Bliss Carman will add a prose volume to his list, with the title "Friendship of Art." The fourth volume of his "Pipes of Pan" will be added to the verse list.

The Hon. J. W. Longley has written a life of Joseph Howe, which is shortly to appear in a "subscription" edition, and perhaps later on in a popular edition.

William Briggs is publishing some very tasteful booklets of Canadian verse for the Christmas demands. Besides Miss Isabel Graham's "A Song of December," already issued, and very favourably received by the public, a collection of poems for the various months of the year, by Mrs. Annie L. Jack, of Chateauguay Basin, P.Q., will be published in a pretty brochure with the title, "Rhyme-Thoughts for a Canadian Year." A western writer, Miss Marion E. Moodie, of Frank, Alberta, makes a bid for recognition in a tasteful booklet of "Songs of the West." This is an excellent way for our writers of verse to get their literary works on the market. These pretty brochures should find a ready sale.

"A Parson's Ponderings" is the title of a collection of literary essays by Rev. Canon Low, of Billings' Bridge, author of "The Old Faith and the New Philosophy."

A work entitled "Canaan and Canada," by the Rev. D. V. Lucas, D.D., author of "Australia and Homeward," will be published this month by William Briggs.

"Harold Bowdrin's Investment" is the title of a recently published story by Mrs. Hattie E. Cotter, of Fredericton, N.B., a writer of several stories published in England and the United States.

NOTES

The Musson Book Co., Toronto, will this season issue a half dozen volumes, of which the most important will probably be "The Seeker," by Henry Leon Wilson. "The Spenders," by this writer, is a splendid book, and well worth reading by anyone with courage enough to brave public opinion and read a book published two years ago.

The Poole Publishing Co. announce "River-Laid" by R. W. Chambers; "Nostrours: a Tale of the Seaboard," by Joseph Conrad; "The Lady of Loyalty House," by Justin H. McCarthy, and a half dozen other books.

Idle Moments.

THE BIG FOUR

AN amusing incident is told of a clever Yankee who visited old Dalhousie college, at Halifax, some years ago, for the purpose of selling a lifting machine to the gymnasium.

He had been travelling considerably among the different colleges, and had found his machine so well adapted to amateur athletics that he commended it with a considerable degree of confidence and a good deal of fluency.

Four youths from Cape Breton were seated on a bench, listening to the drummer, with some amusement:

"Perhaps," said he, one of the young men over there would give the machine a test to see how it will do."

With some little demur, one youth at the end of the bench walked up, took hold of the machine and set it up till the indicator would go no further.

The next youth was invited to try. He took hold of the machine with a similar result. The agent's eyes began to open, but he invited the third youth to try. The result was as before.

"Well," exclaimed the drummer, "I never! "Let's see you have a lift at it," turning to the fourth man.

With a smile the fourth stepped up and set the indicator round with a jerk almost enough to break the machine.

"Jupiter, Hercules, Samson and Goliath!" exclaimed the drummer. "Will you tell me where you were growed?"

"Oh, faix, we juist cam' frae Ca' Breton, over," said one of the boys, in an inimitable tone of Irish, Scotch and Gælic mixed.

"Well, gentlemen, I wasn't carryin' samples for giants. But I can supply you. Just give me your order, and my firm will put a special machine at rock bottom prices when I tell 'em who it's for."—*F. W. M.*

■

THE STORY OF THE R.O.G.

A RICH old gentleman, who was in poor health, returned to the home of his youth after an absence of many years, to find himself eagerly welcomed by his relatives, two families of whom were settled near him.

One of these showed him tearfully how poor and needy they were. The father was crippled from rheumatism; the mother had lost the use of her right hand; the oldest son was out of a position, and the daughters were breaking down from overwork and insufficient food. Their every act was characterised by a poverty as distressing as it was irritating.

The other family were as poor as the first, but they managed it differently. They wore their best clothes when they went to see their aged relative, talked largely of moneyed operations, and went without their meals to hire a swell turnout in which to show him the beauties of the place. In fine, they posed as charming people and emanated that air of prosperity which is so graceful and comforting.

When the R.O.G. made his will he said to the lawyer, benevolently:

"I wish to leave my indigent relatives two hundred pounds, for they are very needy, and a little will go a long way with them, poor things. As for the other family"—

"You wish to leave them two hundred also?" asked the too hasty lawyer.

"By no means," replied the R.O.G., in horror. "People in their position would be insulted with such a small

THE FUNNY SIDE OF UNITED STATES POLITICS

THE HERO—"Take that, and *that*, villain!"

VILLAIN (aside)—"Oh, Theodore, stop it, you're tickling me so!"—Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

gift; you must remember that they are accustomed to money. Put them down for ten thousand."

Moral.—Environment tells.

■

ANECDOTES

An English manufacturer, who has just returned from a tour in Scotland, is relating an amusing incident which occurred during his trip.

In a remote village in the Lowlands he came across an inhabitant of such venerable appearance that he stopped to chat with him.

"By-the-way, what is your name?" inquired the traveller. "Robert Burns," was the answer. "Dear me! that's a very well-known name." "Nae doot it is, mon; I've been blacksmith in this village for nigh on sixty years."

■

Somebody told a story about Rudyard Kipling the other day, and whether it is old or new as a personal episode of that great man I do not know. It is that he wrote a book some time ago entitled "Forty-five Mornings," and asked Robert Barr to read it in manuscript. Mr. Barr said it was as good as "Plain Tales from the Hills." "Not better?" asked Kipling.

"No, I don't think it is," answered Barr. "Then," replied Kipling, "it won't get published," and there and then he cast it to the flames. It seems a pity Mr. Barr was not at his elbow when he wrote his spasm about Joseph. His friend might have craved permission to publish it as a pipe light.

■

At the recent commencement of the University of Philadelphia a visitor at the ceremonies was joking with Provost Harrison upon the subject of "his busy season," when so many gifts are made to the colleges conditional upon other sums of money to be raised within a specified time.

"Speaking of that, I heard a good one the other day on President Harper," replied the provost, as if to guide the conversation out of a channel which might become a little personal. "A friend of mine was walking down a street in the residence district of Chicago, when he noticed that every house in the block was absolutely deserted. As he put it, it was for all the world as if the citizens had fled from their homes. "What is the cause of this?" he asked a gentleman who chanced to pass, and the man replied quite seriously:

"Rockefeller has given another million to the university, but to get it Harper has to raise half a million before sunset. He is said to be on his way to this part of the town."

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS. A Department For Business Men.

RAILWAYS AT ST. LOUIS

THE Grand Trunk Booth was an important feature of Canada's display at St. Louis. It was small, but admirably designed and furnished. The wonderful natural scenery of our country was pictured in such a way as to attract the attention of tourists and sportsmen. Canada is under obligation to her broad-minded railway managers for the excellent displays they have always made on occasions of this kind, and for the imposing presentation of Canada's natural beauties which they are continually giving to the travelling public.

The Intercolonial Railway Exhibit was one of the best parts of the Canadian contribution to the world's displays. The space occupied by it was large and attractively furnished. The New Brunswick moose, caribou and deer were represented by some magnificent heads. The excellent fish of the district through which the Intercolonial passes were also well displayed. Some time ago, while travelling on this road from Montreal east, the writer met an expatriated Canadian returning home after an absence of fifteen years. He explained that he had visited the Intercolonial Exhibit and it made him so homesick that he determined to make a visit at once. So, with his wife and three small children, he was on his way home to see his old mother, who still lived near Campbellton.

ST. LOUIS—THE DAINTY BOOTH OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

DUNRAVEN'S NEW MOVE

"HOME Rule by any other name would smell as sweet." Thus the *Freeman's Journal;* and the phrase is perhaps the best commentary that could be made on the misguided, if amiable programme which Lord Dunraven's Irish Reform Association—a phœnix from the ashes of the old Land Conference Committee—has promulgated. Lord Dunraven and his friends, of course, declare that the maintenance of the Parliamentary Union is "essential to the political stability of the Empire," but they advocate "the devolution to Ireland ot a larger measure of local Government." The Nationalists'

ST. LOUIS—THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY'S ATTRACTIVE AVENUE

action in the matter of the working of the Land Purchase Act is the measure of their readiness to rest content with any allowance of "local autonomy" such as the Irish Reform Association contemplates. Whilst the *Times* sees in the new proposals a peril to the Union, Mr. Davitt regards them as a subtle enticement to Nationalist disruption, Mr. Redmond finds them useful in helping the circulation of the Home Rule hat in the States, and Mr. O'Brien adopts the placid *rôle* of Brer Rabbit. The proposals are open to adverse criticism on two grounds: they are at least premature, and they are too indefinite. But their discussion has served to draw serious attention to the shortcomings of the Government. There is an ugly rumour abroad that Mr. Wyndham has lost interest in his task. It is scarcely to be wondered at if this is so, but the fact would be lamentable for all that.—*Public Opinion.*

STREET RAILWAY PROFITS

TORONTO is now receiving about $100 a day from her street railway franchise. Montreal is also finding her arrangement with the street railway company profitable, as will be seen from the following from the Montreal *Gazette:* "The city this year is to get $127,483 from the street railway, which is about 5¾ per cent. of its gross earnings within the city. The proportion will increase also as the earnings of the company grow. There have been worse bargains made from the municipal point of view than that by which the street railway got a franchise in Montreal."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

The Spanish treasury had been exhausted in the Moorish wars, and Isabella offers her jewels to defray the expenses of the proposed expedition. The contract between Ferdinand and Columbus is about to be signed. April 17th, 1492. Painted in 1884 by Vacslav Von Brozik, a famous Bohemian painter. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

THE

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FROM CANADA TO TONGALAND

By A. T. WATERS

SECOND PAPER

AS stated in the preceding article, Ngwanasi, now paramount chief of British Tongaland, was king of both the Tongalands—British and Portuguese—previous to 1897. He had come to the throne in early childhood, upon the death of his father, Msonge. In 1897, when he was about twenty-five years of age, the Portuguese of the Delagoa Bay district accused him of insubordination to their power, and made war upon him; but, after making a slight resistance, Ngwanasi fled to the southern part of his kingdom. Here he called upon the British colony of Natal for protection, and to take control of his remaining territory. In the same year a treaty was made between the British and Portuguese, establishing a boundary line between them. This made the present territories of British Tongaland and Portuguese Tongaland, the latter being much the larger and more valuable possession.

Still another treaty was effected between Ngwanasi and the Natal government, and this gave to him an annual cash stipend of one hundred pounds. It also relegated him to the paramount chieftainship of the remainder of his tribe, with jurisdiction only over minor offences.

This territory, about fifty miles square, is bounded on the east by the Indian Ocean, on the south by Zululand, on the west by the Pongola River, and on the north by an imaginary line running east from the Sutu Port in the Lubambo mountains to Oro Point on the Indian Ocean.

The port of entry is Delagoa Bay, importations passing through the Portuguese territory "in transit" at a

TONGALAND—THE AUTHOR IN HIS BUNGALOW

WOMEN BRINGING THEIR ANNUAL FOOD-TAX TO THE CHIEF. THESE WOMEN HAD TO CARRY IT TWENTY-TWO MILES

nominal duty of three per cent.

The country, a low veldt, is only two or three hundred feet above sea level, and this, in part, accounts for its malarial climate. It possesses a sandy soil, with no rock formation, and large portions of its surface consist of broad, grassy plains dotted here and there with the lala palm, from which is drawn the famous "palm wine." Other districts are rolling and hilly, covered with grass and dotted with single fruit trees, or patched here and there with clumps of bush. This, however, applies only to the eastern half, forests, lakes and reedy marshes covering the western part. In the east, Kosi Lake, which the Boers greatly coveted as a port, is the largest body of water. It is some five or six miles long, and two or three miles wide; and is united with the Indian Ocean by Kosi Bay and a series of lagoons. The hippopotamus and crocodile infest nearly all these waters. Some ten or twelve brooks, called "rivers," give the land a fair supply of water, which is pure and of excellent taste. These "rivers" run, as a rule, from west to east, slipping over silver or golden sands.

British Tongaland is the most beautiful district I have seen in South Africa. Its latitude is 26° south (the same as Johannesburg), its climate is mild, and frost is unknown. The seasons are practically only two in number—the wet and the dry periods, called winter and summer, rains being expected any time from October to February. The mean temperature runs about 80° or 85° F. One hundred and twenty-two degrees in the sun was the highest record I observed, but that was hot enough to keep the natives from travelling in the sand paths, and to cause insects and small reptiles, such as lizards and snakes, to fall from the interior of the thatched roofs with heat exhaustion. Birds, also, have been known to drop dead when flying out from shelter.

A FEW OF THE CHIEF'S WIVES. HE HAS ABOUT SIXTY, BUT THEY DO NOT ALL LIVE TOGETHER

As the sun is to the north, shadows are cast toward the south, and for some time are confusing to the northerner.

With fruits indigenous to it this little country is marvellously rich. It has no fewer than fifty different varieties, among these being the wild fig and date. Most of these are edible, and many decidedly palatable; and, to add to this richness, the "civilised" pineapple, banana and granadilla have recently been introduced. It is strange, however, that there is not a nut-bearing tree in the land.

In the rainy season this is a wilderness of wild flowers — perhaps one hundred and fifty or two hundred varieties. I remember one Sunday morning, in March, travelling through a forest waggon road which was like a river of glory.

The population was estimated at between ten and twelve thousand. Two languages, the Tshronga and the Zulu, are used. The native language is the former, but all the males, and many of the women, speak the Zulu. Indeed, they are proud to speak Zulu, for many of them meanly despise their own dialect and claim Zulu blood. This weakness prevails, first, because the Zulus have a "big name" among the tribes and, secondly, because the word "Tonga" means coward. The odium of this name was emphasised by the chief's correcting me in the use of it one day. He protested that his whole kingdom was Maputaland, not Tongaland, Maputa being the name of one of their ancestral kings.

THE QUEEN-MOTHER
DRAWN BY J. W. BEATTY

In common with other Africans, these people are called black, but in reality they are chocolate brown. Only odd members of the tribe are jet black, like our American negro. But in Delagoa Bay, a hundred miles north, in the old Tonga Kingdom, one is struck with the number resembling the American black. Tradition says that slaves were taken to America from northern Tongaland, but never from the southern parts, and that these southerners are a mixture of East Indian blood from a ship's crew wrecked on their shores long ago. Personally, I doubt it; for though these Tongas are quite free from the

MR. LINDFIELD PREACHING TO A WEDDING DANCE AT THE KRAAL OF INDUNA POMPE. LATER, MR. LINDFIELD WAS KILLED BY A CROCODILE

negro features—thick lips and broad noses—and have what might be termed classical features, yet they have the typical "kinky" hair of the negro, and not that of the Indian, which, so far as I have observed, always persists in the cross of these two races.

The people are tractable, industrious, courteous, hospitable, and apt in receiving the first fruits of civilisation. The young people learn to read and write in Zulu, showing decided ability, and are responsive to religious teaching. In these things they are in marked contrast with their uninviting Swazi and Zulu neighbours, while their home conduct is also more agreeable.

The Tonga home is called a Kraal, and may consist of only one or of many huts. The largest kraal in British Tongaland contains fifteen huts. The Tonga hut is far-famed for beauty and comfort, and is considered the finest native architecture in South Africa. The walls are circular and made of reeds five or six feet high, these being woven to a wicker frame-work with the fibrous leaf of the palm tree. Many of the woven designs on walls and roof have a surprisingly fine, artistic effect, and go far to justify the high esteem in which the Tonga, as compared with other Africans, is held for his skill in art.

Stout posts are set around outside to support the wall. The roof, of woven twigs, is made separately, and presents the form of an inverted umbrella. It is taken up bodily by, perhaps, a dozen men and women, who, groaning, yelling, and singing—shouting to the owner to get the beer ready!—place it upon the circular wall like a hat. A great cheer is given by all, and they jump and tear about like boys after successful sport. The roof is then thatched with grass, the door of reeds is made, and the hut is done, barring, of course, the "umqele" (crown), which helps to hold the thatch in position and adorns the top of the roof. When the owner of the hut dies this crown is

IN THE "BUSH VELDT" OF SWAZILAND

The author may be seen sitting on a bundle of thatching grass preaching in Zulu to the Swazies. In the foreground is the Kraal fence. Just behind the group of people are seen wind-breaks, which are built to protect the hut entrance and to form an "outside kitchen."

immediately taken down and the hut closed, all personal effects placed under the eaves outside, and the whole allowed to go to decay. Closed huts are never burned, so there are hundreds of them standing as monuments throughout the land.

The membership of a kraal consists of family relations only. The "umnumzana," or head man, is responsible to the chief for the conduct of the whole kraal.

When I entered the country as pioneer missionary and first government acting district surgeon, in 1899, the clothing of the men and boys was still primitive, the simple girdle of skins, while the girls wore narrow girdles of sea-weed or beadwork. The women, though, had begun to use the cheap, loud prints from the Manchester mills, exchanging for these the excellent, short skin petticoat which is still worn by the women of Zululand and Swaziland. Every man is his own tailor, and every girl and young woman her own dressmaker.

The only professional tradesman is the hairdresser, who makes with beeswax the "head rings" on men of distinction. In this operation all the hair, except a circle about the crown of the head, is shaved with a piece of glass or an old table-knife, sharpened on a piece of flat, sand-sprinkled wood. The hair is then worked down over a circle of fibre rope, repeatedly smeared with black beeswax, and skilfully polished with a flat polishing stick till it shines like ebony. This ring is nicknamed "frying-pan," and in Swaziland and Zululand is a mark of manhood or of the "indoda." In those tribes, however, every Tom, Dick and Harry may wear it—in fact, anyone who is past puberty and can pay the barber a shilling for his day's work. A young married woman will for days in succession spend her time sprawled out on the sand in the kraal yard, while three or four of her companions "put up" her hair into hundreds of tiny braids, which are smeared with fat and red clay.

NATIVE WOMEN STAMPING CORN

The etiquette of this people is clearly defined. To know it and conform to it is the part of the prudent missionary. To knock at the door of a

A ROOF FOR A HUT—WHEN COMPLETED, IT IS PICKED UP, TURNED OVER AND SET ON THE WALL

hut before entering would betray one's ignorance, and would likely be mistaken for disregard of their good forms. Or, if one chooses to be received outside he may take a seat under a tree and wait for the head man to come and greet him; but this he will not do until you have waited ten or fifteen minutes, for to hasten the greeting would be impolite. He will finally stroll over to your side with amusing deliberation, pretending not to see you, and squat down upon his haunches. Then he will adjust the tails of his skin girdle and stare blankly at nothing, or continue to carve at his knobkerrie or weave at his mat. Suddenly he discovers your presence, raises the right hand high above his head, and in a most respectful tone says "Nkosi!" (Master). He then proceeds in a monotone to tell all the kraal and district news, from the killing of a leopard to the loss of a chicken in a beer pot. You must then tell him your past movements and future purposes, all of which will be duly reported to the chief. The chicken-flavoured beer will then be served, the man himself taking the first swallow from your vessel to show that it is all right.

As already remarked, the Tongas are industrious. With them it is a disgrace for a male of strength to evade work. When not away to civilisation, earning money with which to buy wives, pay the annual wife-tax ($3.36 per wife), or buy presents for their female relations, they labour in their gardens and help their wives to provide food for the family; but the bulk of the responsibility for the food supply, of course, falls upon the women. A bride who turns out to be a poor gardener may be sent back to her parents, and her price recovered by the husband. But such a one generally defends her reputation by attributing her crop failures to the witchcraft of, perhaps, one of her industrious fellow-wives.

Barrenness also may be the cause of a divorce and the recovery of the "labola" cattle and money. As the woman is the chief agricultural labourer, so the hoe is the principal implement, its only associate being the hand axe, used for land clearing and chopping of faggots.

Next to hoeing, the work of the

THE FAMOUS "LALA" PALM TREE FROM WHICH IS SECURED THE "PALM WINE" IN THE FORM OF SAP

women is cooking and beer-making; and they are clever cooks, as well as expert brewers. Their "dishes" are numerous. Most of these are prepared from Indian corn, rice, native grains, sweet potatoes, peanuts, tomatoes, pumpkins, squash, onions and herbs. They frequently have domestic meat, wild game or fish. Mentioning fish, this tribe is supposed to be the only one in South Africa in which all classes eat fish. Among the Zulus only the old women and children eat it and the boa constrictor. It is not unusual to be served with three or four kinds of food at the full meal of the day, partaken of by the light of the hut fire when darkness has fallen. All kinds of food, and some drinks, are eaten from the hands, but spoons are fast coming into use. The sexes eat separately, the men, of course, being served first.

TONGALAND'S ONLY NATIVE BLACKSMITH

Next to eating and drinking comes hemp-smoking, called "ukubema insango," which is the most injurious vice practised by this people. It intoxicates, exciting some smokers, but stupefying others. The dry leaf of the hemp is placed in a stone pipe bowl and lighted like tobacco. This bowl is attached, by means of a hollow reed, to an ox horn containing water. The smoker places his mouth to the open end of the horn and, by inhaling, draws down the hemp smoke into the water and the fumes into his lungs. This causes him to cough violently and to grind his teeth; tears and saliva flow freely, and the stomach is tortured with a burning sensation. The saliva, in frothy bubbles, is emitted through a hollow reed, and a game of military outflanking, with the stream of bubbles, is played by the smokers, each smoker trying to blow out a longer

flow of bubbles than his adversary. This habit generates consumption, from which many die. Though on my arrival the country was steeped in this vice, it is now, happily, passing away, while Zululand, Portuguese Tongaland and Swaziland are still suffering from it.

The list of domestic animals is not long. Horned cattle are the most numerous and most highly prized. The Tongalands are now the best stocked districts in South Africa. They breed a "scrub" cattle, but keep them in good condition. The grazing, too, is good.

Wife payment is their principal use, five head being the price of a wife; but the market price has now become two head of cattle (worth $50 each) and one hundred and fifty dollars in cash. This amounts to the five head. Goats also are extensively bred, and they, too, are used for wife payment, $2.50 being allowed for a kid and $5 for a full-grown animal. Every kraal has its barnyard fowl, and they also share in the honour of wife-payment, at the rate of twenty-four cents each. The fowl are used also for food and for sacrifice to the ancestral spirits. There are a few sheep raised, and among them is the strange "fat-tailed" species. Horses cannot live, but donkeys do, and are, next to the native himself, the common beast of burden.

The miserable Kaffir dog abounds in every kraal, and cats, a late introduction, are now becoming common. They generally sell for forty-eight cents, but I bought my last one in exchange for the head of an old hoe that was knocking about the yard. The first one, however, was given to me as a present, along with a monkey which used to nurse the cat in its arms and care for it like a mother.

Polygamy is the common practice. A man may take to himself as many wives as he can pay for. The average number per man is, perhaps, about three or four. They have to provide his food, each a different kind, especially for the evening meal, and advance on their knees as they present it.

At my advent the chief had, so he said, forty-six wives. To date he has taken about sixty. On paying him a medical visit recently, and happening to inspect his private hut—shut away by itself in a separate stockade in the edge of the forest—I observed a piece of fresh beef hanging from the roof. I asked where he got it, and he said it was from an animal slaughtered the day before in honour of his latest wife. The wedding festivities had been conducted at some distant part of the country.

"How is it," I asked, "that you were not at the wedding?"

"Oh!" he replied, "I sent one of my body-guard in my stead, and he brought back that meat as my receipt and seal."

"How many wives have you now, Ngwanasi?" I next enquired.

"I don't know," he carelessly answered.

"Let us count them, then," I suggested; and, taking out pencil and paper, I jotted down, as he called them off, the numbers at his half-dozen kraals scattered through the country. He could account for only thirty-six, though we counted them over twice.

"How is this?" I asked. "When I came into your country four years ago you told me you had forty-six, and you have taken about a dozen more in the meantime—where are the rest?"

The only explanation he vouchsafed was that they had run away to the Portuguese territory, from which he could not recover them. But the truth is, I suspect, he had failed to pay for them, and they had simply returned to their homes. This their native law permits them to do under such circumstances.

As with us, their courtship may be brief or protracted—it depends largely upon the lover's ability to pay for his fiancée. But much of this wife-purchase business is done on credit, and results often in endless "courting" by the parents!

These girls generally marry whom

they prefer, not the man of their parents' choosing. Neither do many of them marry too young. The natives have no marriage rite beyond games, dancing and feasting, their conception of this rite being similar to that of the Bible, that the union is the binding tie.

Pure, unselfish affection between husband and wife is more noticeable for its absence than for its presence among natives. This, no doubt, is largely due to their polygamous practice. On the other hand, the love of parents for children and of children for parents is strong and abiding.

Husbands and wives are delightfully stoical in their conduct toward each other. While travelling one evening, in company with "Charlie," a big, handsome policeman who was serving me as guide, we happened upon his kraal and turned in for the night. Charlie had been absent some six months and now arrived at home unexpectedly. As we entered the kraal gate one of his young wives looked up from her stamping block and—kept on stamping!

Kissing is not practised here, but in civilisation one frequently sees drunken black mothers kissing their naked babies all over. It is very unusual to see, in public, the different sexes so much as place hands upon each other, but they have a rather odd handshake which they use freely and heartily. After shaking the hand as we do, they clasp thumbs. In Zululand there is a very complicated style of finger clasping which requires a minute or more to accomplish.

The dance is a splendid institution, consisting practically of only vigorous exercises. The sexes divide up in two rows and face each other, but never come into contact. They do not even shake hands. Consequently, the moral influences are not bad, while the physical effect is most beneficial. I don't discourage dancing among the non-Christians.

Shortly after my arrival a company of little common boys and princes gathered on a hillside and, all uninvited, danced beautifully for me—and then begged sugar!

Child training—compulsion to work and to obey—is largely limited to the poor little girls. They begin with nursing babies—carrying them on the back in a skin—and end with nursing babies; while, for spice of life, they are permitted to weed the gardens, fetch water and faggots, help with the cooking, and keep up fires. These are built on the floor, in the centre of the hut, or outside in the sand of the windbreak, called a "kitchen." The rest of their needed exercise the little girls get by chasing locusts, birds, monkeys and baboons from the gardens—beginning at daybreak or sunrise and ending at sunset. They have nothing to do with the hippopotami, however, as they visit the gardens during the night; but neither do their fathers nor big brothers have anything to do with them. Hippopotami and ghosts do effectual police service in keeping the native in his kraal at night, thus lessening the drinking bouts and witchcraft dances. Snakes also wield a wholesome influence in this respect—for the bare feet of the native, though tough enough to defy the mosquito, is not invulnerable to the serpent's fangs.

The administration of law and justice is effected through, first, the resident magistrate, who judges criminal offences; and, secondly, the chief, who tries the minor cases. The chief is assisted in his judicial duties by the wives who are mistresses of his half-dozen royal kraals, which are situated in different districts and serve as low courts. Any cases too hard for the royal wives and their counsellors are referred to the chief.

After the magistracy was destroyed by the Boers, the district thrown into legal chaos, and I left the only white person in the country, to save the situation I boldly appropriated magisterial authority, and enforced it by means of the native police force then under my supervision. This, however, continued only a brief period of the thirteen months, during which the official oversight of the country devolved upon me. At the termination of that time the

police department, being re-established, relieved me of the several extra offices.

It was not, however, for the civil service I had come into this isolation, but for publishing the good tidings of salvation and to care for the bodily ills of the European and native inhabitants.

Gospel services on the Lord's day were immediately started at the Mission Station, and visiting and preaching among the kraals. A month later the day school was opened. The natives did not know the use of a book. I decided to accept only twelve pupils and teach them individually, limiting my instruction to reading and writing in Zulu. In seven months there were five young men and boys (including one or two princes) who could read intelligently in the New Testament. Some of these had "turned to the Lord" in the meantime, and, in company with others who could not read, they began at this early date to be helpers in the Gospel. Some of them were astonishingly apt at preaching. Though souls were not "daily added unto the church," they were added from time to time, and there is now a helpful little company of believers. This is the first Christian church in British Tongaland, the last tribe in South-East Africa to be evangelised.

Often have tears of joy come into my eyes as I have seen in these raw Africans the fruits of the Spirit. I do not mean only praying and preaching and singing, but a general turning from darkness to light; a ceasing to do evil and learning to do well; a making manifest their repentance by becoming better citizens and more faithful and industrious servants.

How encouraging and gratifying it was to receive from a gentleman down in old Zululand such a commendation as this:

"Your two young men, John and Peter, have been with me for some time. Their civility, humility and industry are in striking contrast to the other native servants. I hope you may be spared long to teach and train many more. These are a credit to you."

And so the transforming influences of the Gospel and education continue to manifest themselves.

As soon as the school pupils know enough to help in teaching they are required to do so, and the converts are immediately enlisted as helpers in the work of the Gospel.

Perfect independence with the natives must be the policy pursued. If they desire the advantages of the school they are required to pay for both the tuition and the school supplies. Do they not wish my services it leaves me all the more time for other work. It might be said that "nothing for nothing," excepting the Gospel, is the unwritten motto. Neither are inducements of food and clothing held out to them. They are taught, on the contrary, to help the missionary and their people, both heathen and Christian. Each disciple, man, woman and youth, cultivates a "Lord's garden," the whole product of which is brought in harvest time to the Lord's house as a free-will offering. The receipts from these offerings, which are bought by the missionary, are put in a special fund for the support of teachers and evangelists who shall go out to other parts of the country.

A LARGE KRAAL IN TONGALAND

PHOTO BY GOOCH, TORONTO

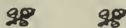
A SUNNY DAY ON THE CONCESSION

A typical rural school in a country where ignorance and poverty are reduced to a minimum.

POETRY

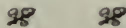
BY W. WILFRID CAMPBELL

EARTH'S dream of poetry will never die.
It lingers while we linger, base or true—
A part of all this being. Life may change,
Old customs wither, creeds become as nought,
Like autumn husks in rainwinds; men may kill
All memory of the greatness of the past,
Kingdoms may melt, republics wane and die,
New dreams arise and shake this jaded world;
But that rare spirit of song will breathe and live
While beauty, sorrow, greatness, hold for men
A kinship with the eternal; until all
That earth holds noble wastes and fades away.
Wrong cannot kill it. Man's material dream
May scorn its uses, worship baser hope
Of life's high purpose, build about the world
A brazen rampart: through it all will come
The iron moan of life's unresting sea;
And through its floors, as filtered blooms of dawn,
Those flowers of dream will spring, eternal, sweet,
Speaking for God and man; the infinite mystery
Will ever fold life round; the mighty heart
Of earth's humanity ceaseless throb and beat
As round this globe the vasty deeps of sky,
And round earth's shores the wide, encompassing sea.



Outside this rind of hardened human strife
There lies this mantle of mighty majesty,
Thought's cunning cannot probe its science plumb.
Earth's schools of wisdom in their darkness spell

The common runes of knowledge; but there lies
A greatness, vast, behind this taper gleam
That stands for somewhat lore hath never weighed
In all its ponderings of thought-pulsing brain.
Shakespeare, the mighty, touched it as he passed.
The Man in Uz did feel it, shook the folds
Of some great garment's hem of One who passed
The vasty gates of Orion at one stride.
All earth's high souls have felt it in their time,
Have risen to this mighty deep in thought
Or worshipped in the blackness and the gleam.



Dream not because life's taper flame grows dim,
Man's soul grows wasted gazing on dull gold,
His spirit shrunk with canker of life's ill,
That earth's great nights will darken their splendours down,
Her dawns will fail to rise, this mighty world
Will cease to roll its vast appointed way;
And beauty and love, and all that man holds sweet
For youth and age, the effort glad, the joy,
The memory of old greatness gone before,
Not hold their magic 'neath the almighty will.

Yea, 'tis eternal as the wave, the sky,
Changing forever, never wholly passing,
A part of all this dream that will not die,
It lives forever. Years may fade and pass,
Youth's dream decline to age and death's decay,
Ills and sharp griefs. despairs and agonies come:
While earth remains her spirit will not fail.
That greatness back of all will still console,
Man's life will still be sweet, its purpose glad,
The morn will still be morning, and the night
Star splendours arched above the eternal peace,
The eternal yearning and the eternal dream.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

By G. MERCER ADAM

TO Professor Goldwin Smith, I need hardly remind the reader, Canada is indebted, among other generous acts and undertakings of a worthy citizen, for giving to its literary activities a great impulse in the inception and editorial supervision of *The Canadian Monthly*, with which my own name was modestly associated, first as the head of its firm of publishers, and, later on, and for many years, as its editor. The coming to Canada of this ripe Oxford scholar gave to the national literature such aid as it has received from no other pen, and that not only through the channel of *The Canadian Monthly*,* but through other vehicles, native and foreign, and especially through the home ones of *The Week*, *The Bystander*, and *The Nation*. In this varied series of periodicals the Professor's learned writings have been most helpful to the cause of letters in Canada; while they have been invaluable for the rich thought and independent views expressed by their writer, as well as for the philosophic treatment of great national questions, political, industrial, educational, religious and social, that have come up from time to time for consideration and illuminating comment.

Before his day Canada, it will readily be granted, had no magazine or periodical, if we may except the case of the Province of Quebec, either of so high a character or possessing such vigour and vitality as those we have named. Attempts, it is true, had been made to approach their excellence, in such ventures as the one the present writer was instrumental in founding with Prof. H. Youle Hind, of Trinity College, as editor, in 1863—*The British American Magazine*—and *The Quarterly*, of St. John, New Brunswick, founded and for some years edited by that versatile journalist and able writer, Dr. George Stewart, now of Quebec. The truth is, that before the advent of Mr. Goldwin Smith, magazine ventures, and one might even say all publishing enterprises of a periodical character outside the party newspapers, had fared badly and were precarious and short-lived undertakings. This arose, in part, from the want of means to sustain them until they could become widely known and gain adequate support from their reading constituencies, and also from the lack of a purse deep enough to remunerate their writers. In part, the reason of these failures, however, may be traced to the fact that the time had hardly come for the launching of ambitious publishing enterprises; while heretofore we had no man to conduct them of commanding ability, whose profession was that of a public writer, historian and *littérateur*, and who had mental gifts and material resources, as well as the energy and enthusiasm which were found in Prof. Goldwin Smith. On his coming hither, the period just then was fortunately favourable to the blossoming out of literature in Canada, as its trade and commerce, stimulated by the recent American Civil War, were good; while, politically, a new era had dawned with Confederation and the acquisition of our Northwest domain, together with the organisation of the administrative machinery of the entire country at the Dominion capital.

At this period in Canada how important was the coming to it of one of the great English writers and thinkers of the era will be readily admitted by all who are familiar not only with what Dr. Goldwin Smith has done for its literature in the past thirty odd years, but with the influence he has ex-

*This ran from January 1872 to June 1878 and was then changed to *Rose-Belford's Monthly*, which lasted about four years. No successor was found to take up the work until the founding of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE in 1892.

ercised in raising the character and tone of public discussion. By his salutary criticisms and judicial comments he discredited, if not checked, the declension of morals in public life. This, even the liegemen of Party in the country have been heard to acknowledge; while they have paid tribute to the strength and force of the critic's sound political reasonings, and given the writer credit for his disinterestedness, dispassionateness, and independence of thought. In these respects the power and influence of Prof. Goldwin Smith's work in Canada have been undeniable; and all the more so since his writings have been at the same time richly suggestive in matter, inspiring in their character, and most instructive in their wealth of erudition. Added to this, and to the resources of a scholar behind his work, have been the learned writer's incomparable gift of expression, his ready faculty of taking a statesman's broad, historic view of things, with a keen and large grasp of public affairs, and a phenomenal power of instantly mastering and powerfully illuminating any subject he dealt with.

Another notable quality in the distinguished writer, which, with his dispassionateness and moderation, has contributed greatly to the influence and impressiveness of his work is the calm, though earnest, literary utterance of his thought, so admirably suited to the purposes of philosophical disquisition, political reasoning, and critical comment. In all his work as a journalist and critic, while there is ever manifest a masculine strength of intellect, there is no undue vehemence or fierce invective; while the brilliance of his literary style is apparently without effort or attempt at rhetorical display. Even in his most trenchant and righteously indignant mood, when discanting on political turpitude or censuring social immorality, there is usually in evidence a quiet restraint, and nothing ostentatiously intruded to create sensation or detract from a high moral effect.

This eminent scholar and typical English gentleman became a resident of Toronto in 1871, having a year or two before connected himself with Cornell University at Ithaca, N.Y. At Cornell he was solicited to take the chair (accepted, however, without emolument) of English and Constitutional History, somewhat akin to the post he had held at his Oxford *Alma Mater*—the Regius Professorship of Modern History—a post later on held in succession by such scholars as Stubbs, Freeman and Froude. In the Ontario capital, the Professor, some years later, married, and took up his residence in the old Colonial manor-house of "The Grange." Here he has since occupied himself in a life of literary toil, relieved by occasional visits abroad, and brightened at home by a genial hospitality and a kindly intercourse with prominent citizens and friends.

It was in 1872 that he began to interest himself in our nascent literature and devote his pen to the independent and instructive treatment of political and general topics of national import. In doing this great service to the young nation, there have been some in the country who have not seen eye to eye with the distinguished *Bystander* critic in the views he has at times fearlessly propounded; but who, nevertheless, have given him credit for the manifest disinterestedness of his motives, and paid tribute to the great literary charm, as well as the vigorous thought, incisive brilliance and marvellous lucidity of his writings. When confronted myself with these occasional adverse utterances, and when called upon to reply to correspondents of my own who have at times expressed a disrelish of the Professor's "contumacy" in this respect, and especially of his ultra-democracy and anti-imperialist ideas, I have found satisfaction in pointing to a paragraph in a biographical sketch of Mr. Goldwin Smith, in Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," where the writer thoughtfully treats of the intellectual characteristics and cosmopolitanism of his subject in the following words:

"The liberal movement in the politics and religious thought of the present day is adequately represented by the intellectual career of Goldwin Smith. Throughout his long life he has been in the van of what he considers the progressive forces of the time. His conception of progress, as primarily a moral process, pervades the entire body of his writings, whether he is dealing with the Canadian Question, with the question of Home Rule, with the condition of the Colonies, or with the temper of the Establishment. So convinced is he that the workings of the moral order exceed in strength all other forms of power that he measures the importance and duration of various social and political institutions by the degree of their conformance to this order. In consequence, he sees disintegration where others see permanence and degeneration where others look for growth. The charge of being a negative and destructive spirit has been frequently brought against him; he claims, however, by the tacit testimony of his books on politics and history, the privilege of a prophet who can foresee reformation only through the intervening spaces of disorder and decay . . . It is this dispassionate spirit of world-citizenship, this ability to 'look before and after,' which has led Goldwin Smith to attach himself permanently to no party, to hold fast by no creed, political or religious. His manner of life has fostered this cosmopolitanism of thought and feeling."

Despite this occasional restiveness, on the part of some readers of the great publicist's writings, which is itself a tribute to the independence as well as the importance of Mr. Goldwin Smith's utterances, unique as they are in interest, and notable for their breadth, their writer's largeness of grasp, and keenness of critical insight, together with an incomparable beauty of literary style, his work has always commanded attention and the respect due to genius. Throughout the country, now appreciating the fact that it had arrived at the estate of manhood, the critiques and disquisitions of Mr. Goldwin Smith's profound intellect, and his strenuous efforts on behalf of independent thought and speech quickly bore fruit, while sensibly ameliorating the acerbities of political debate, repressing journalistic intolerance, and extending the area of culture and of sympathy with the intellectual life. This was particularly manifest after the launching, in January, 1872, of *The Canadian Monthly*, which, when its aims and qualities became known as a periodical, was hailed with expressions of hearty approval and satisfaction. With its appearance and promise of permanence, the reproach was taken from Canada that it had not hitherto succeeded in establishing anything ambitious in the way of a national magazine, in keeping with the educational progress and the political, material, and social advancement in recent years of the country. In literary merit, as well as in the freshness and interest of its reading matter, which dealt largely with topics of moment to a wide class of Canadian and other readers, the *Monthly* was admitted to rank high, and to be fully up to the standard of the better class of English and American periodicals. It therefore soon became a valuable and thoroughly independent organ of public opinion, expressive of the intellectual as well as the national currents in the contemporary history of the Dominion, in sharp contrast to the deadening interest heretofore manifest in the things that appertain to the nation's higher life. The compliments paid to the attractive mechanical appearance of the *Monthly* on the issue of its first number were with equal heartiness extended to the reading matter. The excellence of the latter, even in a first issue, was notable, dealing, as it did in its opening pages, with a topic of so timely and far-reaching an interest as "The Treaty of Washington," from the able and well-informed pen of Mr. Charles Lindsey, in which that experienced writer pointed out with moderation, yet with full acquaintance with the subject, the grave defects of the Treaty, passed in the previous year, and which provided for the settlement before the Geneva Tribunal of the Alabama claims, Fisheries disputes, and other differences between Great Britain and the United States. Other contributions of interest were Prof. H. Alleyn Nicholson's article on "Man's Place in Nature," a thoughtful review of Mr. Darwin's "The Descent of Man"; a dialogue on "Anne Hathaway," Shakespeare's wife, by Prof.

Daniel Wilson, confuting the popular notion that their married life was unhappy; a paper on "The Cavalry Charges at Sedan," by Lt.-Col. G. T. Denison; one on Washington and Jumonville, particularising one of "The Curiosities of Canadian Literature," by W. J. Anderson, LL.D., of Quebec; an "Historical Night in the Old Canadian Parliament," which saw the deathblow given in 1864 to the system of government hitherto existing between the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, from the pen of S. J. Watson, Librarian of the Ontario Assembly; together with reviews, literary notes, prose selections from contemporary periodicals, and poems by various native writers, including a translation from Lucretius, from the scholarly pen of Mr. Goldwin Smith, and another, understood to come from that source, though unsigned, on the "Marching Out," in Wolfe's day, of the last British troops from Quebec after the Conquest, which, in the succeeding number of the magazine, was followed by the poem, "Marching In."

Most gratifying, as we have said, was the reception given abroad as well as at home to the new native periodical, the coming of which on the scene, thanks to Professor Goldwin Smith's friendly and interested assistance, gave prestige to Canadian letters. Later on that gentleman began his notable monthly comments on "Current Events," which were always marked by instructive, and sometimes by pungent, criticism. The successful launching of the magazine also gave encouragement to increased activities in the field of Canadian publishing, as was manifest in the works brought out at the period by the firm of Adam, Stevenson & Co., of which the present writer was the senior partner.

How varied and extensive was the mass of work serially appearing in these native periodicals on questions of living interest to the Canadian people, from the sinewy intellect of Mr. Goldwin Smith, inspired by the moral energy and political force which ever lay behind his expert pen, there is little need specially to recall. The breadth of information and accuracy of knowledge displayed in these contributions were itself an education to most readers of that finely equipped writer and enabled them to realise how high a standing he had taken, and what exceptional academic honours he had won, in his university days at Oxford, and with what admiration he has since been regarded in both hemispheres by men of the highest eminence in educational and literary as well as in political circles. Nor were those slow to admit what Canada's political life had gained by the writings of this critic of and commentator on its public affairs, who recalled his "Current Events" department in *The Canadian Monthly* at such crises as the young nation passed through when the Pacific Railway Scandal and the conduct of the incriminated Tory Government at Ottawa was in 1872-73 the engrossing political topic of the hour; or, on other occasions, when independent public writers, and among them especially Mr. Goldwin Smith, were assailed by a section of the Party press that sought to place the latter out of the pale of literary courtesy for the freedom of his opinions and the sturdy fight he was making for the maintenance and extension of liberty of speech and writing; or again, when he gave expression to the aspirations of the national life by attacking Partyism and its pernicious influence, as a menace to and subversive of Patriotism, and sought also to be helpful to the intellectual as well as the religious and social development of the Dominion.

What service Mr. Goldwin Smith has further rendered in his books, and in the larger and wider sphere of achievement in literature generally, we may see from the following even imperfect list of his writings, comprising a work on "The Empire" (a series of letters which appeared in the London *Daily News* in 1862-63); a group of studies of "Three English Statesmen" (Cromwell, Pym, and Pitt); Lives of "William Cowper" and "Jane

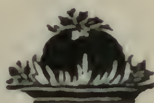
Austen"; "Irish History and Irish Character"; "The Political Destiny of Canada"; "Canada and the Canadian Question"; "False Hopes, or Fallacies Socialistic and Semi-Socialistic"; "A Trip to England"; "The Moral Crusader, Wm. Lloyd Garrison"; "Essays on Questions of the Day"; "Lectures and Essays"; "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence"; a compact "Political History of the United States"; a history of "The United Kingdom"—the latter a masterly essay rather than an ambitious history, charged to the full with the rich results of a scholar's life-work in the way of reading, historical research, and reflection; together with a sympathetic, faith-reassuring work, written under a sense of the realities of the Eternal and Invisible, on "The Founder of Christendom," and a collection of verse entitled "Bay Leaves," and "Translations from the Latin Poets." All of this work, immense as it is, and full of the acute and richly suggestive thought of a scholar and profound thinker, abounds in strongly marked and often original views, expressed with earnest conviction, and with that impressive force characteristic of all Mr. Goldwin Smith writes, as well as illuminated by an incomparably attractive, brilliant, and incisive literary style.

In two of the works above mentioned that have come from Dr. Goldwin Smith's pen, their author has given the reading world masterly studies in the historic field—a field that, if we may dare circumscribe his work, may be said to be his own legitimate and, so far as competitive authors are concerned, his well-nigh unapproachable domain. We refer to the two brilliant political compends, "The United States," from 1492 to 1871, and "The United Kingdom," from the era of the Norman Conquest to that of the Reform Bill of 1832. Most notable are these works for the admirable review they give of the political development of the English-speaking race in Motherland and Colony, including the story covered by the latter as a separate and independent nation. Notable also are they as examples of the writer's acute and compact thought, and his phenomenally instructive way of dealing, on broad luminous lines, with extended periods and great formative movements and crises in a nation's history. To the reader who has not made acquaintance with them, both works will be found most stimulating and of surpassing interest, as well as captivating in their literary attractions. The history of the Motherland will to Canadians especially be of paramount interest, and those who are familiar with its author's monograph, "A Trip to England," written with a scholar's delightful enthusiasm of attractive aspects of historical and social England, will know the treat they may expect in reading the unique, thought-laden volumes which deal with the history of the United Kingdom. The latter work—the summing up, as it were, of the chief annals in Church and State of the Mother Country during over a thousand years of the national history—is most interestingly as well as concisely told, with no wearying detail, but on large lines, yet with such fullness of knowledge, as well as consummate literary skill, as stamps the work of rare and permanent value. An introductory chapter treats of "Old English Polity," as we see it in the Saxon kingdoms in England under Alfred and his successors; while a closing one deals with the United Kingdom expanded into a British Empire, embracing India and the great self-governing colonies of the Crown. Within these widely-separated periods the learned Professor discourses of the political history of the nation in some thirty chapters, characterised by much originality of thought and sincerity of purpose, and illumined, as we have said, by great picturesqueness of style. Of paramount interest, manifestly, are the chapters that treat of the struggle between the Crown and the Church; the birth of Parliament; Government, civil and religious, under the Tudors, with its pendant, the fight for sovereign

power between the Crown and the Commons which marked the era of the Commonwealth; the crisis that brought doom to the Stuarts and led to the Revolution of 1688; Parliamentary Government under the first two Georges —the ministries of Walpole, Chatham, and Pitt; the tragical disaster in English history, the rupture between England and her American colonies; the national contest with Napoleon; and finally the era of Parliamentary reform and its fruits. On all these topics Mr. Goldwin Smith discourses in a most illuminating manner, worthy of his high reputation as a scholar and thinker. The literary progress of the nation is only occasionally referred to, as are matters military, industrial, and social, the aim being to linger nowhere nor to weary the reader by taking up matters of minor detail. The attention is centred throughout on the evolution of the nation politically, and upon the Church's varying course in relation to the State. Now and then are to be met with some striking bit of portraiture in king, priest, or cabinet minister; but nothing is ostentatiously intruded for rhetorical effect or to mar the quiet and impressive course of the on-moving narrative. The volumes, as a whole, are a contribution of surpassing interest in English history, and the author deserves unstinted praise for the achievement, which we deem the fit crown of a long and strenuous life.

Equally thoughtful and impressive is Professor Smith when writing of matters within the domain of religious, especially of speculative, thought. Here he has given readers a number of momentous volumes from his pen, besides a wealth of articles in the magazines treating of problems of the highest interest to human minds, some of which have become in our day the themes of not a little political debate. To a mind so acute as his, the Professor at times is a somewhat disturbing force when he touches those controverted topics which have been so much the outcrop of the age, especially since the era of "Essays and Reviews" and the promulgation of the doctrine of Evolution. He is, nevertheless, always fair and dispassionate, as well as reverent; and while he does not talk effete orthodoxy to an age of reason and critical investigation, he is "sound" and assuring enough to believe in a Power of good akin to, though immeasurably higher than, human goodness, which is manifested in the universe, and which predominates over evil. He at the same time urges that it is the duty of all, whatever may be beyond our ken, to trust, apart from any superstition, in a God and a hereafter, and to run with resignation the full career of duty, in the hope that, if we do, it will be well for us in the sum of things. Other perturbing aspects of the religious problems of the day, though his outlook is keen and wide within the limits of the impenetrable veil, he does not fail to mark, but rather to emphasise, the changes of thought which latter-day Science has brought about, though he urges us to trust the normal indications of our moral nature and our bodily sense, and thus sounds an altruistic note; while pointing out, however, the difficulties of placing reliance wholly upon the Scriptures as the charter of man's faith and belief. That there are difficulties, many and perplexing, in the theistic conception of the universe and our relations to it and its Author, we all know, and must admit. Evolution has altered our views concerning many things, and biblical criticism has put a new aspect upon our interpretations of many parts of Revelation. But these facts only prove that the world is still advancing, and that the human mind has not reached its full development. There is hence little justification for being dogmatic, far less braggartly sceptical, in regard to things whereof we are ignorant. Better, surely, the hope rather than the denial and the doubt, and more comforting, as well as more seemly, the temper and spirit of confiding trust. This, obviously, is the attitude of Mr. Goldwin Smith, and the spirit in which he writes of religious topics.

Under how deep a debt Canada is, and must remain, for the good fortune that brought the distinguished author to the country as a resident, with his industrious, talented pen and fruitful work, and how grateful it should be for the inspiration he has given to the native literature, with the presence and example in its midst of a rare personality, which inspires as well as charms all who come within its influence, there can hardly be a dissident voice by way of reply, or a detracting, discordant note of qualification. That the learned Professor, octogenarian though he now is, may yet see many years of happy and homage-paid life in the nation with which he has now been so long and honourably identified, must be the ardent wish of every Canadian and English-speaking student of his writings.



A SONG OF CHEER

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

BLEST is the night and sweet the time !
The lordly Yule-tide moon appears;
And now into mine longing ears
The joy-bells chime.

What soft, gray hopes of long ago
Those chimes recall—what silent bliss !
My heart now flowers in the kiss
Of winter's snow.

The world is kind—the world is old.
Each heart builds its own resting place
Out of life's deeds. Youth's angel face
So soon turns cold.

But Christmas brings, while time swift flows,
A tenderness for every grief;
The thorn lies covered by the leaf
Of Hope's red rose.

Fling wide the portals then, poor heart ;
Let melodies of Peace awake
The sleeping dreams for love's sweet sake,
While shadows part !

THE GOOSANDER

A "DONALD" STORY

By W. ALBERT HICKMAN

NOTE—The "Donald" of this story is the same imperturbable old engineer of Mr. Hickman's story of the ice-crushers, "The Sacrifice of the *Shannon*."

PART II

OW the fateful twelfth of September was only two days off. The time between was spent in putting on finishing touches and in testing and retesting everything from stem to stern. The afternoon before the race the whole Gulf was flooded with sunshine. Aleck and the children and Donald and his crew lay on the bank above the lobster factory and looked out over the Strait toward Charlottetown. The *Goosander* lay below at the wharf. Donald had Aleck's long telescope balanced across a log, and was sweeping the Island shore. Everywhere there hung lines of smoke along the horizon, and they were all converging on Charlottetown Harbour. Donald's smile was constant.

"Joost 's a thocht!" he murmured, "they're all comin'; efery tow-boat from Sydney t' Miramichi! 'n' steam yachts 'n' launches, too. Theenk o' th' wheesky 't 'll tak' t' droon their recollection o' th' resoolt!" Carswell was studying the blotches of smoke.

"There's Long Rory's *Susan Bell*, the one he built for a pilot boat and put an engine in afterward. She's doin' about four miles an hour; an' there's the boat Johnnie Lawson brought from the States. He says she can do fourteen knots. That one up to wind'ard is the old *Micmac* that Henry Simpson runs to Cape Breton. She's listed to starboard, as usual. That one right off the Island Shoal is Colonel Dan McPherson's yacht, round from Halifax. That's all I can make out. There's lots of them, anyway!" This was evident, and Aleck came to believe less than ever in the *Goosander's* chances. But every addition to the fleet seemed only to add to Donald's complacency. "Eets goin' t' be a gran' race!" he would say. Then he would sit in silence while the rest talked.

"When are you going to start?" they finally asked him.

"Oo, we'll joost wait 'n' ha' supper, 'n' go ofer by night. A'm fery modest; 'n' besides, a don't want to make any o' them jealous or t' scare th'm oot o' th' race. Eef they saw th' *Goosander* they might'n' care t' stairt."

"By George! if they knew who was in her a lot of them wouldn't!" said Billy Dunn, warmly. The old man winced under the compliment.

"A'll trry not t' frighten them!" he said suavely.

After supper they built a fire under the *Goosander's* new boiler. As a final test, Donald was going to take her across with the paddles alone. By the time they were ready the sun had been down an hour and the stars were out. Across the Strait they could see the light on Wood Islands and catch the blaze of Point Prim Light away up to the northward. Maisie and Dick were on the wharf to watch the departure, and were trembling with excitement.

"Y' mus' watch us wi' th' glass, Maisie," said Donald, as he climbed aboard with a suit of oilskins under one arm and the spaniel under the other, "'n' when we go ahead y' mus' cheer, d' y' see? A' can't hear y', but a'll know y're cheerin', 'n' that'll make us beat them." The children promised to do their best. The old man opened the throttle, the long-cylindered engine churned the water into froth, and the *Goosander* glided off under the stars, out toward the Gull Rock Light, leaving a trail of glittering phosphorescence behind. The two small figures

on the wharf watched the dark cloud of smoke go out through the Wide Entrance. Then they ran up to give their father a circumstantial account of the departure.

By midnight, in the bungalow on Hillsborough Bay, Mr. Montgomery Paul was sleeping peacefully, entirely oblivious of anything that the calm waters of Northumberland Strait might be bearing on toward his discomfiture. In the morning his friend, Mr. Hunter, strolled over for breakfast.

"Well, what do you think of them?" said Mr. Paul. "I told you they'd come!"

"Never saw such a collection of craft in my life!"

"It's going to be tremendous!"

"It is!"

"Look at the smoke of them up there now!"

"Yes, looks like a picture of the battle of the Nile. That's the advantage of having a boat fired with oil."

"Humph!" said Mr. Paul, "stinking nuisance."

"Stink be hanged!" said Mr. Hunter. "But say, your engineer told me that one with paddles came in about two o'clock this morning."

"Paddles?"

"Yes, paddles; and he says she had two funnels." Mr. Paul laughed.

"He must have been taking something to brace him up. Maybe a torpedo boat came in, and made such a row he thought it was paddles. Well, we'd better get some breakfast."

The race was to start at ten o'clock, and from dawn boats of all kinds had been up at the wharves getting water and preparing generally. The day was clear, and a stiff north-west breeze was making the harbour choppy. Spectators were everywhere; on the wharves and in row-boats and sail-boats. Every lobster fisherman in the vicinity had sailed in with his family, and the sails, from white to tan brown, were all over the harbour. But the steamers were the overpowering feature. There was the Caribou boat and six others loaded with spectators lying at the wharves. There were smaller steamers of all shapes and descriptions rushing about and dodging each other, and the chorus of shrieks from their whistles was indescribable. It was as if a steam caliope, such as circuses carry, was being abused. A deep-sheared tug would roll by, low set, and with her circulating pump hurling a jerking stream of water eight feet from her side. Then would follow a long, smooth-polished craft with a striped awning and an engine that sounded like a sewing machine. Then "Bang—bang—snap bang! puff—puff—bang!" and a gasoline yacht would pass and recall a militia company after the order "Fire at will!" had been given. She would be followed by a bluff-bowed tug, high forward and low in the stern, piling up a great wall of water in front of her. She had spent most of her life towing about a big dredge, and her owner said that if she could do that he didn't see why she couldn't keep up with the best of them. Down in the opposite direction would come a beautiful little schooner-bowed yacht, white, and with polished spars and shining brass, slipping along with hardly a ripple; while out beyond, with her skipper solid in his convictions as to what she could do in a seaway, would loom a two-masted ocean-going tow-boat. Then a top-heavy passenger boat from the Bay Chaleur would come down, letting herself out, and loosening up just to be sure that nothing was wrong; then two more launches, followed by another tug. And so they went. Over the rails of the open ones, and from doors amidships in the others, protruded heads of men with grimy faces and with hands holding bunches of waste or oil cans or spanners, each studying the bewildering array of his enemies, and each reasonably certain that, given favourable conditions, he "could lick the whole lot o' them."

About half-past nine Mr. Hunter's *Mermaid* came up the harbour. The sunlight was glinting on her varnished sides and glaring red and gold from the rose-lacquered brass of her funnel and boiler. A quarter of a mile be-

hind her came the *Niobe*, hardly less dazzling, and looking very formidable with her low set hull and big stubby funnel. She was at once recognised as the boat of the man who was willing to risk the thousand dollars, and was greeted by all the whistles. Then came a gun from one of the big passenger steamers that served as the judge's boat. It was the preparatory signal. In fifteen minutes the race would start. The crowd on the wharves and on the boats commenced to shift uneasily. The steamers circled and began to draw up into a long uneven line that stretched away across the big harbour; ocean tugs, harbour tugs, passenger boats, yachts and launches, each with its boilers fired up to the blowing-off point, and each after the thousand dollars offered by Mr. Montgomery Paul. Mr. Paul himself was excited, there was no denying that. He was trembling as he sat at the little brass wheel and swung the *Niobe* in alongside the *Mermaid*. He made a remark to Mr. Hunter concerning the weather. Then his engineer spoke up:

"Now will y' say I was drunk!" he said. "Look there!" and he pointed up the harbour.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Mr. Paul. Mr Hunter gasped.

"What in —"; then he stopped. Coming down from far up the harbour was something that looked not unlike a Tyne tug. Above a narrow black hull, crammed with machinery, towered two long, rusty funnels of unequal height, which were pouring out volumes of black smoke. Below were two broad paddles without boxes—paddles that were now being swung so viciously that the after part of the apparition was half hidden in clouds of flying spray that glittered in the morning sun. The boat's speed seemed to be marvellous, and her ugly black bow, with its copper-red bottom, sat on a cushion of seething foam. Behind her stretched a wide white wake. Other eyes were turned in her direction, and, as she came closer, still others, until nearly everyone in the fleet was watching her approach.

"On she came, with a cloud of—(coal dust),
  Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
  The faces of the crew."

The said crew

"—stood calm and silent
  And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
  From all the vanguard rose."

Mr. Paul's engineer spoke.

"Look at her machinery!" he gasped, "she's full of it. I'll be hanged if she hasn't got a screw, too! And Lord! look at her paddles! That beats anything I've ever seen!" The *Susan Bell* happened to be near, and Long Rory stood up.

"*Great Eastern* ahoy!" he yelled, and the crowd roared. Rory began to see who comprised the *Goosander's* crew.

"Hi, Donald," he shouted, "can y' lend us a boiler?" Donald stood up and smiled blandly.

"A'd be pairfectly weelin' t' lend y' th' two o' them 'n' row her ofer eef a wiz racin' th' *Susan Bell* alone," he said, and the crowd laughed again. The word went down the line that it was Donald McDonald, and those who knew him said: "We might have known he'd be here." Henry Simpson said: "Donald McDonald—that settles some of us!" Donald came up astern of the *Niobe*, and the paddles stopped.

"Good day, Mr. Paul," he said.

"Good day," said Mr. Paul, "that's a great boat you've got there."

"Aye," was the solemn answer, "a like th' design mysel'."

"By George!" said Mr. Paul to his engineer, "that's the old chap we had aboard the *Niobe!*" The engineer grinned unsympathetically. The *Susan Bell* was near and Mr. Paul turned to Rory and said quietly:

"Who is he?"

"Donald McDonald," said Rory.

"And who's Donald McDonald?" Rory laughed.

"Oh, he belongs to Caribou; y'll

likely know something about him before night," he said. Mr. Paul turned to the *Goosander* again.

"Aren't you coming up into line?" he shouted.

"Not 't present."

"There's only four minutes before the starting gun."

"A'm afraid o' gettin' my paddles broken. A'll trry 'n' coom up ootside wheyre th're's plainty o' sea room." Rory chuckled. "He's got blood in his eye this morning," he said to himself.

The *Goosander* hung back of the line and the big boats ranged up behind her. The Caribou boat was crowded with Caribou people, and they all seemed to recognise Donald at once, and yelled simultaneously. The old man sat in the *Goosander's* stern with the black spaniel beside him and his eye on his watch.

"Carswell," he said, softly, "y' needn't open up for a while. A'll run her wi' th' paddles." Now there was only a minute to spare. All down the line pop valves were blowing off, while clouds of steam were floating to leeward and the boats were rocking uneasily. For a moment everyone watched everyone else. Then came the boom of the gun from the judge's boat, followed by the throb of many engines and the spattering rifle fire from three gasoline launches; then the boil and rush and swirl of white water being hurled back by many screws, and the movement of the boats as they felt the thrust and started forward. The light launches got under way quickly and darted ahead, and the line swept on. Donald let them get fifty yards away. He looked up at the Caribou boat, which was bearing down on his stern.

"Don't hurry!" he said, "we've got feefty miles t' catch them." Then he opened the throttle of the long-cylindered engine. The paddles pounded the sea into smoke and disappeared in the spray, and the spray made the black spaniel sneeze violently. The crowd on the Caribou boat howled with enthusiasm, and a howl of derision came back from the fleet. The great race was started. The boats swept down Charlottetown Harbour and out past the light, leaving the water white behind them. Already they were beginning to sort themselves out.

A gasoline launch had caught fire and was burning briskly, while lobster boats from every direction were going to the rescue of her crew. Her owner was standing on her counter and swearing, and his language was fearful beyond description. A boat from Antigonish had run aground on a shoal on the far side of the harbour, and her skipper was following the example of the owner of the gasoline launch with a fluency bred of a lifetime of practice. A boat from Newcastle had run into a boat from Chatham, and they went on shoulder to shoulder, trying to shove each other out of the channel. Drawing out ahead were Col. Dan McPherson's yacht, the ocean tug, a tug from Charlottetown, one from Sydney and two from Halifax, with the *Mermaid* and the *Niobe* on pretty even terms just behind them. Astern straggled out a long line, of which the last two were Long Rory's *Susan Bell* and the *Goosander*. So they passed out into the Bay and bore away for the buoy off Point Prim. The *Goosander* crept up on the *Susan Bell*, and Carswell began to give the screw engine steam. Now they had plenty of sea room, and he opened her wider. The boats felt the first sweep of the seas coming down from the north-west, and rolled and wallowed ahead, throwing clouds of spray from their bows. A wave would come up and hit the *Goosander*, and her whirling starboard paddle would pulverise it and heave it aloft in bucketfuls and drench Carswell and Billy and Donald and the spaniel impartially. In the meantime McIntyre was getting wet over the bow, so the crew of the *Goosander* donned oilskins. The spaniel wanted to see everything that happened, and, bathed with salt water, sat up and wagged his tail and sneezed. In five minutes the *Goosander*

was alongside the white yacht, and in two minutes more she had passed her. Then she crawled up between two tugs and pulled ahead until she left them in her wake. Every time she passed a boat a cheer would come from the Caribou enthusiasts astern. Some few who knew Donald's record well noticed that so far neither of the *Goosander's* boilers had blown off. "Pop valves screwed down, as usual, I s'pose," said one, and the others nodded.

The *Goosander* was extremely persistent. She worked up gradually, and passed other and still other boats. The leaders were doing magnificently. Between the big two-masted tug and Col. Dan's yacht and the *Mermaid* and the *Niobe* there seemed but little to choose. But there was a good deal of a sea running, and the big tug was at her best.

One of the tugs from Halifax was holding on well and having a little private race with the boat from the Bay Chaleur. The other Halifax tug was a few lengths behind, and the *Goosander* was slowly coming up with her. Then they hung side by side for a few minutes. Finally Donald motioned to Carswell, and at the same time swung his throttle wide open. The *Goosander* trembled and seemed to fairly leap the seas. She passed the Halifax tug as though the latter were moored, and bore down on the other Halifax boat and the boat from the Bay Chaleur. She rushed in between them with her stern low and her paddles whirling halos of foam, and she left them and bore down on the van. She passed within twenty feet of the ocean tug and hauled across her bow; then she drove past the *Mermaid* and the *Niobe* and Col. Dan's yacht and pounded on ahead. Her boilers and funnels were white with crusted salt, and every time the spray hit them would send a great cloud of steam off to leeward. With the driving water slashing into his face and running down his oilskins, McIntyre crouched low in the bow, Billy Dunn and Carswell fired vigorously, and the old man sat motionless in the stern, smiling grimly. So the flotilla went past Point Prim Light, with the *Goosander* always gaining. Mr. Paul and Mr. Hunter were beyond talking, but their thoughts were stupendous; and Col. Dan was grinding out through his teeth something about "slab-sided coal scows," and freely damning a well-known builder of marine engines.

Now, anyone who knows Northumberland Strait knows that the worst place for an ugly, piled-up sea, that seems to come from everywhere at once, is just off Point Prim. In this case the wind, though not heavy, was brisk, and an occasional white comber came down from the direction of Cape Tormentine. The *Goosander* was doing splendidly. The long-cylindered engine's cross-head was rushing up and down the guides at a rate that satisfied Donald—and that is saying much—and one bearing that had threatened to get hot had been flooded with oil and had decided to cool down again. The *Goosander* now led the van by a quarter of a mile. Altogether, things looked propitious. Just at this stage a big roller gathered itself together and bore down on the boat's starboard side, breaking and hissing as it went. For a moment it towered, and then dashed into the starboard paddle. The *Goosander* staggered over to port, righted again and went on. Carswell pointed to starboard. The paddle was swinging two pieces of wood like flails. Donald signalled to stop her, and shut his throttle.

"Y' might breeng the hatchet, Meester Carswell," he said, slowly, "'n' joost tell Beely 'n' Jim t' coom aft 'n' breeng a bar to hold th' wheel." In a few moments the *Goosander* was drifting side to the sea and rolling violently. Carswell and Billy and McIntyre jammed a bar into the wheel and held it steady, while Donald climbed out on it with the hatchet. Two of the floats were split, and one of them was started away from the frame. The old man hacked and hammered and clung to the wheel as

the *Goosander* rolled it half under water. In the meantime the *Niobe* and the *Mermaid* came boiling up astern with the big tug and Col. Dan's yacht pressing them hard.

"Beely," said Donald, "y' might joost coom out here 'n breeng a few spikes." Billy climbed out warily, and together they hammered and chopped while the *Goosander* rolled prodigiously and soused them up and down in the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They were still hard at it when the *Mermaid* came up, sometimes lifting her screw half out of the water and sending the spray forty feet. The *Niobe* wasn't thirty yards behind her, and was visibly gaining. Mr. Hunter looked round and kissed his hand to Donald as he drove past, and Donald stopped work expressly to admire the *Mermaid*.

"She looks fery nice, a' must say," he said appreciatively, "'n' look 't thut boat; eesn' she pretty?" waving the hatchet at the *Niobe*. The *Niobe* took it as a friendly greeting and whistled as she passed.

"For heaven's sake, hurry up," said Carswell.

"Oo, th're's no hurry," was the slow reply. Col. Dan's yacht rushed past.

"Making some repairs?" asked the Colonel pleasantly.

"No," shouted Donald, "we're joost goin' t' cut away th' paddles; we've foond we don't need them." The big tug poomp-poomped past and offered a tow, and the rest of the fleet began to come up. Billy hammered in the last spike and the two, very wet, climbed hastily aboard. A moment later both engines were going at full speed again, and the *Goosander* was boiling along after the leaders. The whole episode only lasted three or four minutes, but it was enough to give her a long, hard chase. Donald and Carswell moved around with oil cans, Billy flitted from fire-box to fire-box, and McIntyre sat immovable, with eyes shifting from the compass to the Nova Scotia coast, and prayed. The combination was too strong for fate, and before long the *Goosander* was again beside the big tug. As she was crossing her bow, which McIntyre did with elaborate ostentation, Donald, without looking up, hung a rope over the stern. They passed Col. Dan silently and came up on Mr. Hunter, who was trying to light his oil fire, which had blown out for the fifth time. McIntyre went close to him and Donald threw aboard a lobster can with a bunch of matches in it. The *Niobe* was still eighty yards ahead, and as the water was getting smoother was going faster than ever. But at last even she had to succumb, and the *Goosander* splashed up beside her. Donald talked pleasantly to Mr. Paul, and told him that, aside from the *Goosander*, the *Niobe* was the finest boat of her size he had ever seen. Then, as the *Goosander* drew ahead, he said he was sorry to leave, but he wanted, if he could, to be in Caribou in time to see the finish of the race.

By this time the head of the long procession of boats was between North Harbour and the west end of Pictou Island. The old man smiled as he thought of Maisie and Dick and Aleck seated on the high bank and watching with the long telescope. "Na doot they're cheerin' noo," he said to himself. He tied a pair of spare overalls to the end of the boat hook and hoisted them up in the stern. The black spaniel got up to superintend, sneezed, slipped, sprawled, and silently went overboard. Donald jumped to the paddle engine.

"Stop her 'n' back up," he roared to Carswell. In a few moments the *Goosander* was stopped again and was slowly backing. The black head and shoulders would be seen on the top of a sea and then would disappear in the trough again. Donald would say "Coom on, old mon, y're doin' gran'!" and the tail would appear and agitate the water violently. Finally the *Niobe* came up and went past, followed by Col. Dan, and later by the big tug. The white yacht with the polished spars was within fifty yards when, at last, Billy leaned far over, grabbed the

black spaniel by the back of the neck and hauled him aboard. He immediately proceeded to shake himself over Donald, coughed for half a minute, and went back to his seat wagging his tail and evidently much pleased with the whole business.

Twenty seconds later the *Goosander* was boiling along again in the wake of the big tug. Carswell's hand shook as he tried to twist his throttle open beyond the thread. He looked ahead at the tug, with Col. Dan's yacht beyond, and the *Niobe* away beyond her. It seemed a fearful distance.

"Donald," he said despairingly, "we'll never catch her. We can't do it!"

"She's joost off th' Skinner's Reef buoy?"

"Yes."

The old man took off his oil-soaked cap and scratched his head.

"Weel," he said, "we can only try. A don't know thut we can eemprove her speed much. Y' might break up thut half barrel o' peetch thut's een th' for'd locker 'n' feed her w' thut." So the pitch was sacrificed, along with the barrel and a box that McIntyre had been sitting on, and the *Goosander's* long funnels took to vomiting fire, much to the awe of the crew of the big tug, which was passed again at McDonald's Reef. Col. Dan's yacht passed Cole's Reef buoy, and the *Goosander* passed Col. Dan's yacht at the same time, and still the *Niobe* was a long way ahead. Now they were heading straight into Caribou Harbour, with the finish line not four miles away. Ahead, the end of the lighthouse beach was black with people. The *Niobe* rushed up against the tide, and as she passed within twenty yards of them they cheered. The cheer that was on their lips for the second boat died away when they saw her, and they were silent with amazement. The speed of the extraordinary craft forbade laughter. They watched her in utter surprise, the black dory hull, the high, white, fire-vomiting funnels, the mass of machinery and the whizzing paddles hurling water over everything.

"She swings a wicked wheel," said one of them. Others had their eyes fixed on an old man in oilskins who sat smoking in the stern. They recognised him.

"Go it, Donald," they yelled, "you'll catch him yet," and cheer after cheer followed the *Goosander* up the harbour. Donald never turned his head. "Fallin' tide!" he murmured, and his practised eye watched the distance shorten between the *Goosander's* bow and the white water under the *Niobe's* glittering stern. The pitch had been used up and the funnels no longer vomited fire, yet the *Goosander* seemed to be closing the gap as quickly as ever. But the gap between the *Niobe* and the line was closing too. McIntyre could see the wharves packed with a silent crowd of people, and the judge's boat, with a fluttering white flag, just opposite the Government Pier. Donald had his watch out and was timing marks on the shore. Suddenly there was a yell from McIntyre.

"Look't th' *Niobe!*" All hands looked. The *Niobe's* crew were feverishly heaving something over the rail. "Coal!" said Billy; and coal it was. They were pitching it over as fast as they could pass it up. Donald smiled. "Thut's what a call seenfu' waste!" he said. Carswell was past replying, and Billy had broken out into language. "Conoondrum," said the old man to the spaniel, "he's callin' y' names for fallin' overboard, when y' were only plannin' t' gie them a good feenish!" It was no use; Donald was impregnable. The great calm, bred only of a crisis, had settled down on his soul, and he was supremely happy. Everything came to him with exaggerated clearness, as to a man after a strong dose of coffee. His sense of proportion was perfect. His relation to the world was normal, and the perspective of all things material and immaterial was just and true. He filled and lighted the black pipe with extreme deliberation, and slowly reached out and dropped the match overboard on the lee side. He knew just how the piston was running in the long-

cylindered engine, and how the steam cushioned against it at the end of the stroke. He could feel every swirl of steam and its expansion and falling pressure in its complicated course through the steeple-compound ahead. He felt the drive and flow of the water on the blades of the propeller, and the strain on the whirling paddles. He saw, and mentally noted in detail, the fields and hardwood-covered hills beyond the head of the harbour, the blue sky and the sparkling blue harbour itself, and the town sloping up on the north side, with the houses and the church steeples and the trees, and the waiting crowd on the wharves. He felt just how fast the *Niobe* was nearing the line, and just how fast the *Goosander* was nearing the *Niobe*; and he felt the result as a woman feels the result of her intuition. So he sat in the stern with a placidity that was supernal, and enjoyed to the utmost not only the world, but the universe. What could any steamer with a triple expansion engine and 190 pounds of steam do in the face of such poised assurance as this? Finally there was but a quarter of a mile to go. The *Niobe* rushed for the line, and the *Goosander* swung out of her wake and roared up beside her. Mr. Montgomery Paul again heard the stuttering thunder of those invincible paddles in his ears, and, without looking round, saw that black, ugly bow crawl up beside him and forge slowly ahead, while he was conscious of the presence of two long, uncomely funnels vomiting black smoke. Then came a great cloud of flying white water and the passing of a high, black stern with the boil of a screw beneath it; then the bang of a gun, the shriek of whistles, the clang of bells and the roars of a cheering crowd. The great race was over. The *Goosander* had won by a length.

The excitement was tremendous, and as the *Goosander* made for the Market Wharf the crowd followed and lined it from end to end. Carswell and Billy Dunn and McIntyre had to stay aboard and explain in detail, but Donald slipped ashore and disappeared. He had a deep-rooted objection to demonstrations.

. . . .

After sitting with Maisie and Dick on the high bank above the lobster factory and watching the boats go down the Strait, Aleck's feelings had got too much for him, and he had driven into Caribou to see the finish, taking his wife and the children. Donald found him for Mr. Paul, who presented the cheque in person, saying that if the *Niobe* had to be beaten he was glad it was by Donald McDonald, of whom he was beginning to learn something. Mr. Paul at least had the satisfaction of sitting on the wharf and watching the *Mermaid* tie up, while he gave vent to strictures as to the value of oil-fired boilers.

Aleck was determined that Donald should take five hundred dollars, but Donald wouldn't hear of it. Finally Aleck refused to take the colt back except on one condition, which was that he should pay Donald five hundred dollars for him. So Donald was forced to surrender.

That evening down the road to North Harbour drove a very happy family, and behind the waggon trotted a bay colt, whinnying because he recognised the way home. At the same time, round by sea, under the stars, went the only boat since the days of the *Great Eastern* that could boast both screw and paddles. Her crew consisted of an old man, who was smiling at the universe in general—and smoking—and a black cocker spaniel, who was wrapped in profound slumber.

THE END

THE FRIEND

BY JAMES S. MACDONNELL

I MADE a friend who was evil and good,
Generous, selfish, of variant mood,
A friend I uncertainly understood,
But the wish of his heart seemed true.

I watched my friend as we closely moved,
Marked what he reverenced, loathed and loved;
The evil I missed, the good I proved,
For the voice of his word rang true.

Doubt departed and confidence grew,
Surely all of my friend I knew,
Naught but a gentleman through and through—
I was sure that his life was true.

I breathed my trust in a casual ear—
"Ah, well! sans doute," came the killing sneer,
"But from what I have seen and heard, I fear
He's a good fellow rather than true.

"Innocence seizes the good as all,
But I can tell you of many a fall,
Of a slip, of a sin, of a shame to appal
In the one that you deem so true."

Black disappointment of pity and pain!
Blight of the proof that eats its stain
Through—over all the vision vain
Of my friend I had held so true!

We met, we twain, that weary day;
I charged him, and he answered "aye,"
Repentant, defiant, half drawn each way—
Yet the gleam in his eye yearned true.

He is still my friend and will wear for me,
Recks never a whit what I hear or see.
I love him for what his good can be,
And that is eternally true.

Learn the why of the Infinite Friend,
Mortal worth—immortal trend:
What ought to be shall be in the end,
For the Basis of things is true.

THE NOVICE IN PARLIAMENT

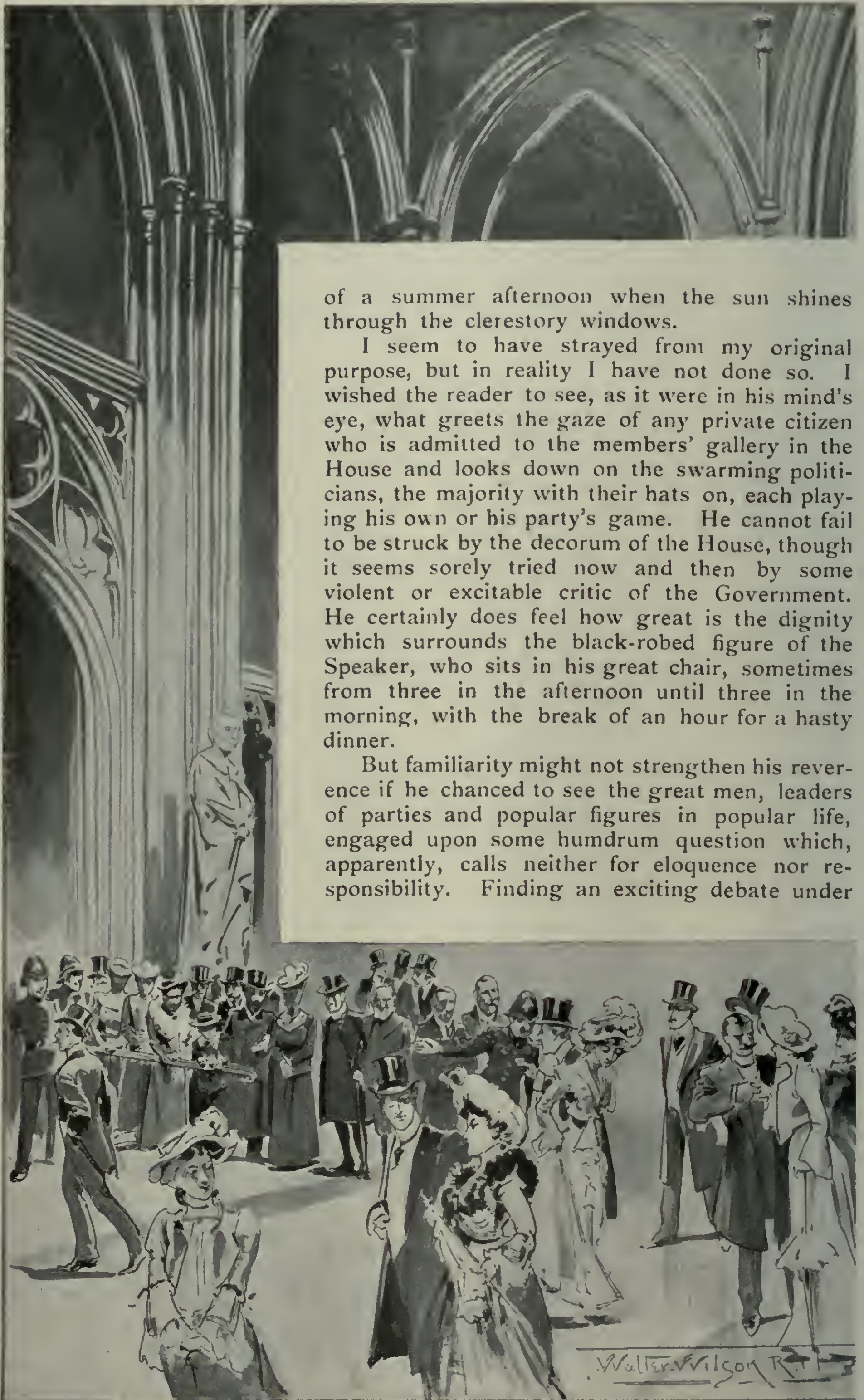
BY SIR GILBERT PARKER M.P.

DRAWINGS BY J. WALTER WILSON

HE difference between visiting the House of Commons as a private citizen and going there as a member of Parliament is too great to be easily realised. When you approach St. Stephens as a private citizen, the policemen who guard its approaches at the gateway of the members' yard eye you critically. These policemen are the pick of the police force and are very intelligent. They wave the private citizen on from the members' gate to the general entrance with an air of favour, not to say authority. At the general entrance he is, as one might say, carefully admitted to the outer corridor. Here, turning to the left hand, he can look down into the spacious Westminster Hall, where so many great events in English history have occurred. Statues of kings and queens and princes range along the wall. Straight ahead of him are corridors, approached by steps and lined with statues of the great men of parliamentary fame, such as Burke, Pitt, Falkland, Fox. Passing through this long hall of worthies, flanked by what are called conference-rooms, where members may meet deputations or their secretaries, the visitor comes, after the distance of a few hundred feet, to the outer lobby.

Anyone entering this lobby for the first time must be greatly impressed. Its majestic proportions and beautiful, lofty dome give it an air of grandeur. From its doorways and the gloom beyond come slowly members of Parliament, thoughtful and preoccupied. They are making for the inner lobby, called the members' lobby, on the margin of the Chamber itself, or are going out to some of the numerous committee-rooms or refreshment-rooms. All is busy quiet. But suddenly you will see these same members hurrying back in answer to the summons of bells sounding simultaneously throughout all the precincts of the vast edifice. A division upon some measure is being called. These legislators pressing towards the Chamber are as much under discipline as a schoolboy in the strictest academy. The members' master is the "Whip" of his party, who sees that he votes properly, and will not let him go out of the House without a "pair"—that is, someone on the opposite side who goes also, thus not weakening the party.

It is a beautiful vista which sweeps from the chair of the Speaker in the House of Commons to the throne in the House of Lords. The building was so constructed that the King, looking down the long lane of chambers, corridors, and lobbies, could see, at his duty in his high, wooden-canopied chair, the First Commoner of England, the Speaker of the House of Commons. There is a great nobility of architecture in the scarlet-benched Chambers of the Lords; there is an ecclesiastical and solemn beauty in the Chamber of the Commons—especially

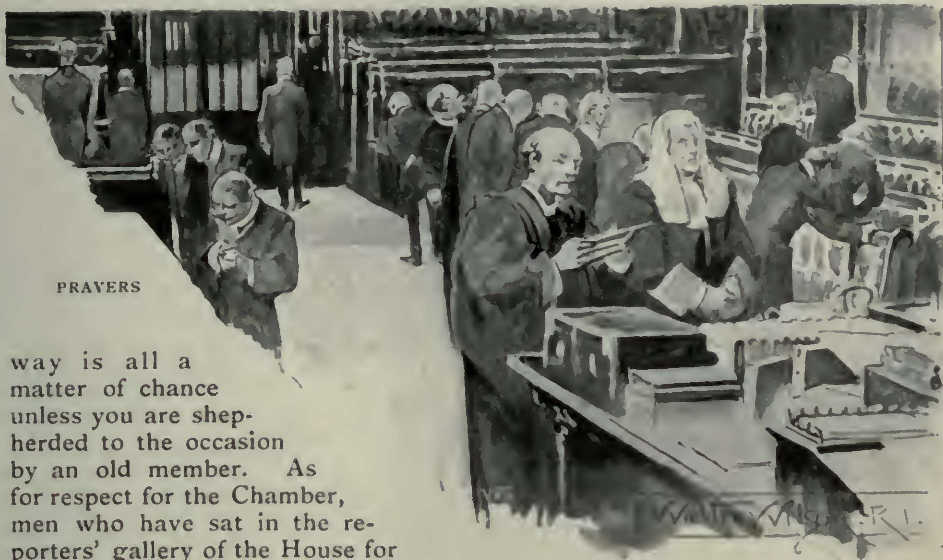


of a summer afternoon when the sun shines through the clerestory windows.

I seem to have strayed from my original purpose, but in reality I have not done so. I wished the reader to see, as it were in his mind's eye, what greets the gaze of any private citizen who is admitted to the members' gallery in the House and looks down on the swarming politicians, the majority with their hats on, each playing his own or his party's game. He cannot fail to be struck by the decorum of the House, though it seems sorely tried now and then by some violent or excitable critic of the Government. He certainly does feel how great is the dignity which surrounds the black-robed figure of the Speaker, who sits in his great chair, sometimes from three in the afternoon until three in the morning, with the break of an hour for a hasty dinner.

But familiarity might not strengthen his reverence if he chanced to see the great men, leaders of parties and popular figures in popular life, engaged upon some humdrum question which, apparently, calls neither for eloquence nor responsibility. Finding an exciting debate under

THE OUTER LOBBY



PRAYERS

way is all a matter of chance unless you are shepherded to the occasion by an old member. As for respect for the Chamber, men who have sat in the reporters' gallery of the House for years, looking down upon it with a familiarity almost like contempt, have told me that when they themselves were elected to the Chamber, they realised many forms of terror unfelt before—that terror of responsibility never absent from the mind of a member who takes a real interest in his duties, or who is ambitious to rise. I do not believe that any man ever got influence over the House of Commons who did not feel that to speak in that ancient Chamber, where the famous men of centuries have done service for their country, was one of the hardest trials of their lives.

Let us go back a little. I have written of the way the private citizen was treated by the guardians of the gates. Now suppose you are a new member of the House of Commons. As you come down Whitehall and approach the palace of Westminster, you will naturally suppose that you will have to explain yourself to the policemen on guard. You may be very proud of being elected, but your pride will not justify you in assuming that you will be recognised off-hand as a member. Yet, as you come to the crossing before the gates of the members' entrance, you will find a couple of policemen stopping all traffic for you. You walk through a lane made by omnibuses and carriages with a new and embarrassing sense of importance. You had forgotten, perhaps, or did not know, that a member may have all traffic stopped for him if he is on his way to the House of Commons. At the gate where you expected to be challenged, the tall policeman touches his hat. It is at once disconcerting and flattering. How does he know you are a member? You go down through the yard to the cloisters and meet other policemen who salute you. How do they know?

Take my own case—if I may be so personal. As I came to the cloister a policeman touched his hat: "Good day, sir," he said. "Good day to you," I answered. "Everything all right at Gravesend, Mr. Parker?" Well, in the language of the streets, you might have knocked me down with a feather. He not only knew my name, but also my constituency! I came on into the outer corridor of the members' entrance. Another policeman respectfully welcomed me with a salute and my name. Inside, the superintendent also knew me! And so on up the staircase. There really was nothing mysterious about it all. These picked policemen have excellent mem-

ories. They get hold of the biographical picture books of the House, and study the faces of all the new members, possibly for a week or ten days before the House opens. They seldom or never make a mistake. The first time I got into a hansom to go home late at night, I told the policeman my address: he never forgot it—and I was only one of several hundreds.

That is interesting as showing the wonderful system which governs the House. The system has not been made, it has grown. Everything connected with the Chamber is what may be called "expert." The House has the reputation of being the best club in the world, and so I think it is. It is also, I think, the best-disciplined and best-organised administration in the world. The form is rigid, yet there is plenty of freedom; the etiquette is severe, yet, within that etiquette, you may be as simple and natural as in a private house.

I had seen and heard debates in the House of Commons as a private citizen; I had dined there; I knew several of the ministers and many of the members personally, yet I never can forget my first entrance into the Chamber as "the elect of the people." It was at the taking of the oath of allegiance after the last General Election, in 1900. The House was to meet at three o'clock —that is the hour that the Speaker and the Chaplain enter the Chamber and prayers are read. I was there promptly to the moment. In the inner lobby I stayed to see the Speaker and the Chaplain enter the Chamber. It was a stately proceeding. You see the Sergeant-at-Arms in rosetted coat, silk stockings, knee-breeches and sword, coming slowly along the corridors from the Speaker's room, the Speaker in his silk stockings, knee-breeches, silk robe and wig, following with the Chaplain. Only three people, but we have in them the Throne, the Church, the State centered. Everyone stands still as they pass; there is no hurrying to and fro now. The doorkeepers, erect in their handsome liveries, are motionless and respectful. The trio pass into the Chamber. Three times the Speaker and Chaplain bow as they come up the floor, and the members present bow also. They reach the great table, the Mace is put upon it. The Speaker and the Chaplain bow to each other now and stand at the head of the table. The doors are shut; such members as are in the Chamber take their places. The short service of psalms and prayers are read by the Chaplain. During prayers the members turn their faces to the wall—"and all the air a solemn stillness holds." Prayers over, the Speaker proceeds to the chair, and the Chaplain slowly leaves the Chamber.

Presently the doors are closed; there comes a mysterious knocking; the Sergeant-at-Arms looks out through a small grating and asks who demands admittance. The reply comes: "A message from the King." The doors are again opened, and there comes slowly in a grey-headed, stately figure in a splendid scarlet uniform. He bows to the Chair. Half-way up the Chamber he bows again. Having reached the table, he bows once more. It is Black Rod. He reads the message summoning the faithful Commons to the House of Lords to hear the King's speech read. This done, Black Rod retires slowly from the Chamber backwards, bowing three times as before. The King's speech having been read by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords (I cannot describe that interesting ceremony here), the Speaker returns in state with the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Mace to the House of Commons. The taking of the oath is not a very formidable nor yet a very solemn proceeding, inasmuch as the only order of precedence observed is that a private member makes way for a minister. The Clerks of the House hand the Bible and the oath, which is printed upon a card, to a half-dozen members at a time. They all, standing in a row, repeat the oath and kiss the Book. Then they make their way to the table of the House, where they sign their names in full. After this they are escorted to the Speaker's chair,

MR. SPEAKER

where they are quietly announced and presented, and the Speaker shakes hands with them, silently welcoming them to the Chamber.

The mode of taking the oath was extremely interesting to myself, because, although a new member and not at home in the Chamber, I could not help observing the amusing differences between the new members and the old. The old members were noticeable by their cheerful familiarity with each other, and by the way they lounged, with an air of possession, on the green benches. The new member alternately sat and stood, not quite at ease, at one moment ready to elbow his way into the throng crowding around the table to take the oath, at another hesitating and stepping back again, nervously stroking his silk hat. He greeted new members like himself with a self-conscious and yet vague and far-away air. I expect I was much like the others. At the same time, I could get a good deal of amusement out of my, and their, inexperience.

THE DIVISION LOBBY

But there are many trying moments in the life of the new member. He has much to learn, and woe betide him if he does not learn quickly! In the House a member may sit with his hat on, but he must not stand with his hat on. He may not pass between another member addressing the House and the Speaker. He may not, however, be aware of the rule, or he may forget himself. It is a bad moment. Nobody has any sympathy. "Order! Order!" sounds all over the Chamber. Sometimes he turns to go back, but this is difficult, and then perhaps he turns himself into ridicule by crouching down and hurrying shamefacedly and abjectly to his seat. I have to admit that I once came between a member addressing the House and the Speaker, but so quickly, and I was placed so advantageously, that I think only one voice snarled "Order! Order!" But one of the oldest members growled at me as I passed him: "Mustn't do that! Mustn't do that!" I didn't do that again. Mem-

bers are extremely tenacious of tradition and custom. A member is never spoken to by his name, but only by his constituency—that is to say, he is called "the member for Northampton," or Aberdeen, or whatever place it may chance to be.

There is an expression called getting your sea-legs aboard a ship. Well, getting your parliamentary legs is a far more difficult thing, except to the very young and, therefore, self-possessed, or to a member highly charged with his own importance. For myself, I found my legs in a way by asking questions at what is called Question Time. That is to say, I put a couple of questions on the question-paper addressed to a certain Cabinet Minister. I only had to rise up in the House when the Speaker called my name, and say: "Mr. Speaker, I desire to ask the Colonial Secretary" (or whoever it might be) "question 39." It seems a very simple operation, but the sound of your own voice for the first time in that Chamber is embarrassing and distant. Not that the operation is so trying in itself; but when you are a new member, and your name is called, nearly every other member looks up from his paper with critical curiosity to see what you are like, to hear your parliamentary voice. It is, however, a good way to make yourself at ease, and it is well to remember that people who are much at home before all kinds of audiences outside the House are not always at home there. Great lawyers, professors, historians, admirals, generals, men who have been familiar with public speaking all their lives, have sat for years in the House without opening their mouths more than once, and that was to make their maiden speeches. It must not be forgotten that every man is play-

TAKING THE OATH

ing his own game in the House of Commons, and that if he is on the Government side all the Opposition are critically listening—perhaps scornfully listening—while people of his own side will not be favourable until he has shown "the mettle of his pasture."

And that maiden speech! Well, the moment of marriage is nothing to it. I had been waiting for two days for the opportunity to speak on the Budget; but when the instant came, although the House was more than half empty, I would gladly have run away. I have been under fire more than once in my life, but I never experienced anything like that; not because I had not something to say—I was deeply anxious to say certain things, but my throat got dry and my sight got dim, and my senses became confused. I had good matter prepared, I think, so far as facts were concerned, although I had not prepared a word so far as form went. I am bound to say that the House must have listened to me with great patience. I spoke for about twenty-five minutes; and although some members on the opposite side smiled sarcastically, and although my own side seemed to encourage me very little—I was too embarrassed to know—I managed for about four-fifths of the distance to keep my head. Then some one on the opposite side made interruptions, not wholly unfriendly, and that threw me off. The remaining fifth of the speech was repetition. Next day the newspapers treated me in a friendly way, though I believe one of the most important of the Opposition papers said I was a great disappointment. I do not wonder. I certainly was a greater disappointment to myself than I could possibly have been to any other human being. Agitated, over-anxious as I was, my wonder now is that I did not break down.

BLACK ROD

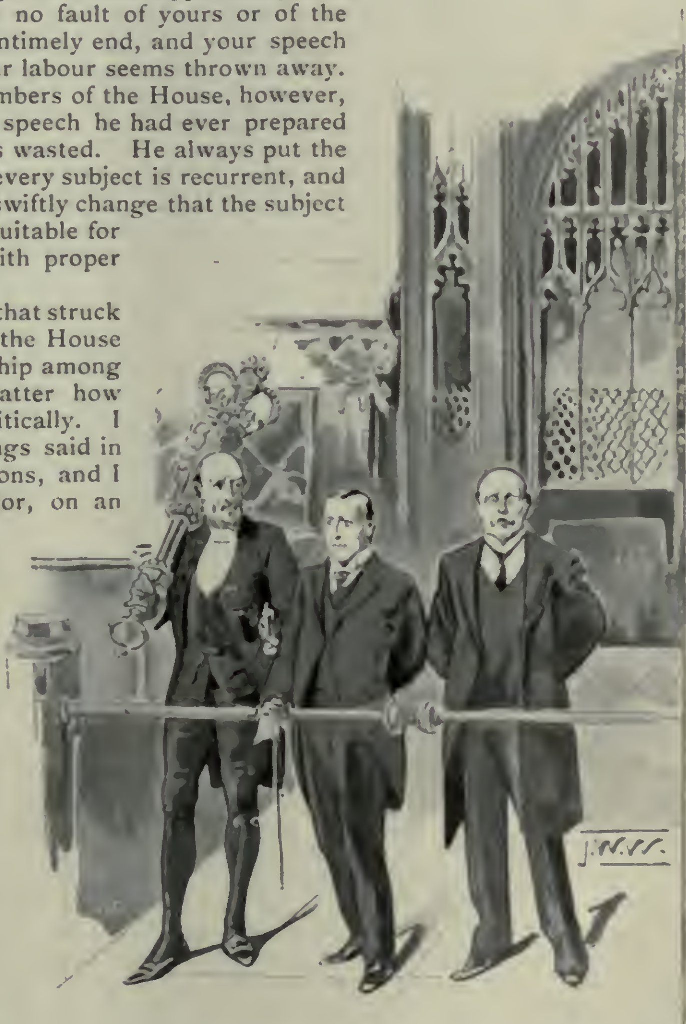
However, the maiden speech was over. Then came what, to me, was one of the most agreeable experiences of my life. With a sense of exhaustion and painful self-criticism upon me, my attention was suddenly arrested by hearing myself referred to by a speaker on the opposite side. It was Mr. Bryce, the distinguished member for Aberdeen. He paid me some generous compliments and said some welcoming words, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. I am a Conservative member, and, independently of that, I have been strongly opposed to some of Mr. Bryce's views, particularly upon the late war in South Africa; and in that maiden speech I was not, I regret to say, very generous in my remarks about the Liberal party. Mr. Bryce's friendly words were, therefore, the more magnanimous.

The most noticeable feature about my second speech was the fact that I was called to order by the Chairman of Committees five times, and that I sat down on my hat. I am glad to say that no one noticed the incident of the hat—in any case no comment was made and no one rallied me. Being called to order by the Chairman of Committees is disconcerting. The Chairman held that I was not speaking to the question—that is to say, I was dealing with matter which could not be considered on the particular Vote then under discussion. At first the House was somewhat impatient with

me, certain young members of my own side included; but I knew that my question had been dealt with on this same Vote before, and by alternately apologising to the House and committing the fault over again, I was able to call up three champions of procedure from the Irish, the Radical, and the Conservative side of the House, who held that I was right. It was too late for me to make an effective speech, but I carried my point—carried it with a rush beyond bounds of procedure in order to say what I wished to say. Before I could easily be called to order again I sat down.

It must not be thought that you can speak at any time in the House of Commons on any question. The fact is, you may have to wait six months before your particular subject comes up in the course of procedure. Then, when it is possible, you have to—as it is called—catch the eye of the Speaker. Now, the Speaker generally answers first, quite naturally, to the eye of the members of the Ministry, and after that the most important of the private members. Waiting your turn or opportunity, the debate may, through no fault of yours or of the House, come to an untimely end, and your speech does not occur. Your labour seems thrown away. One of the oldest members of the House, however, told me once that no speech he had ever prepared and not delivered was wasted. He always put the notes away, because every subject is recurrent, and conditions do not so swiftly change that the subject put by will not be suitable for a future occasion, with proper modifications.

One of the things that struck me first and most in the House was the good fellowship among the members, no matter how strongly opposed politically. I have heard hard things said in the House of Commons, and I have been a spectator, on an occasion, of violence, but there is very little, if any, speaking that is personally offensive. Members on both sides mix with great good nature in the lobbies of the refreshment and smoking and reading rooms. I have heard one or two speeches which were in execrably bad taste, something to make you squirm, but on the whole it certainly is a Chamber of good manners and



AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE: A CHARGE OF REFLECTING ON THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT

great decorum. It is wonderful, too, how you grow to respect people with whose ideas you have no sympathy. There are one or two rather vindictive Irishmen, and certainly one Labour member, whom I very much disliked before I went into the House; but the Irishmen are like lambs in the lobby, and the Labour member now lunches with me at my own table. This is not to say that the views of either of them appeal to me. It is to say that I understand their points of view.

The thing I disliked most when I entered the House was being obliged, when a division upon a measure was called, to make tracks into the lobby and pass through a turnstile slowly with three or four hundred others, like a lot of schoolboys—this sometimes twenty times a day. It struck me as being a wicked waste of time. I am bound to say also it seemed rather commonplace and stupid. But there it was, and you had to take it or leave it. I do not feel the same irritation now concerning that very practical duty of recording your vote for or against measures and the clauses of measures which must influence the country either for good or evil. As for its being a waste of time, well, the proper answer would be: "That is what you are there to do." You are one of a number who, in order to be effective, work as a mass.

I get many agreeable things out of my life in the House of Commons; but no impression made upon me at all compares with the impression of delight which I have at being in touch with a large body of men most of whom have done things, most of whom are representative of important interests in the country—great merchants, great scientists, great lawyers, notable gentlemen of notable families, all devoting their lives to the service of their country. I frankly say that, except when very tired by a long sitting, I have never had a dull hour in the House of Commons, and there have been some thrilling moments.

THE GUEST

BY VIRNA SHEARD

ONE cometh at Christmas, who comes from afar,
From the strange, unknown places where the dead years are;
He hath followed a trail of forgotten ways
Through the violet mists of the vanished days,
And he hath for his herald the morning star—
This shadowy guest who doth come from afar.

The gifts he doth bring us—Oh! wondrous and rare,
Are lost Christmas days from the winters that were;
The echo of voices we once used to hear;
The glimmer of faces, long hidden, yet dear;
The scent of dead roses, the glint of gold hair;
These gifts he doth bring us, so wondrous and rare.

There is age in his eyes, there is youth in his smile;
With fancies he fools us, with dreams doth beguile;
The gifts that he brings through the wind and the frost
Are but shadows of things we long ago lost.
Yet, "Memory, stay!" we cry—"Stay for awhile,
For Youth and its gladness comes back with thy smile."

JOHNNIE PURPLE'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

By HALLIDAY GIBBS

DRAWINGS BY EMILY HAND

"TO be sure, it would be nice to have a turkey for dinner on Christmas Day," said Mrs. Purple, decidedly: for, as everyone knows, that is a question easy to answer decidedly. "But we cannot always have everything that we like," she added brightly. Indeed, she might have said, "We cannot ever have anything that we like," for she was one of those numberless women who find it hard enough to get food and clothing of the plainest kind for a large family of small children.

Johnnie did all he could to help by holding horses and sweeping pavements, but he was barely nine years old, and small for his years.

"Very small," Mrs. Purple often said to herself anxiously, wishing at the same time, poor woman, that Johnnie had something to help him grow big and fat like other children.

"Well, I s'pose we'll hev to *pretend* we hev a turkey, that's all," said he with a great big sigh which seemed to come from the toes of his boots, or rather, indeed, from the place in his boots where the toes of them ought to be.

"Goodness! child, dear, don't look so old and anxious," answered his mother, "and run away all of you now to your beds, and don't be thinking about what can't be helped." So away to bed they all did go, for they were good children who usually did as they were bid.

This night, however, Johnnie could not help thinking, and thinking, and *thinking* about the turkey they could not have. He forgot to say his prayers, and when he remembered them he felt so dreadfully wicked he got up and said them all the more earnestly for having been so careless. Then he jumped back into bed, and after a while, somehow, the thought of the turkey came to him again. How fine it would be! a big, hot, delicious turkey! He wondered if there might be one hanging at the door of Dwindle's grocery store, or Soanes', or, perhaps, Gage's. Dwindle's, now, was not so very far away, and it was quite early yet—only about eight o'clock. The stores, he knew, were all alight, for it was Christmas week—the night before Christmas Eve. He felt sure he could go there and back in fifteen minutes, and no one the wiser. So up he got, pulled on his clothes, and away out of the house like lightning. And he ran. Mercy me, how that boy did run! Down one street and up another; around one corner and across another; up a third street, and down still another one, until he found himself clutched by the iron hand of a policeman who thought he had caught a thief this time for sure.

"Hi, you young villain, what have you there?" said he.

Then Johnnie stopped, because he had to, you know, and his big brown eyes were wide open with indignation as he answered, with a gasp: "Please, sir, I'm not a vill'n, an' I haven't anything I oughtn't to have, and I'm in a hurry to get there an' back." And, somehow, No. 49 knew by the open countenance and honest voice of the little fellow that he was telling the truth. So he let him go, and away went Johnnie faster than ever. He soon drew up at the door of W. W. Dwindle's grocery and provision store.

"So away to bed they all did go."

DRAWN BY EMILY HAND

And there, sure enough, was a turkey hanging at the door. And how funny it looked! It had its feathers all on; and as Johnnie drew nearer to get a good look, he saw that its head was on, too, and that its eyes were open and very bright. But the most ridiculous part of the whole affair was that, as Johnnie looked, the turkey opened its mouth and—he could hardly believe his eyes; he shut them tight and opened them again to make sure he was not mistaken; but he was not, for the turkey opened its mouth and *smiled.* Now, who ever heard of such an absurd thing?

"You are just such a boy as I was wishing to see. Yes—bright eyes, red hair, little and sharp. What is your name?"

Johnnie looked all around—behind him and at both sides; up the street and down the street. But there was no one near enough to have asked the question except the turkey. So he answered:

"Johnnie Purple."

"Johnnie *what?*" said the bird, rudely. "Johnnie *Purple?* I should have thought it would be Johnnie Red—or, at least, Johnnie Pink—which would be nearer the shade. However, it doesn't matter what-colour your name is if you will only cut me down out of this and let me away. I don't like hanging here, especially when it is so very near Christmas. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the turkey, "I'll give you the first three things that you think of that you want if you will cut me down. Will you, Johnnie? Is it a bargain?"

"Oh, I'd be afraid," answered Johnnie; "they'd think I was stealing you."

"Ho! that's so, indeed. I did not think of that. But," said the turkey—it was a remarkable turkey for ideas—"I'll tell you. *I* will take *you.* You jump on my back; I'm very strong, and I'll more than run with you. If that will not do, I'll fly so fast that no one can ever catch us. Eh? Quick, now; decide, for here comes a man!"

Sure enough, there did come a man, and that man was his mother's next-door neighbour. He would be sure to ask awkward questions. So, without

more ado, the boy jumped up and cut down the huge bird, which fell with a thump almost upon his head. Up Johnnie sprang with one bound to its back, and off they went. Poor Johnnie! he was dreadfully frightened. What would his mother say if she knew? Of course, he was not stealing the turkey. He tried to persuade himself of that, at all events. But what was happening? Was it stealing him? Why, no, of course not—how silly! Well, hadn't he cut it down from in front of Mr. Dwindle's store, where it had been hanging? "Oh dear!" cried the poor boy frantically, at the same time holaing the turkey with all his might for fear of tumbling off, "what if No. 49 could see me now?" Why, oh why, had he ever left his bed? Why had he listened to the voice of the turkey? There was nothing to be done now but to keep to the darkest streets and by-ways, so he wouldn't be seen and caught steal—there was that awful word cropping up again. It was too much.

"Whoa! Oh, whoa, and let me off, and go back—Oh, please and go back to where I took you from, you horrible thing!" he cried to the turkey—which took no notice of his pleadings, but, to add to his terror and dismay, began to rise higher and higher into the night air, carrying the miserable boy with it. Presently they came to the street where he lived. Again he clutched the turkey by the neck and tried to stop it; but faster and faster it flew until the house was reached. Johnnie could bear it no longer. He loosed his hold and, with a vigorous kick at the departing bird, he jumped, and found himself falling, falling through the air, down—down—down—O-o-o-oh! With a scream he awoke to find himself grabbing the curly head of his little brother, who was struggling hard to make him let go.

DRAWN BY EMILY HAND

"The Turkey opened its mouth and smiled."

Then what a laugh they all had when Johnnie told his dream the next morning! And little George's eyes opened so wide with wonder that Johnnie advised him to shut them quick or they'd split at the corners. When Johnnie came to the jumping-off place in his story the excitement of the youngest reached such a pitch that he began to cry. So the conversation had to be changed; for, you know, it was the day before Christmas, and everything had to be made as pleasant as possible for everybody.

Now, before the day was out, Johnnie, at least, had something very pleasant to think of. Early that morning he had earned two ten-cent pieces and a five. All day he waited for a chance to spend it for something for his mother—he was not quite sure yet what it was to be.

Just about dusk he found time to spin down town to look about him

DRAWN BY EMILY HAND

"Found himself falling, falling through the air, down—down—down—O-o-o-oh!"

and make his purchase. As he came near Mr. Dwindle's grocery store he couldn't help laughing as he remembered his dream and, looking up, espied a big turkey hanging head downward at the door. This one, however, was different from the one he made the acquaintance of the night before, for its feathers were off and its head not a bit alive-looking. But just as Johnnie stepped close to where it hung the cord it was tied with broke, and down the turkey fell right into his arms.

Now, here was a Christmas turkey thrown at him, you might say; here, again, was a splendid chance to skip away home with it, for no one was looking. But I am glad to tell you that Johnnie walked right into the store with it and, flopping it down upon the counter, told Mr. Dwindle how he had got it.

"So it fell, hey?" wheezed Mr. Dwindle. He was a fat man, you see, and his voice was husky.

"And your folks don't like turkey much, so you gave it back—is that it, me boy?"

"Oh, no—I mean—yes, we do like it, but I—I'll tell you." And tell him he did—all about his funny dream, and how much they all would like a turkey for Christmas, only they hadn't money to spare to buy one—and that was all about it. And he never had stolen anything in his life, and wasn't ever going to, either, because his mother always said—here he remembered that he ought to be at home, so he said good-bye to Mr. Dwindle and ran out of the store.

"Oh! hi, wait a second!" shouted Mr. Dwindle, running after him. And his voice was huskier than ever from the effort of running, I suppose. "I don't think I can sell this bird to anyone now—it's getting late, you see, so you may as well take it home with you, if you like—y' deserve it, anyway, m' boy, for catching it so cleverly, y' know, and I hope y'll have a Merry Christmas, m' boy—and many of them!"

Now, are you not sure that Johnnie

DRAWN BY EMILY HAND

"And are you not certain that they all had a merry Christmas that year?"

was a happy boy? And are you not certain that they all had a Merry Christmas that year? They have had many others, too, for ever since that time Johnnie has run errands and tied up parcels for kind Mr. Dwindle, and every Christmas he gets, among other good things, one of the very biggest and best of the many big and good turkeys that are brought into the place.

THE WAY TO PEACE

BY INGLIS MORSE

HE who would sweetly rest from haunting strife
That drives calm solace from the weary mind,
Must learn to let kind thoughts pervade his life,
And so, through these, the peace of Heaven find.

HON. ANDREW G. BLAIR

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. 57—HON. ANDREW G. BLAIR

THE resignation of the Hon. A. G. Blair from the chairmanship of the Dominion Railway Commission on the eve of the Federal elections has brought him more prominently before the public than any man in Canada save Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and a study of his career and character should be of interest to all Canadians and students of Canadian affairs.

Since 1896 the Hon. A. G. Blair has been one of the most striking personalities in our Federal politics. For thirteen years previously he had been the "one only man" in the Province of New Brunswick, and had held its destinies in the hollow of his hand. This eminent Canadian was born in Fredericton, March 7, 1844. He is of Scotch descent, and has many of his ancestors' characteristics. He is an indefatigable worker, a lover of ideas, and a man who has all of "Freend Donald's" calm reticence. He speaks but seldom, but when his voice is heard it is with no equivocal sound; and, although his actions have on several occasions mystified all classes, his position on national and international questions has ever been clearly defined.

This brilliant parliamentarian was educated at the Collegiate School, Fredericton, a school that has given the early training to many of the most distinguished men in the East. On

graduating from this institution he began the study of law, and in 1866 was called to the bar. For twelve years he devoted himself exclusively to the practice of his profession, and during that time won the reputation of being the ablest counsel in his Province. He was too strong a man to be permitted to hold aloof from public affairs, and in 1878 was persuaded to stand for York County for the New Brunswick Assembly. The Mackenzie Government had become discredited in the Dominion, and in no Province was the Liberal party at a lower ebb than in New Brunswick, but Mr. Blair unhesitatingly cast his lot in with the minority. He was elected; but his opponents were anxious to exclude a man of his calibre from the House, and a petition was filed against his return. He resigned, and once more faced the electors and won, although the entire strength of the Government was used to accomplish his defeat. He now found himself in a House hopelessly Conservative, the Opposition having six seats and the Government forty-one. Mr. Blair at once proved himself the ablest man in his party, and in one year after beginning his political career was chosen its leader. He rapidly gained a following, and in 1882 was at the head of a stalwart Opposition of seventeen members. In the following year he defeated the Hannington Administration, and was called on to form a Government. He was ready for the occasion, and in one day selected his cabinet. He has since been to New Brunswick what Sir Oliver Mowat was to Ontario; and, although in 1896 he entered the larger arena of Federal politics, men trained by him, and largely guided by him, have held power.

During Mr. Blair's first term as Premier, and while holding the position of Attorney-General, an incident occurred that almost ended his career. In the Circuit Court at Bathurst one Philias Laitange was tried for murder. The Court pronounced him insane, but Philias, who, from Mr. Blair's handling of the case, fully expected the death penalty, thought that such was the sentence. The prisoner seized a heavy water-pitcher, and shouting out in a frenzy of rage: "If I'm going to hang, you'll die first," smote the Attorney-General over the head with a well-directed blow. Fortunately for Canada, Mr. Blair was merely stunned.

In 1886 the Government in New Brunswick narrowly escaped defeat. When the returns were made the parties were practically tied, but with the four members from Northumberland County standing aloof in a semi-independent attitude. They had indeed been elected with the tacit understanding that they would support Hannington, but they had their price, and although Mr. Blair has never been guilty of the corrupt methods that have disgraced both political parties in Quebec and Ontario, he was not above purchasing them with a portfolio and a reduction of the stumpage tax, the real issue on which they were elected. When the House met the artillery of the Opposition was directed against the Premier for the Northumberland deal. The Northumberland members unblushingly laughed at their abuse and jibes, while Mr. Blair treated them with calm indifference. It is difficult to applaud his action on this occasion, but the solid ability of Blair was infinitely better for the Province than the frothy commonplaceness of Hannington.

In 1887, at the interprovincial conference held at Quebec, Mr. Blair was one of the most prominent representatives. At this conference he endorsed a motion favoring unrestricted reciprocity, and at the same time expressing "fervent loyalty to Her Majesty and warm attachment to British connection." In 1893 he attended the celebrated Liberal convention held in Ottawa. At this meeting he was chosen vice-chairman, and in accepting the position expressed himself with characteristic brevity on the unity and solidarity such a convention should give the party. Important questions were discussed and a platform based, but on the subjects under discussion

Mr. Blair kept silent. He uttered no words that he would have to take back, made no promises that on some future occasion he might have to repudiate. Indeed during the whole of his career he seems to have had as his motto "silence is golden."

The dark days for the Liberal party were rapidly passing, and in 1896 it was elected to power with a substantial majority, and Mr. Blair as the ablest statesman in New Brunswick was given the portfolio of Railways and Canals, and he resigned his premiership. During the thirteen years in which he had led the Government of his province he might be said to have broken down party lines. He recognised that for the management of local affairs good business men were needed, and he formed truly coalition cabinets. From the beginning of his leadership he worked side by side with men who in Federal politics were his political opponents. Much of his success was due to his freedom from prejudice, and while party government is a necessity where great national issues are at stake it would be undoubtedly of benefit to all the provinces if the local governments were conducted along his lines. As Minister of Railways and Canals he worked with the same energy for the good of the Dominion that he had exercised for the welfare of New Brunswick, and the vast improvement made in the efficiency of the Intercolonial Railway is an evidence of his thoroughness and wisdom. He was soon recognised as one of our greatest railway experts, and in the councils of the railway magnates no man's opinions were listened to with greater respect. He held his Cabinet position until 1903, when the project of the Grand Trunk Pacific was suddenly launched. He disapproved of the method adopted by the Government for the building of this line, and in the heat of the discussion resigned his portfolio. He trenchantly criticised the Government's policy, but did not break with his party or lose the respect and confidence of his leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Later it was with a feeling of surprise and pain that many of his admirers learned that he was about to accept the Chairmanship of the Railway Commission appointed to deal with all questions relating to the railway systems of Canada. But it must be remembered that this commission had been a pet scheme of Mr. Blair's, and for the duties required of him he was head and shoulders over any other man in Canada. In his new office his work was ably judicial; but he was still out of harmony with the Government's policy, and on the eve of the Federal elections resigned his chairmanship. His action mystified friends and foes alike. On the one hand it was thought that he should have waited until the battle had been fought; on the other it was expected that he would stump the country against the Government, as the only real issue before the country was the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific. His action can have but one ending; if he remains in public life he will have to join forces with the Opposition. Mr. Blair has ever been a hard man to control, and since 1896 his associates have been kept in a nervous state of tension as to what course he might pursue. He proved himself heedless of party in New Brunswick, and he has to some extent done the same in the Dominion. The Conservatives made a bid to win him to their side when he left the Cabinet and again when he resigned from the Commission. Had he listened to their appeals he would have been in no way breaking with his past, and would undoubtedly soon have found himself leader of the Opposition.

There is another side to Mr. Blair's character that the public is apt to overlook. He is a student and a lover of art and fine books. His library is one of the best in Canada, and when he resigned from the Cabinet he felt like a slave who had cast off his chains and was once more to associate with his best friends, his books. He is one of the most genial of men, and has a host of friends, especially among young men, and those intimately associated

with him in life have found him a most lovable personality. He is a man, too, whose very appearance attracts, and anyone meeting him in the streets of a city would turn to take a second look at his impressive figure with his erect, massive head set between his broad shoulders. A leader of men he has ever been and, although he is apparently resting now, his leadership is not yet ended.

T. G. Marquis

THE ACE OF HEARTS*

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Thoroughbreds," "Brave Hearts," "Mooswa," etc.

FOUR men were sitting down to a rubber of whist in the verandah of the Gymkhana Club in Arakan. They had dined, which was wise, for "the Devil lurketh in an empty stomach," say the Burmese, and no man can see the end of luck.

Cook and the Major cut together as partners, and Campbell sat opposite Herbert. Then, because the seat next the wall was out of the breeze and hot, they cut again for seats. That was the Major's doing—he was always like that, arranging things fairly.

"Here, you fellows, cut!" cried the Major. "Campbell has cut the Queen and I have turned up the deuce, so I suppose I have won the warm corner."

Herbert cut a "ten," and Cook turned over the card he had been holding face down—it was the ace of hearts.

"For downright cooley-headed luck commend me to Cook," laughed the Major, as that gentleman pitched into the hot seat.

And the cutting of the cards was the drawing of lives in a lottery.

"Can't make it out," sighed the Major, as he watched Cook throw away with consummate care every chance which came his way. "It's 'sun,' or the boy's in love."

Then the god of whist cursed with bad luck the Major and his partner. That was because Cook nursed six trumps until they were as a long-kept ulster—useless.

"You've the best of the seats, after all, Cook," broke in Campbell, "for the breeze that cuts across the corner of the verandah here is heavy-laden with the perfume of the native town; and it's *Gnapie*, my boy, sweet gnapie, which I will back to knock out all the scents of Naples Bay."

"It's like a graveyard," grunted Herbert, lighting a cheroot; "it makes me ill."

In the billiard room someone was picking at a banjo. Suddenly a fresh, sweet voice sang a verse from the "Bengali Baboo," and the players joined in the chorus:

"*Kutch perwani*, good time coming,
sing 'Britannia rules the wave';
Jolly good fellow, go home in the
morning, how the Baboo can make
slave."

Only Cook did not sing. He sat like a grave-digger—a sense of coming evil had spread its gloom over him.

Then he made the second misdeal in twenty minutes. The Major never moved a muscle—he was facing the guns now. He bit the corner of his iron-gray moustache, and looked straight into his hand.

"Just as I thought," he muttered; "the young ass has lost his head over 'May,' and there'll be no end of a row

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about it. The Colonel will never let May take up with a merchant; why, he'd turn his nose up at a Civil Servant. He's a good enough little chap, but his position isn't in it with the Colonel."

Then Campbell ordered a bottle of "Simpkin," swearing that he couldn't stand Cook's long face, and that they'd have to drink the blue devils out of the game.

"Here's to the little woman that's driving the whist out of your head, Cook," said Campbell, holding his glass up.

"Sh—" broke in the Major, "leave the ladies out of it."

The wine made no difference. The luck ran just the same, dead against Cook and the Major. Cook was playing like one in a dream; the voices of his companions sounded far away.

The Major called for trumps — "shrieked for them," as he put it—but his partner was oblivious of such trifles. There is only one result to such play—disaster.

"I'm sorry, Major," said Cook, when the rub was over, "for playing bumble-puppy with the game, but there *is* something; when I put my hand over to your side of the table I feel as though I were touching a corpse."

He was serious enough, but the others laughed. "Bets are off when a man's dead," said the Major, "so you will have to pay the whole shot, my dear boy, if I'm dead. I tell you what it is: if you keep on, I shall go behind this month. If it were not for the money I make out of you Juniors, I should be in a bad way."

They all knew that he'd give away everything he could not lose in a fair gamble if anyone needed it—all but one thing, the V. C. on his breast. That was the one thing he did seem to care for; that, and the service.

The "V. C." he got up in Afghanistan when he drove a horde of bloodthirsty Patans back from a wounded boy of a lieutenant they were trying to spit, and carried him in under his left arm.

But the "Something" kept grinning at Cook from among the glasses and cards, and sometimes it was peering at him over the shoulder of one player and sometimes the other. He saw it plain enough, but to speak of it simply meant unlimited chaff and an "after" that might stick to him. It does not do to see "Things" and *speak* about them. A man may hold his tongue, though it feel like Irish frieze, and as dry and thick, but he cannot help the nerves—nor the cold damp on the forehead, either.

The Club was very quiet, and the fellows who had been clicking the balls in the billiard room and singing bits of songs had gone home. Suddenly from the shadow of the sloping bamboo roof a harsh, grating voice called "Tucktoo!"

Cook jumped perceptibly, and the pins were sticking sharper than ever in his scalp.

Seven times the voice called in that sharp, imperious way, the last cry dying out in a long-drawn "A-A-A-huh!"

"Hello! are you back again?" queried the Major, peering at the roof. "Something must be going to happen. When I came here the Gym was blest with a lucky Tuck-too, a regular mascot, but Hashim assured me that he left the day after I set foot in the place. I wonder if he thinks that I am not coming here any more? Perhaps my luck is going to change. Why luck should be associated with those hideous—"

"Tucktoo! Tucktoo! Tuck-ta-a-h!" drawled the lizard in derision, overhead.

"Oh, never mind him, Major!" broke in Herbert; "he's only after the flies—he finds it deuced good stalking round when the lights are going."

The Club was very quiet—"creepy" Cook called it. Suddenly the big, brazen gong over by the *Cutcherry* sent out a booming note, as the sentinel swung his heavy wooden mallet. Then again, and again, twelve times; it was midnight.

"Ah! I wish that were 'Big Ben' calling to me from Westminster, and this my club at home," sighed the Major; then he added abruptly: "Time's up, gentlemen. It's Sunday morning."

"Come on, Cook, I'll drop you home in my trap. You look as though the 'Mulligatawny' had been a little too heavy for you."

Just as they rose from the table the weird, ghostly call of a jackal came cutting through the heavy night air like the thrust of a javelin. Then another answered from the other side of the big maidan just opposite. Then another and another took up the dismal, wailing note, until the whole night was made hideous with their ghoulish din.

Cold drops of perspiration stood out like beads on Cook's forehead. "Hold on," he gasped, "I must have a peg before I go—I fancy I'm a little off."

As the grey Waler mare swung them around the white stone post where the club road turned into the main street, the Major felt someone get up behind on the dog-cart.

"Is that you, Campbell?" he asked, for he could see the syce running on ahead yet. No one answered, and he looked around—there was no one there.

"Deuced queer," he muttered; "I could have sworn that someone jumped up behind as we struck the road."

Cook did not speak—he could see *It* up behind there, peering at him over the syce's shoulder, who was also up in his place on the back seat now.

Cook looked after the high-wheeled dog-cart as it whirled away down the gravelled road after the Major had dropped him at his bungalow; there were three figures still in the trap.

"I'm glad Lutyens felt it get up behind," he muttered as he turned into the bungalow; "my head is hot enough, but it's not there that the trouble is—he felt 'It' get up behind, and, God knows, I've seen nothing else since we left the club. And it was sitting there beside the Major as he drove off. God! I hope it's not Lutyens."

The next day about 10 o'clock, Cook's head clerk, Baboo Grish Chunder, came to the bungalow.

"Cholera get plenty worse, Sir!" said the Baboo. "All Burmese coolies under Manji Nee Aung run away last night. They plenty 'fraid this seekness, Sir. Ramsammy tellin' me Herbert Sahib, he gettin' chol'ra too."

"Great God!" he muttered, "that's the first."

Then he ordered his trap and drove over to Herbert's bungalow. As he pulled up his pony, a man came out on the verandah—it was Major Lutyens. His voice was querulous as he said: "Look here, youngster, just turn your pony's head about and drive off to your own bungalow again. You can't do any good here, and I shall see after Herbert all right."

But Cook got down from his cart in a quiet, determined way, and told the syce to put the pony under a neighbouring banyan tree.

Then Lutyens spoke again. "You're young, Cook, and you've got it all before you. I'll see that Herbert has every care—of course, the black devils will all clear out and leave him alone, but I'll stop, and the doctor will send an assistant down from the hospital if he can spare one. He says that it's simply hell up there. All the wards are full of the cholera patients, and the assistants are clearing out—God knows he hadn't too many as it was. So, now, clear off home, and don't drink any water that anybody has even looked at."

But Cook had come up on the verandah by this time, and was coolly lighting a cheroot.

"Do you hear?" said Lutyens. "It doesn't matter if it does come my way; I've seen all there is to see, and, besides, what does it matter to a man who couldn't poste obit a note for enough to buy a dinner at the Great Eastern? I think you ought to cut it for Somebody's sake, if not for your own—you'll be all right in that quarter some day, perhaps."

But his words seemed to have but little effect on Cook, who puffed at his

cheroot leisurely, and seemed to be waiting until Lutyens should have finished.

"As for me," continued the Major, "I really fancy that I am in for it, anyway; the breeze that blew across the table last night over the three of us carried this infernal thing, this cholera—it was that which Campbell thought was the perfume of *gnapie*. You missed it where you sat—the ace of hearts let you out."

"It doesn't matter about all that, Major," answered Cook, doggedly; "I've come up to help look after Herbert. I haven't had as much experience as you, but I know what it is like when this thing comes along. All the servants clear out and leave a man to shift for himself—that means shifting over the river. I am sure it was last night did it, and because I was lucky enough to get the sheltered seat I am not going to back out of it that way. I am going to see the game through."

A soft, mellow light came into the Major's deep-grey eyes as he held out his hand and said: "You should have been in the service, Cook—come inside."

There was no doubt about it—the surgeon said it was *pukka* cholera, and only the best possible care could save Herbert.

It is always the same—the fight is short and sharp; soon settled one way or the other—more often the other.

In India there is no hurry; Life is slow, but "Death gallops on the King's horse." Yes, death is fast there—the yellow-whirlwind rush of the tiger, the cobra's dart, the coming of the black death—the cholera—these are "ek dum" (at once), where all else is so slow.

Side by side the two men fought through the silent watches of the night for the life of their friend, but as the gray streaked the sky next morning the blue nails were driven into the white, cramped palms for the last time. It was settled—the other way.

One hand had been played out, and together they must go on, for Campbell was down now.

There was no questioning, no admonition now to turn back; silently, steadily they fought it all over again, fought the hideous black thing that came down from Chittigong with the coolies coming to the rice mills.

On the third morning there were but two left; another hand had been played out.

"Now, my boy," said Lutyens to Cook, as he left him at his own door, "I am going home, and if you hear that I am down with this, and come near the bungalow, I'll shoot you—by God! I will."

Cook climbed wearily up the steps of the bungalow and threw himself into a chair.

"Poor old man," he murmured, "God grant it may pass him! Poor old man"—and then his head dropped heavily to one side as he sat in the chair. He slept like a log—the sleep of exhaustion. At tiffin time the Khitmutghar woke him up.

"Go over and find out how Major Lutyens is," he commanded. "Don't let him see you."

Then he ate a little, and drank; it was safest, and would keep his strength up for the last fight, which he felt must come—the last hand in the rubber. After that—? He really didn't care very much, he was so tired.

He drove to his office; things were going all right there, so he drove home again.

"Major Sahib seek, Sah," was the laconic report of his Khitmutghar.

Whatever had been the Major's intentions with regard to the shooting, he had no chance to put them in execution, for Cook walked into his bedroom unannounced. That he swore and called Cook a young ass did not matter in the least.

The Surgeon had been there, and it was the same thing over again, only now it was drawing toward the end. There was only one to fight.

Later on in the evening, when the terrible spasms had left Lutyens for a few minutes, he turned his grey eyes, now grown so large and luminous, on Cook, and said: "It's no use, old

man; I never funked it in my life, and don't now, but we simply can't beat out Fate—Mera Kismet, as the natives have it. There was only one life out of the four to be spared, and you got it when you cut the ace of hearts. You deserve it all, for you're pluck to the backbone. Come here till I pin this V.C. on your breast, to show you what a dying man thinks of you. Of course I can't give it to you—I only wish I could, for if ever a man deserved the Victoria Cross, you do. I shall be buried with it on my breast, but let my eye rest on it where it is now till all is over. I would rather die with the cheer of my men behind me, and the howl of the enemy in front. God! how we pricked those Afghan devils with the cold steel the day I won that on your breast. But I know when I'm beaten, and shan't fret about it.

"I think I had better tell you something that is on my mind while I am talking. I myself loved May—everybody did, I think—she never knew it, though. It wasn't good enough for her — my love, I mean. The old Colonel was sweet on Herbert, and the title, and all the rest of it. Herbert, too, was madly in love with her, but you didn't know that, Cook. In some things your innocence is simply lovable.

"Promise me this, comrade, that when toward the end I begin to weaken, and the cramps double me up, so that you have to use all your strength to pull my head from between my knees, you won't pay any attention when I ask you to put an end to it all by giving me an overdose of chlorodyne, or a bullet, or something. Just let me fight it out to the end, then there will be no aftermath of misery for you."

All this talk did not come at once. There were the terrible and increasing spasms, and between, brief spells of semi-collapse and quiet, in which the brave man, dying surely and horribly, talked.

It was only a little longer—as with the others. The surgeon and the drugs, and the brandy, and the rest of it, were as idle as the tears that coursed down poor Cook's cheeks—the round cheeks that were now so pale and drawn—as he worked over his dying friend.

"God bless — hearts — yes — ye-s —the—the—ace—Cook—the—the—the ace of hearts."

It were better thus. He did not feel the pain now—did not know.

Then the eyes cleared for a minute, and the lips moved—very dry and white they were. Cook put his ear down close.

"Good-bye, May—Cook," sounded like the dying sigh of a gentle breeze.

The third and last hand had been played out in that game of death.

Cook drove home alone this time. There was nothing sitting on the seat behind now—not even the syce. The Sahib was mad to expose himself to this terrible thing—he would rather run behind. They are careful servants, the natives—of themselves.

There was no marriage. It is often that way in India—more of death than marriage.

"I loved Major Lutyens more than I shall ever love any other man," May said simply to Cook when he asked her to be his wife, "but I suppose he never even thought of me. I avoided him because I knew he did not care for me."

That was why there was no marriage.

The Ace of Hearts rests on Cook's dressing-table, framed in silver.

BEAUTY

BY INGLIS MORSE

ALL beauty lies in man:
'Tis he alone who rears
An ideal world of art
Through passing of the years.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT*

By G. B. BURGIN, Author of "The Ladies of the Manor," "The Shutters of Silence."

I

"WERE I to employ all the powers of sarcasm at my command, I should simply wither you. Wither you," repeated Mr. Gellatly Grime, with emphasis. "As it is—door, Ja——"

"Pardon me," said the young man, "but you do not seem to be aware that, as yet, all the discussion of this somewhat important matter has been on your side."

"Well, sir, well? I am the young lady's father."

"*She* cannot be responsible for Nature's mistakes," softly murmured Hartley Munro to himself. Fortunately, Mr. Gellatly Grime was slightly deaf, and did not hear him.

"Well, sir, well?" interrogatively repeated Mr. Gellatly Grime. "In the absurdly improbable event of my listening to your request for my daughter Honoria's hand, may I ask what are your expectations, and how do you propose to live?"

"We expected to live on——"

"On me?"

"With your assistance, for a little while," modestly returned the young man. "We should feel it our duty to comfort your declining years."

"They are only declining to the extent of not accepting your offer," said Mr. Gellatly Grime. He touched the bell, but Hartley Munro, with the brazen self-sufficiency of happy and inexperienced youth, put his hand on his arm. "One moment, my dear sir. One moment."

Mr. Gellatly Grime glared at him. "Are you aware, sir, that I am the director of several public companies, and that every second of my time is golden?"

"Oh, it's only just after dinner. Besides, we don't like you to work so hard for our benefit," suggested Hartley Munro. "What's the good of it?"

"'Our' benefit?"

"Yes—our benefit. You'll have to die some day, you know; and you also know that you can't take your money with you."

"And I further know that as long as it pleases Providence to spare me to carry on the momentous undertakings in which I am interested"—he was quoting from his last great speech—"I intend to—to——"

"Stick to it," sympathetically suggested Munro. "Quite right, sir. Quite right. Only we'd like to have you with us as long as possible. Don't want any more undertakings in the family, you know."

Mr Gellatly Grime nearly foamed at the mouth. "Your effrontery! Door ——"

"Pardon me, my dear sir. You *will* make this discussion so one-sided. You invite me to dinner—and a very excellent dinner it is," he added. "Never had such a good dinner in my life."

Mr. Gellatly Grime was partly mollified.

"Well, sir?" Dinner always appealed to his highest instincts. Indeed, that part of his frame which nowadays we euphemistically call "Little Mary" (thereby irretrievably degrading one of the loveliest feminine names) could no longer truthfully be called "little," partaking as it so largely did of the shape of a suburban bow window.

"It would be well if you'd only listen to me," pleaded the happy young man. "With your assistance this invention of mine could be developed, I could marry Honoria, you could come on the board of the company

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and make some money for us, or go into Parliament; and we should all be happy together. Of course, if you elect to become the customary stage parent, decline to help us, foam at the mouth, and all that sort of thing, you'll probably have a fit, and die without words of sweet forgiveness on your lips. You men of strict business habits never do make wills, because you are so afraid to die. Consequently, when Honoria and I reap the benefit of all your money, wherever you are you will doubtless be very much annoyed."

Mr. Gellatly Grime stood on the hearthrug and swelled, physically and mentally. "Your proposition savours of blackmail, sir. You could not give my daughter the luxuries to which she is accustomed. What is your present income?"

"Just now"—the young man looked at his watch—"it is a hundred and fifty a year. If, as I expect, the syndicate which is considering my invention at this moment has resolved to take it up, it is probably increasing every second."

Mr. Gellatly Grime was struck by Mr. Munro's coolness. "What did you say the name of your invention was?"

"Pardon me, sir, but I am pledged to the syndicate not to mention even the name or the nature of it until January next, and this is only Christmas Eve," said the young man.

Mr. Gellatly Grime reflected. He had been approached by a syndicate that afternoon about a patent which promised a complete revolution in the construction of steam engines—a patent which was to make a small engine do the work of a big one. He had contemptuously declined to "go in" with the promoters, besides carefully advising them that they were throwing money away. At the same time, he had made a note to get behind the promoters, if possible, and find out the real value of their patent. But it was absurd to suppose that a flippant young man like Munro could by any possibility have anything to do with such a patent. He sneered.

"I waste a good dinner on you," he said with imposing majesty, "and in return you propose to rob me of my only daughter. Be content with your dinner, and let us part in amity."

The young man hesitated. "Impossible, my dear sir. Impossible."

"Why impossible?" Mr. Gellatly Grime softened, for Munro evidently began to see things in their true light.

"For a good many reasons," Munro declared. "Your dinner was so good that I can't help thinking what a lot Honoria is sure to know about the production of good dinners."

"She may know, but good dinners cost money, young man. Money!" He jingled his seals impressively.

"Of course, my dear sir; but when we get money, as we shall do, it is just as well to make the best use of it, and I am sure Honoria, under your able tuition, must have learnt to know a good dinner when she sees one."

"Possibly," said the old man, drily. "Possibly! The only flaw in your reasoning, Munro, is that there is no necessity for her to share her knowledge with you. You'd better not come up to the drawing-room. I will tell Honoria that you are suddenly called away."

"Never," said the young man, firmly. "Never will I consent to your burdening your conscience with such a lie. I will explain the situation to Honor—— Ah! there you are, dearest," he said as the door opened and Honoria, in all her wealth of fresh young beauty, sailed into the room

"Bright as a star when only one is shining in the sky."

"Well, dear?" She paused expectantly. "Have you settled things with papa?"

"N—not quite," said young Mr. Munro, dazzled by her beauty. "He —he was just beginning to come round when you entered."

"I wasn't beginning to do anything of the sort," declared Mr. Gellatly Grime. "Enough of this nonense. I have other aims for Honoria."

Honoria came softly towards him. "It's no use, daddy; it's no use."

"What's no use, Honoria?"

"It's no use, for the first time in your life, daddy, denying me something I want."

"But, Honoria, can't you see you are throwing yourself away?"

"N—no, daddy."

"But you are. Throwing yourself away on—that!" He pointed to Munro, who laughed at being called a "that."

The girl put her pretty white arms round his neck. "Don't be disagreeable, daddy. You're a bit jealous because I—I've found someone to love."

"I—I'm not jealous, Honoria. I—I'm hurt, surprised, annoyed, disgusted."

The girl drew her arms away. "He's very good," she said, simply; "and I love him. He's kept his dear old mother all these years instead of saving money for himself; and I love him. He's helped his brothers and sisters instead of helping himself; and I love him. He's thought of a wonderful invention which will help himself; and I love him for that, too. And I want you to love him."

Mr. Gellatly Grime looked at the dark-haired, handsome young fellow with the clear-cut, determined features and bright eyes. "I can't by any possibility imagine myself loving such a young jackanapes," he declared with unnecessary emphasis.

"Oh, you'll grow used to me in time, sir," the young man said, cheerfully. "I'd dodge you a bit until you got reconciled to the inevitable."

"It is not inevitable, and I won't become used to you. Understand me, sir, my decision is final."

Honoria moved slowly towards the young fellow. This time her hand went into his. With an effort she kept back the tears in her lovely blue eyes. "Of course I'm a sensible girl, daddy, and, dearly as I love you, I'm much too sensible to prefer all this"—she gave a sweep of her pretty, jewelled fingers somewhat contemptuously round the somewhat over-gorgeous apartment—"to the something which comes to a true-hearted girl only once in a lifetime. We—we didn't know it was coming; but it has come. We can't help it, daddy. Don't you try to help it, because it will only mean sorrow for us all. Now, do be sensible."

"I will not be sensible."

"Then I shall have to go to aunt's," said the girl, sorrowfully. "It's a sad thing, daddy, when a girl goes to her husband without her father's blessing."

"It is—for the girl," said the old man, grimly, "as you will find out if you persist in your mad, selfish determination to abandon me in my old age."

"But it is you who want to abandon us. Can't you be sensible, daddy, and see things in their true light? Do you think I could respect myself if I threw away this great gift of love for money?"

"Money is power," said the old man, obstinately.

"So is love; and it is more besides. It is goodness, holy living, happiness," cried the girl, passionately. "It is everything. Poverty, disgrace, the world's neglect—what are they beside ——"

"This," said the young man, taking her into his arms. "We're sorry, sir. Dashed sorry! Perhaps I wasn't quite deferential enough in breaking it to you, but, having won the heart of a girl like Honoria, I'd despise myself if I were deferential to anybody. We'll always keep a place for you at our table, although, for a time, it won't be as good a table as this. When you get tired come and look us up. And now, Honoria, dearest, we'll just go into the hall to say good-bye. My mother will call on your aunt to-morrow, and we'll rush things through."

The old man turned angrily away. Presently he heard the door bang, and lifted up the window. A blithe whistle floated back as the young man jumped into a hansom (what right had he to jump into hansoms on an income of £150 a year!) and disappeared into the black night. The next day Honoria went to her aunt's.

II

A year later Mr. Gellatly Grime left his office in Broad Street, and paused angrily by the poulterer's opposite Liverpool Street Station, for, although the bells in the old church a little lower down were ringing a merry welcome to Christmas Eve, and everyone who ran up against him in the dense fog said "Beg pardon, merry Christmas," he was ill at ease. The year had told on him. He was lonely—missed Honoria every hour of the day, but was too proud to go and see her and make it up. Honoria did not know that he always kissed the envelope before he threw her unopened letters into the fire. And when he had thrown them into the fire he blamed himself severely.

Every shop he passed filled with Christmas toys and merry faces made him think of the time when he had taken home armfuls of things for Honoria. And Munro's invention had succeeded. There was no doubt of that. If only it had failed, he could have forgiven him; but the cool, impudent, clever young fellow had scored at once. He remembered now that Honoria's letters always bore the west central post-mark. Calling himself a silly old idiot, and resolving to dismiss his coachman for getting lost in the fog, Mr. Gellatly Grime came back to the corner of Liverpool Street and got into a Holborn 'bus. Not a cab was to be seen.

As the 'bus rumbled slowly along past the Mansion House, mothers with families of merry children, all excited about Christmas—all laden with Christmas presents—got into it. One rosy-faced little girl told her mother, in confidence, what she had bought for her. He remembered how Honoria had once come to tell him what she had bought for his Christmas present, but he must pretend not to know anything about it because she wanted to surprise him on Christmas morning. And the usual letter from Honoria had not reached him this month. She always wrote once a month. Though he would not read the letter, it was a satisfaction to know that she was well. He fancied that the handwriting of the last letter had been a little shaky, and began to worry himself anew. Stay. Honoria's aunt lived in Russell Square. He disliked Honoria's aunt, but he would go and humble himself to her and ask about Honoria. Those silly bells with their message of peace, forgiveness and goodwill to all on earth were responsible for this. He got out of the 'bus opposite the Holborn Restaurant, and drew his fur coat tightly round him. The thing had stretched, or he had got thinner during the last few months. He made up his mind rather than spend a lonely Christmas that he would invite Honoria's aunt to dine with him. She, in spite of her prejudices, must see the reasonableness of his position. No man could be bearded in his own house by a jackanapes like Munro without resenting it. If the fellow would only come and humble himself. If——

But as Mr. Gellatly Grime reached the top of Southampton Street, resolutely trying to shut out all this nonsense about Christmas, these holly-decked shops and happy faces, the fog suddenly descended like a black pall. Even the hum of traffic in Holborn resembled the droning of distant bees. Much better turn back, go to his club, dine comfortably, and find his way home to bed. He turned to retrace his steps, then thought of the dismal to-morrow without Honoria. No; he could not do it. He must see Mrs. Vipont, Honoria's aunt, and hear all that had happened to the child. Perhaps, if the money for the invention had not yet come in, he could quietly send Honoria an envelope with a bank-note. There was some excuse for a hard-headed business man making a fool of himself at Christmas time. If Honoria's mother had lived, she would have looked after the girl and prevented her from making a fool of herself. If Honoria's mother—— Ah! had Honoria's mother only lived, instead of dying and leaving Honoria in her place, he would not be wandering about in the fog—alone.

As he entered Russell Square and turned to the left he heard the faint jingle of bells on a horse, and knew that a vehicle of some kind was slowly making its way through the fog towards him. He would wait for the driver and be driven back to Holborn. Then he felt with his stick along the kerb and halted beneath a lamp-post. Mrs. Vipont lived lower down, of course. He must light matches and look at the number on the doors.

Mr. Gellatly Grime drew his coat around him again, inwardly resolving to have the buttons put further back. The fog got into his lungs and eyes and made him cough. Why couldn't people keep their tinkly pianos quiet when he wanted to find his way round the square?

A gruff voice at his elbow roused him from his unhappy meditations and made him jump. "Beg pa'don, guv-'nor," said the gruff voice; "ain't got such a thing as a match about yer?"

"No, of course I haven't," said Mr. Gellatly Grime, testily. "I don't sell matches."

"Oh, yer don't, don't yer!" sneered the gruff voice. "Maybe yer ain't got such a thing as a ticker about yer, neither?"

"What business is it of yours?"

"'And over," said the gruff voice. "'And over yer coin and yer ticker, or I'll choke yer bloomin' 'ead off!"

Mr. Gellatly Grime had a dim vision of a hairy, ruffianly-looking face thrust close to his, and made a desperate whack at it with his stick. The next moment he received a crushing blow on his hat and, wildly crying for help, grappled with his assailant.

"Take that!" cried a cheery voice. There was the sound of a crashing blow, and, with a horrible oath, down went his assailant on the pavement. The next moment somebody helped him to his feet. "Lucky I got out of my hansom just in time," said the cheery voice. "Now, my dear sir, just tuck your arm in mine and come into my house and be brushed. Most sensible thing"—he felt himself lifted to his feet—"most sensible thing you ever did in your life to wear a pot hat in this fog. That knuckle-duster would have brained you if you hadn't. I got him square on the jaw just as he hit back at you."

Mr. Gellatly Grime, greatly shaken, clung to his preserver. In his confused state he had a vague idea that he knew the voice.

"W—what about that ruffian? Shall we go for the police?" he asked. "You—you have saved my life."

"Police? Oh, no," said the young fellow. "Cabby, here's half a sov for you. If you see a bobby about in Holborn, tell him to come round for this chap and gather him in."

"Cabby" took the half-sovereign and drove off with a grin.

The hairy-faced man sat up on the pavement as Mr. Gellatly Grime and his preserver disappeared, and uttered strange, ripe, full-flavoured oaths. "A knockin' a cove abaht like this at Krissmus time," he said, ruefully. "S'elp me, if I don't see a copper's buttons shinin' under every lamp," and he crawled away.

"Now," said the cheery voice, "just stand up while I find my latch-key."

"Hadn't I better knock?" asked Mr. Gellatly Grime.

"Not for worlds," said the young fellow, anxiously. "Just hold the key while I strike a match."

He struck a match, and Mr. Gellatly Grime saw that the knocker was muffled in a white glove. The next moment the door opened and he was in a large, well-lighted hall, with young Mr. Munro solicitously removing his overcoat.

A footman, with a waistcoat striped like a wasp, brought him hot brandy and water. When Mr. Gellatly Grime had emptied the tumbler he felt better. Then the footman brushed him carefully.

"Better now?" cried Munro anxiously. "Honoria would never forgive me if I'd let that fellow polish you off."

"Hon—— Where is Honoria? She—she's all right?" asked Mr. Gel-

latly Grime, anxiously struggling to his feet.

"Right? Right as a trivet," said the happy young fellow. "I wish you hadn't that bump on your forehead. Come along, and I'll take you up to Honoria as a Christmas present."

They went up softly-carpeted stairs until stopped by a white-capped nurse.

"Can Mrs. Munro see us?" asked the young fellow, anxiously. "Has she had a good sleep this afternoon, nurse?"

"She's just splendid, sir," said the nurse, with a smile.

"I'd better go first and prepare Honoria for your visit," said young Mr. Munro, and crept into the room on tiptoe.

He reappeared in a minute or two. "It's all right. You can come in," he said, gently, and somehow, without knowing it, Mr. Gellatly Grime found himself kneeling by Honoria's bed, the tears running down his face the while.

"My Christmas present," said young Mr. Munro to Honoria, in subdued tones. "How's Jelly?"

Honoria's pale face flushed with happiness. "I hoped you would come, daddy. I hoped you would come. Here's a Christmas present for you, too." She put a small pink flannel bundle into his arms. "We've called him 'Jelly,' after you."

"After me?" said her astonished father. "After me?"

"Yes," explained Munro. "He's christened 'Gellatly Munro,' but for everyday purposes we've brought it down to Jelly."

WHOM HE LOVETH

By BESSIE KIRKPATRICK

"GOOD-NIGHT, Mrs. Thompson, I hope you will have a Merry Xmas," and Mr. Duncan smiled genially as he shook hands with his stenographer.

"Thank you, Mr. Duncan. Good-night," said a tall, slight young woman as she resumed her place at the typewriter. She had hoped that her employer would tell her to leave the rest of her work until the day after Christmas, but he only said: "You will see that everything is locked up, will you not?" as he left, and the typewriter clicked angrily beneath the quick movements of her impatient fingers.

It had been a long, hard day, and now she knew Donald's face was close to the window of their little room, and Donald was wondering why "muvver" didn't come. She choked back the tears that unbidden started to her eyes, and hurried through her work. In spite of all the efforts it was nearly six o'clock before she had finished her typewriting. Then she had nearly a mile and a half to walk—she could not afford car-tickets—before she reached the little room she called home.

It was just seven years to-night since, as a radiant bride of eighteen, she had pledged her life to Donald Thompson. For three years there were few happier homes in Toronto than that of this young accountant and his girl wife. Then Donald fell a victim to "the great white plague," consumption.

On Christmas Eve three years ago she had knelt by his bedside, and he had whispered, "Beth, darling, I have had the most beautiful dream. I have seen mother on the other shore, and there was the same strange, sweet radiance on her face as when she asked us to sing 'Lead Kindly Light.' I think she must have been

listening to the angel choirs singing the verse we never finished."

Beth looked at the pale, loved face on the pillow and, in answer to the unspoken entreaty in the brown eyes, said, "Shall I sing it for you?"

Donald's answer was a slightly closer grasp of the white, supple fingers, and in a voice that only her great love kept from breaking, Beth began Newman's immortal prayer:

"Lead kindly Light amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark"—

Poor patient, suffering Beth! Her voice faltered, but the clasp of Donald's hand steadied her, and her rich contralto tones rang out clear, sweet, and full of passionate resignation.

"But now, lead Thou me on."

Still on rolled the sweet tones:

"The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,"

and on Donald's face broke "the light that never was on sea or shore." Bending over, Beth caught his whispered "Good-bye, Sweetheart—little one—to God—," and her lips clung to his in that last kiss that seemed almost to defy death and separation.

When the night nurse came she found them there—Donald, with that heavenly smile still on lips that would speak but on the other shore; Beth, cold and still, kneeling by the bedside in a deathlike swoon. The next morning Baby Donald was born.

Beth found it necessary to sell their pretty little home in order to pay the doctor bills and funeral expenses, and now she was working from eight in the morning until five o'clock to earn enough to support Donald and herself. Dear little crippled Donald! the joy and the sorrow of her life.

"I shall not deceive you, Mrs. Thompson," Dr. Eastman had said, looking pityingly at the drawn lines in the mother's white face raised beseechingly to his, "Your child will never be any better on this shore, but, thank God, there is no pain or sorrow over yonder. He may live for two or three years more, or he may quietly slip away at any time."

Outwardly calm, but suffering at heart as only a mother can, Mrs. Thompson took up the burden of life, striving to say, "Thy will be done." She went to board with Mrs. O'Brien, a motherly old Irish woman who, in Beth's more prosperous days, had often helped her with the heavier work. Now the old lady was too crippled with rheumatism to leave her humble cottage, and she offered to care for Donald while his mother was at the office.

To-night, as she entered the room, Beth's smile was very tender as Donald turned from the window with a glad cry of "Muvver, muvver, I fot you'd never tum."

"Was mother's little man lonely?" said Beth, as she gathered the frail form in her tired arms.

"Just at the last a wee bit," with a sigh. "Will Santa C'aus tum tonight, muvver?"

"Yes, darling."

"Tell Donald 'bout him, p'ease," and as Mrs. Thompson went about preparing her boy's supper she told him the old, old Christmas romances of the white, frozen North and the reindeer team.

After supper, when she was sitting in the low rocking-chair by the fire, with Donald in her arms, he said: "I fink we won't play with the housey blocks to-night. I fink I'd ravver rest. Tell Donald 'bout the star and the baby."

As she told him in the simplest language the old, sweet story of the birth of the Christ-Child, the mother noted anxiously how very frail he looked, and how much darker had grown the circles under his eyes.

"Is the baby still at Bef'elem?" he questioned eagerly as his mother paused.

"No, dear, He is up in Heaven now."

"Where favver is," he said eagerly. "Donald is going some time, isn't he, muvver?"

"Yes, darling, but not just yet,"

said Beth, with a catch in her voice.

"Will Donald have wein-deers to tate him?" persisted the baby tones.

"God will send his angels for my darling."

"Favver is an angel now, isn't he?" No answer. "Isn't he, muvver?"

"Yes, darling," with a sob.

"What makes you kwy? Isn't it nice to be an angel? Wouldn't you like Donald to be an angel?"

"Yes, dear, some time—but not yet. Oh! not *yet!*"

"Would 'oo be lonely, muvver?"

"Mother would be very lonely without her little man."

"Oo tum too."

"I think it is time my little man was in bed," said Beth quickly. "Santa Claus will be coming soon, and he likes to find little boys asleep. Say 'Now I lay me,'" and Donald's childish treble repeated after her the simple words of this old-fashioned prayer. Then the little white-robed form nestled more closely in her arms, and she softly sang his favourite lullabys.

Long after he was sleeping she gently rocked and sang, almost fearing to move her aching arms lest she waken Donald, and he should have a restless night. She was planning where to put the miniature Christmas tree, and how best to arrange the few presents that she had got, when the little figure in her arms stirred, and the brown eyes opened wide.

"Muvver," Donald whispered with a winsome smile. Beth bent forward with a cold fear clutching at her heart. The fear changed to despair. From the street floated in the "Merry Christmas!" of some cheerful passer-by, but to Beth it seemed the knell of all joy, and the softly falling snow, the pall of all happiness. Donald was with his father, but she was alone.

. . . .

In one of the largest hospitals in America a slender, gray-eyed, silvery-haired matron is the idol alike of doctors, nurses and patients. It is many years now since Beth saw the love-light fade away in her husband's brown eyes, but scores of suffering, soul-stained patients have gone away from the hospital stronger and better men and women because they had caught a glimpse of their ideal reflected in the life of Nurse Thompson.

Many are the years since she heard her baby whisper "Muvver," but many a little cripple since has been soothed and made happy by the tender, skilful ministrations of this gentle-toned nurse. Perfected through suffering, her life is one long, sweet sacrifice of self. To her the greatest joy this side of the river where her loved ones await her, is to make some life brighter and happier; and so her own life is filled with peace.

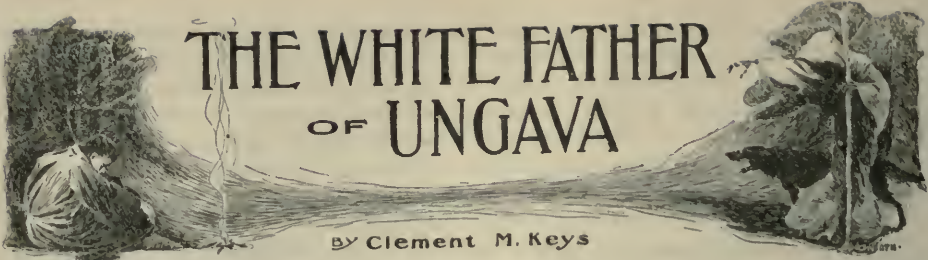
MANNA

BY RUSSELL ELLIOT MACNAGHTEN

WHAT is birth? The wailing
Of an infant's cry:
Helpless, unavailing—
Man is born to die.

What is life? A sorrow
Passing soon away,
When death's kindly morrow
Ends the bitter day.

What is death? The breaking
Of the bonds of earth:
Haply, an awaking
To a nobler birth.



EARLY in January, 1903, the following item appeared in the press of the American cities, being apparently an Associated Press dispatch from Montreal:

"Montreal, Jan. 3.—The schooner Belle Nancy, arrived at Quebec yesterday from Rigolet, Hamilton Inlet, Labrador, brought dispatches telling of the death of Father Gaspard, better known as the White Father of Ungava. He died at Fort Naskopie, on Petbauliskopau Lake, in December. He was brought to that point by a party of South River Mission Indians, who found him wandering on the plains between Leaf Lake and Seal Lake, N.E.T. He had left the former point early in the month to minister to the spiritual needs of the Seals, the Indians of the Seal Lake district. His attendant Indians had all been swept away by the smallpox, and he was left alone in the wilderness. When the Indians found him he was dying. His feet and hands were badly frozen, and Dr. Clark, the Presbyterian minister at Fort Naskopie, found it impossible to do anything for him. He died two days after reaching the mission.

By his death the Roman Catholic church loses one of its pioneer missionaries in the great wilderness. Father Gaspard has laboured for twenty years in the barren land known as Ungava. A mystery surrounds his early life and his parentage. He was a mysterious being. The records of the Jesuit College at Montreal alone contain the true story of his early years, and could possibly throw some light upon the motives that led him into the Great Lone Land."

As I read this item of news I knew that the closing sentence was not strictly true. The records of the Jesuit College at Montreal may contain the true story of the motives that actuated Père Gaspard, but even that is doubtful. I heard the true story from one of the actors in it. It was on Christmas night, 1878, and in a log cabin in the woods at the head waters of the French river that the story was told. French River runs into the Georgian Bay, that northern extension of Lake Huron, far north of the American frontier. It comes down, by sleepy stretch and tumbling rapids, from the pine lands of the Height of Land. They call the upper waters of it Wahnipitae. It creeps down from the great land now called Algonquin Park, in those days a lonely wilderness known only of the wild. Near where the Wahnipitae loses its Indian name and becomes the French, our hut lay beneath the pines. That was where I met Père Gaspard and heard his story.

In those days he was the new chopper in the gang of lumbermen ruled by Jean Ribaut. He was a loosely built young fellow, tall, broad-shouldered, dark haired, dark eyed. He had come out of the forests in the summer time, no one knew whence or why. The men of the deep woods are not inquisitive. He had asked Jean for a job, and Jean had taken him on, having a rare eye for a man when he saw one. By instinct he was a natural woodsman, but he lacked strength as the term is known in the timber lands. His great height and broad shoulders were but the blind to hide a constitutional weakness of lung and throat that robbed him of persistency and

left him faded and weak after long effort. Old Pierre Laussan, mere composite of tanned leather and gristle, could outlast him many hours with axe or hook — and Pierre was nearly seventy in years.

Jean spared the quiet recruit all he could. He tried to persuade him to give up the axe and take the driving of a team instead. Gaspard was not to be coaxed. His heart was strong as his body was weak. He would come into camp at night time, weary, aching—too tired to talk. He would "roll in" while all the rest sat around the open grate and told their wonderful tales.

The woodmen liked him well. His was always the ready hand and the warm, quick heart of sympathy. When little Joli Peticourt was lost in the deep woods it was Gaspard that led the weary, aimless hunt for him through trackless miles on miles of forest. It was Gaspard that found him, too, finally, pinned beneath a fallen tree, half-starved, more than half-frozen. It was Gaspard that tried to nurse him back to life, sitting up with him all the night, patient as Joan herself, *la belle ange de Jean*, "Jean's beautiful angel," the little wife of Jean Ribaut. And it was Gaspard that sang over the snowy grave where finally they laid him—sang so that the careless hearts of the men of the woods melted, and their tears fell over the grave of little Joli Peticourt. And that hour, men say who know, was the beginning of Père Gaspard, the missionary of the Great White North. But the tale halts.

On the morning of this Christmas day Gaspard and Rene Jollisson had been picked by lot to see to the sharpening of the axes. It was a holiday job. They divided the work and took it by spells. One time Gaspard held the axe and Rene turned the stone. Then Rene held the axe and Gaspard turned the stone. Meantime I sat on a log near by and communed with old Pierre, who was engaged in the other holiday labour of pulling an oily rag up and down through the barrel of his shotgun, an ancient weapon but well beloved.

I saw a little trinket fall from the breast of Gaspard as he turned the stone. He had grown hot, and had unbuttoned the throat of his blue flannel shirt. The trinket had worked its way out. It swung back and forth as he swayed with the turning of the wheel. I could see that it looked like a locket and that it appeared to be golden. Pierre saw it, too, as it fell. He peered very hard at it. Then he got up and went over to Gaspard.

"You will catch this chain on the wheel, maybe, and break it, perhaps, Gaspard. Better put it back. It is a pretty charm."

He had caught the locket as it swung, and held it in his hand as he spoke. Gaspard took the charm and put it back, buttoning his shirt over it. Pierre came back to me and the gun.

"A charm, I suppose, or a token—a locket, wasn't it?" I queried idly.

"*Non — non* — I shall sometime, maybe, tell you!" said Pierre, shortly.

At that I was doubly surprised, first at the fact that he spoke only about six words, for he generally talked an hour in answering one question; and second at the fact that he spoke with a very decided French accent, for generally his English was beyond the most carping of criticism. I looked at him, but he seemed absorbed in his gun. I wandered away to Jean and Joan, who were getting ready for a tramp after wild turkeys.

It was late that night that Pierre told the story that I am going to try to tell in his own words. It was after the late Christmas dinner, when all the men were gathered around the pine knot fire on the hearth, smoking their short black pipes, telling their tales. It is at just that hour that one comes near the heart of things that really are.

Pierre was a famous raconteur even in that wide, wild and poetic land. He was never known to boast or lie. Men listened to his stories, went away and told them to their comrades in another camp as gospel—the Gospel of the Great White North as told by Pierre

Laussan. His range of time ran back into the years when North Ontario was a wilderness and South Ontario a newly opened farmland. He had traversed Labrador, being, it is said, the first white man that ever saw with his own eyes the White Veil falls. With Massan, nephew of the great Tecumseh, he had tried all fortunes of the woods and plains. As I have said, he spoke the English tongue perfectly, though I was to discover that in the interest of his tale he would lapse into quaint idiom of the French and picturesque, extravagant phrases of the Indian.

"It was in the winter of '60," he began, "that we of the fur brigade heard a tale that filled our hearts with sadness. In those days I was of the H.B.C., trading for pelts away up into Keewatin, beyond the rivers that run into the Hudson's Bay. Late in the fall I and Massan came down by Montreal, bringing a message of Alec Hamilton, him that was the factor at Moose Fort, to the governor at Montreal. When we came into Montreal we heard this talk. Père Ramon, they said, was lost in Labrador. Now, not a man of all but loved Père Ramon. Out on the long trail with us, down in the huts on the shores with our women, comforting them in their trouble—and that, God knows, was often; nursing our babes when the spotted sickness swept them away in the summer time—he lived with our hearts—he was part of us. So when the governor told us that Père Ramon was lost we grieved, Massan and me, and were bitter, maybe, thinking God is not just. Père Ramon had gone into the north in the summer, hearing the scattered Algonquins crying aloud in their sickness—for it came upon the north that summer—and he had promised he would return by November. Now it is late December. The iron cliffs of the Laurentides they crack in the great frost, and the falls of the rivers they freeze up and stand like a white hill all winter.

"Then that Massan, the Indian, he came to me, mourning like a dog that loses his master. That Massan—ah, Massan he knew how it was to love and to lose. He loved Père Ramon. You know how Massan was, you men—Sandy, Jean, Louis—you know how he could love a man. Joan here, she know how Massan loved her father, Devil Murphy, and how, at the last, he give away his life for him. It was just so he loved Père Ramon.

"'Pierre,' he say, 'Père Ramon he is los' in Labrador, in the white lan's. I go an' fin' heem. You go with me an' maybe we fin' heem, maybe no. The governor he maybe let us go, maybe no. Alec he will not be anger if we come not back, for he will say he love Père Ramon, too, an' he's heart it be sore when he hear. I can res' here not at all. Père Ramon he out there—out there!'

"Massan he sweep his arm around the great big world. 'Out there,' he says. Then he go away so I cannot see how he grieve for Père Ramon. So, after a while, we go to the governor, me and Massan, and we tell him we are going out into Labrador for look for Père Ramon

"'But you are crazy, you two,' say the governor, blinking his eyes. 'No man can live up there in the winter—you know that, Pierre. You would just throw yourselves away. I can't let you go. You belong to the H.B.C., and I am its governor. You can't go. That's final.'

"'But, sir,' says I, 'this Massan, this Indian, he goes all the day long with his head bowed down and his eyes running water. His han's and his face they grow thin like the alder stems in the winter. And me—I grieve, too—for you know how Père Ramon he come through the great blizzard las' winter to anoint my Marie as she die. So we must go—we mus'—we shall go!'

"An' the governor, he good man, he let us go at the last. He know we go anyway, I suppose. We start the nex' day. You mus' know that the way was mos' long, an' we go away north, not knowing where we go exact. We travel by the north many

"Pierre walked around the circle to Gaspard"

weeks—it is so many I forget at the time how many it is. Massan—you know, my frien's, how Massan was quiet—and it is so col'—so col'—br-r-r-r-r-r!"

Pierre shivered. His audience shivered with him. I know not whether it was done on purpose, but I do know that Pierre cast a quick eye over the crowd as he shivered, and smiled quietly as he saw the sympathetic tremor pass over the crowd. Jean Ribaut got up and piled three big logs on the blaze. Pierre went on with his story. From this point on his tenses, final consonants, and English grammar quickly disappeared. He talked a language very near the Indian-French *patois* of the Upper Saguenay in our day, a diction coloured and relieved with idiom and comparison; a construction full of odd forms, rhythmical, almost blank verse at times; a tone level, monotonous, yet very rich and deep, and full of weird suggestion.

"An' so we go on. The world it grow col' an' hard an' bitter, yet we go on. In a week time we come by the Lac du Monovan, where is set the shrine of Ste. Auguste. A night an' a day we stay there in the pines, an' listen at night to the gray wolves that howl in the great timber. My heart it grow heavy an' col' as we work away north, north over the foothills of the Laurentides. You know what it is, my frien's. The worl' she get so big an' so col' an' so rough that we know we never shall fin' Père Ramon. That is it to be discourage. But Massan he bring me the heart back in my breas'. All the day he slide along the snow among the little mountains. He look in every corner for smoke or sign of a man, an' he listen at night for the barking of dogs. Those nights we sit beside the fire in the spruces—for very soon we get beyond the pine lan's—an' we would smoke our pipes—so silent like death. Then I would lie down an' sleep, while Massan he watch the fire for scare the wolves away. At las', when the time come, he would wake me—an' I would watch the fire while he sleep. In the morning we go on an' on, walking beside the dogs.

"At the Lac Chibioguma, where the waters split at the foot of the Laurentides, we fin' Algonquins. Twenty days we spend passing the rocky walls where men lie down an' die because their hope it die. The Algonquins they say they know Père Ramon. He leave them in October for go to Great Whale River for try an' save a white man from the Seals, the tribes of the plains of ice.

"*Mes amis*, that was a sorry day for Massan an' for me, when we hear that news. Massan he's head it fall down like the eagle's when he hear the rifle speak. The fires in the lodges of the Seals it is that make he's lef' han' white an' scarred. You know it—you that know Massan in ol' time. That night, as I sleep in the hut of the Algonquin chief Massan he come by me.

"'To-morrow we go on,' he say, 'even to the sea where the ice mountains they tumble against the shore. Père Ramon, he maybe need us if he be with the Seals. Massan, he not afraid.'

"But I, my frien's, I see Massan shake as he say he not afraid, an' I know that he thinks of the fire in the lodge of the Seals—an' I wonder me whether he be better man that tremble and yet go on, or that go on fearing not.

"In the morning when I tell the Algonquins we go on they wonder. The chief he say: 'Death he breathe across the plain. He turn the rivers into ice. He make the air go blue and cracklin' like the cedar log in the fire. He stiffen the heart so that no life is in him. Better wait here till the White Death pass, an' life she come again.'

"But we go on. A month we travel north, more than two hundred leagues across the snow. Pretty soon the woods they grow thin, an' then they are no more, an' nothing is in the worl' but snow an' snow an' snow. It is like the palm of your han', my frien's, so level, so smooth. No life seem to be in the worl' but Massan an' me an' the dogs. Soon the dogs they die, one

"Pierre shivered; his audience shivered with him"

by one, an' we pull the sled ourselves. The wolves they follow us all that month for dig up the dogs we bury in the snow at the place we stop. The heart of Massan it is very sore when ol' Jacques, the leader, he die. But it all pass by. Five rivers we leave behin', rivers of ice with the snow many yards deep over them, like they been frozen very long time.

"One time, when we stop at night an' buil' fire with wood we bring from the las' river—for always the birch an' tamarack she grow along the river bank—Massan he say to me: 'In two day we see Great Whale River an' the Seals. The Seals they no love for Massan. Maybe I say good-bye to you, Pierre.'

"Well, ma frien's, that give me no joy. I think I near lose heart an say 'Let us go back.' But Massan, he say go on. So we go on. It half daylight for near all de time that time. One day de win' she sweep over us, an' we must bury ourselves in de snow for live at all. It was like you throw pebbles in de face. No man can stan' against it. All the night the red an' purple flame she dance in de sky, like you see great bush fire along the Height o' Lan', so that the night she

bright as the day. We stop only when we mus', for we are too tire for go on.

"It is at de Lac Apecac dat at de las' we fin' heem, an' ah, *c'est terrible, mes amis*, de way what we fin' heem! We lie, Massan an' me, close together at de leetle fire. Sudden we hear de wolves come howlin' down de lac. We ron out an' look across de snow. De snow she is all purple an' blue an' red for de light dat fall on it from de north. In dat light we see a man dat ron, an' behin' heem, like de shadow on de snow, a long gray line dat follow heem, an' get closer an' closer. Dat is de wolves. Dey not eighty paces behin' heem. Massan he buckle on hees snowshoes like he is mad, so quick, an' go ron across de lac. Me, too, I go quick. De man he see us ron, but we in de shadow an' he tink us wolves that ron for head heem off. He drop down an' put hees han's over hees eyes an' scream. It is mos' fearful t'ing. Massan he reach de man, an' drop on hees knee, an' shoot an' keel de big gray wolf dat lead de pack. Me, too, I keel wan. Dey all stop ron, howl much, den turn an' sneak away in de shore. De great gray wolf he beeg coward.

"We carry de man to de fire, de man we come so far for fin', Père Ramon. I hope dat you never will see de man like so. He lie beside de fire like he is dead, quiet, in hees black robe, an' we two pray dat he will die an' never wake again. For we know dat he is a dead man, dat Death he breathe on him in de plain an' stiffen hees heart, an' we pray dat he will suffer no more. But God—ah, God is hard, ma frien's, sometime. Sudden, in de red and purple light he start up, he call out:

"'Gaspard! Gaspard!'

"Den we know he is mad, what you call crazee, wi' de col' an' de red eyes of de wolves. I speak to heem an' Massan he stan' over heem, an' call to heem, but he know us not at all. He forget Pierre Laussan an' dat Massan what he love. He try for stan', but he only get to he's knees. He raise he's han's above he's head, he's two black han's. Ah, dat is pitiable, dem two sad han's, dat face—black like de belt, dried up, wrinkled like de black birch in de winter time, when she die. Two fingers dey are not dere. Den he speak like he dream, like he choke, wheezy—ah, de voice dat we love it is die! We know he's lungs dey is froze an' he die. He hol' he's gold cross up by de chain dat hang on he's wris'.

"'Gaspard—Gaspard—my son—I have search—for you—all my life I have search for you—Renée—God is not good—I die an' I fin' you not - I have sin—I have sin—de great sin—an' God he punish—*mea culpa—Domine—mea maxima culpa!*'

"He stop an' he turn he's poor blacken' face to de fires of de Nord—an' we see dat de lids of he's eyes dey are froze, so dat dey cannot close. So, kneeling, he die an' he's eyes dey are open.

"Den Massan he fall down an' he lie dere with he's face on de knees of Père Ramon. I t'ink maybe dat I be lef' alone on de plains. But dat Massan he get up an' he say: 'Père Ramon he is dead. Pierre he still live. Massan he help Pierre. Den Massan he go home to Père Ramon—maybe no. Dat son of de Père Ramon—but Père Ramon he have no son—maybe so. Massan he see.'

"We bury Père Ramon deep in de snow. I take de cross an' de locket dat is in he's breas', t'inking maybe I give dem to de governor at Montreal. Den we start home. We never know where Père Ramon he been. Maybe he with de Seals, maybe no. We never know how he happen to be ron down de Lac Petbauliskopau when he near dead, an' how he happen be chase where is Massan an' me. I t'ink maybe it be for purpose. I t'ink maybe God he know."

Pierre stopped for at least three minutes and slowly filled his pipe.

There was hardly a move in the crowd. When he resumed the story he dropped half his pigeon tongue. Either the thrill of the memory of those moments had carried him back years in his civilisation or Pierre was

"Gaspard—my son—all my life I have search for you!"

the most consummate actor in the world. I confess a belief that there was no acting.

"It take us two months to get back by Montreal. The Spring is come on when we see the city. We go straight to the governor an' I tell him of Père Ramon. He whistle when I tell him of the son of Père Ramon. He ask for the locket. When he open it he whistle again. There is a paper in it, fold' up small. He read that quiet, an' then he say: 'This tells me there is papers at the house of Père Ramon that will tell us all about it. Let us go there.'

"So we go to the house, the governor, Massan, an' me, all quiet like funeral. The governor he read out of the paper in the locket where we shall fin' the papers. So we fin' them. The governor look over them an' say they are deeds to a great lan' in Brittany. At las' he come to one paper in the writing of Père Ramon.

"That paper it tell a wonderful story. It tell how Père Ramon he is the Seigneur de Farcy, a great man, an' how he love Renée Lassar, but may not marry her because his father say he mus' marry another, a great lady. But they love, an' they sin, an' when Renée her trouble it come, Père Ramon he break forth an' he swear he will not marry at all unless he marry Renée. Then they marry, quiet. Only the old Seigneur know they is married, for Père Ramon tell him. The boy is born. When he is five years ol' he is stole. Père Ramon he hunt for him. The ol' Seigneur hunt, too, but they never fin' the boy. Renée she die of grief. Later the ol' Seigneur die, too, but before that he tell Père Ramon he steal the boy an' send him to Canada. The Père give up the Seigneury an' go away, no one know where.

"He come out to Canada. He take counsel with Père Ramordaine at Montreal, and Père Ramordaine tell him to be missionary. He cannot be full priest. All the time he keep the marriage papers an' the deeds so the boy he will be Seigneur if he ever is foun'. But Père Ramon die as I tell you."

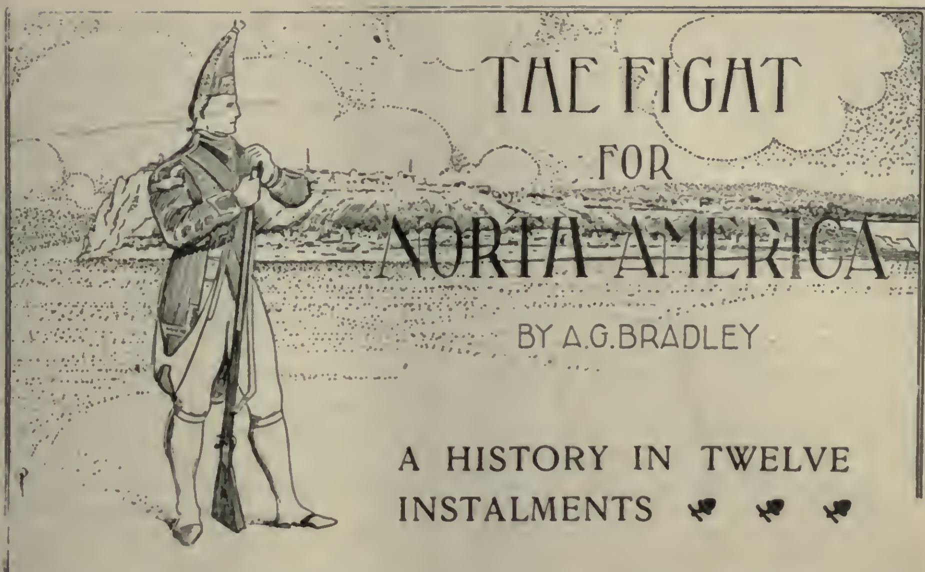
Pierre paused to pull out from his breast a locket of gold on a chain.

"The boy he have a locket like this. I tell you this story because I think that I fin' him!"

The men jumped to their feet. Pierre walked around the circle to Gaspard. The man had turned pale as Pierre pulled the locket out, and had started, but the crowd was not watching him.

"I see the locket when it fall from your breas' this morning, an' I think it maybe the same like this!" said Pierre.

The after-story concerning the White Father of Ungava is, perhaps, written only in the records of the Jesuits at Montreal. Of it I know nothing. I did not know until I read it in the papers that Gaspard had never taken up his Seigneury. He gave his life to the God that refused his father comfort and, by a strange coincidence, died almost in the same spot where his father died, and in the same way.



CHAPTER XII—CHRISTMAS SEASON OF 1759 IN QUEBEC—FRENCH, UNDER LÉVIS, RETURN AND ATTACK THE CITY — BATTLE OF ST. FOY — QUEBEC RELIEVED BY BRITISH SHIPS—FRENCH FORCES RETIRE ON MONTREAL.

MURRAY, when he sat down with his small army to face the fierce Canadian winter amid the ruins of Quebec, had no light task before him. He had the certain prospect of seven months' complete isolation from everything but a vigilant and hardy enemy smarting under the bitterness of defeat. But he was a good soldier, a son of Lord Elibank, young and tough, brave and generous, and better fitted for the work in hand than Townshend, who gave it over to him and returned to England, we may well believe without a pang. Murray was left with a little over 7,000 men; but his strength was regulated rather by the number he could feed than the number he could muster. The surrounding country had been swept nearly bare by the needs of Montcalm's army, and Murray had to depend almost wholly on his own stock of provisions and the little that was found in Quebec. No relief of any kind from any quarter could reach him until May.

Such of the French garrison as were prisoners of war had been sent to England with the fleet, while all the militiamen who chose to give up their arms and swear allegiance to King George were allowed to return to their homes. The civil population of the city had been scattered over the country by siege. There was little temptation or, indeed, encouragement for those who could avoid it to return now, and Murray had, perhaps, some 3,000 citizens, all told, upon his hands. During the moderate weather of October and November there was an enormous amount of work to be done. There was no money and no winter clothing, thanks to Lord Barrington, nor could either be now obtained. Murray was compelled to borrow money from the officers and men of the army, who responded generously; Fraser's Highlanders, we are told, being enabled by their "sobriety and frugality" to be especially forward in this matter. Quarters had to be rigged up out of the shattered houses, churches and convents, in preparation for a fiercer winter than even

those troops, inured to American winters, had ever yet faced, while the officers put up with such accommodation as they could find. Knox tells us that he was fortunate in getting part of a stable where, with the help of a Canadian stove—even then a universal necessity—he contrived to keep himself warm. He was detailed on duty for a time to the general hospital in the suburbs, where French and English wounded were lying in great numbers under the charge of the nuns of the Augustine order. He writes with rapture of this fine building and waxes enthusiastic on the perfect order and cleanliness he found there, and the devotion of the Sisters, who were as untiring in their care of their late foes as of their own people. Each wounded officer had a room to himself, while the men had clean, comfortable beds in sweet and well-aired dormitories.

The rage against Vaudreuil was very great among the citizens of Quebec, especially the women, and found vehement expression in the wish "that he may suffer as miserable and barbarous a death as ever European suffered from the savages."

Murray issued a proclamation to the Canadians, which was posted on the door of every parish church. He pointed out to them that he had a veteran army in the heart of their country, that the sea was closed to them, and that their cause was hopeless. He begged them to think of the welfare of their country, and not of useless glory. The English people were ready to embrace them as brothers and give them a freedom which they had never known under the despotism which hitherto distinguished the government of the country. He was prepared to protect them against the savages, who Vaudreuil, having himself fled before the British arms, now incited to murder the people he had abandoned because they wished for peace. The Canadians must now see how false were those who told them that the British were devoid of clemency and humanity, and how grossly they had been imposed upon. Having, therefore, no more hope in arms and no further excuse for taking them up, the British would visit those who did so with the just vengeance that was the right of victorious soldiers who had held out to them the hand of peace and friendship. The oath of allegiance was administered to the whole country east of Quebec. Those parishes that deliberately broke it were liable to severe punishment, and a few examples had unhappily to be made.

Lévis, in the meantime, kept a considerable army in garrison between Jacques Cartier and Montreal, while his Indians and Rangers lurked continually in the actual neighbourhood of Quebec. Occasional stragglers were cut off, and wood-cutting, one of the most vital operations of the winter, had to be carried on under armed escorts. There were no horses left, and continual processions of sleighs, dragged by soldiers and loaded with cordwood, went backwards and forwards over the four miles between the city and the forest of Saint Foy.

The defences of Quebec on the west side were feeble, and the frozen ground effectually prevented any intrenching work being done outside the walls. Murray fortified and occupied with a strong guard, constantly relieved, the churches of Saint Foy, three miles, and Lorette, twelve miles distant, in the direction of Montreal. This prevented all danger of a surprise, at any rate, and the air was thick with rumours that Lévis, with 10,000 to 15,000 men, was meditating an assault. The French commander had, indeed, plenty of men, but very little food for them, and it taxed all the resources of Bigot, who was at Montreal, to find them a bare sustenance.

The chill of October gave way to the cold of November, and as Christmas approached the full rigour of the Canadian winter struck the thinly-clad, ill-fed troops with dire effect. Frost-bitten hands and cheeks and feet was the common lot of the sentries on the numerous guards which it was necessary to post in every quarter of the

city and its outskirts. The officers, says Knox, who could, of course, procure wraps, became unrecognisable to each other, as, buried in rugs and furs, they went about their business at a run, and too fast to admit of the ordinary salutation that courtesy demanded. But frost-bite gave way to even yet more serious evils, and the sick list lengthened with formidable rapidity. Exposure and an unalleviated diet of salt meat played havoc with the men of all ranks. On Christmas Day the garrison had sunk, from the various drains upon it, to 6,400 men, 1,400 of whom were in hospital, and it became infinitely worse later on. The spirits of the troops were excellent, but discipline relaxed under the continual privation without the stimulus of fighting, and aided somewhat by the fact that liquor was the only thing in the city that was not scarce. Beleaguered as effectually by nature as if hemmed in by armed hosts, and perched on its white throne, all glittering in the bright but impotent sunshine of a Canadian winter, the captured city, with its roofless churches and shattered houses, was in a sorry plight. The inhabitants, whose hours of going out and of coming in Murray, in his critical position, was compelled to regulate, suffered even more than the soldiers, for most of them had lost their all. Punishments of British soldiers for theft or outrage or infringement of rules were prompt, and seem savage enough, too, for one reads again and again of 1,000 lashes sometimes "reduced to 300 on account of the severity of the weather." Now we hear of a Frenchman executed for inciting to desertion, and now of two British soldiers condemned to death for robbery; but the sentence is mitigated to one only, upon which we are shown a grim spectacle of the culprits throwing dice for death or freedom, and learn that eleven was the winning throw. Two women are flogged through the town for selling liquor without leave and an officer and forty men blown up in an abandoned French ship which they were scuttling. Occasional skirmishes between New England Rangers under Captain Hazen and French guerillas on the south shore of the frozen river break the monotony of suffering and sickness. Vaudreuil surpasses himself in the reports he sends down the river. "The Grand Monarch," he assures the credulous Canadians, "has sunk, burned and destroyed the greatest fleet that ever England put to sea; made an entire conquest of Ireland, and put all the troops and natives who were in arms to the sword; so that the next ship will certainly bring us an account of a peace being concluded. Quebec will be restored and Canada once more flourish under a French government."

But the incidents of this somewhat unique experience of a British army isolated in the interior of a hostile country, under a semi-Arctic winter, excellent reading as they are in the letters of those who suffered or laughed at them, must be treated with scant notice here. Sickness and suffering, though cheerfully borne, was, unhappily, the chief feature of this bitter winter, and that most of it was due to the neglect of a department which, with the experience of Louisbourg and Halifax, had no excuse, is sad to think of. By Christmas 150 soldiers had died; in the next two months 200 more succumbed, and by the end of April the grand total was no less than 650, nearly all victims of scurvy, dysentery and fever. Most of the bodies lay above ground and, frozen stiff, awaited burial till graves could be dug. Murray's effective force dropped to about 3,000 men, but the strangest part of the whole business is that, out of 600 British women attached to the army, not a single one died and scarcely any sickened!

Point Lévis church, now only a mile across the frozen river, had been fortified and garrisoned, and had already once repulsed the French advanced parties. Saint Foy and Lorette, too, had been strengthened, and Lévis' rangers, skirmishing for food and intelligence, had been punished there on more than one occasion. Spies and

news-bearers went freely backwards and forwards. As the winter waned, Murray heard that Lévis was of a certainty coming to assault the city, that his army had been supplied with scaling-ladders and was being exercised in their use upon the church walls of Montreal, to the great injury of the men's limbs and the great diversion of the ladies, who, from all accounts, were even less depressed than their sisters of Quebec. Everyone, however, felt that the crisis would be solved by sea rather than by land, and the fleet which first ascended the St. Lawrence in the spring would be the determining factor in the possession of Quebec. February passed away, and with March the fierce cold of midwinter relaxed. But it was not till April that the melting ice and snows in the milder regions of Upper Canada began the great upheaval of the frozen surface of the St. Lawrence, which marks the close of winter.

Lévis now began to move. Difficulties of transport without horses had compelled him to relinquish all thoughts of a winter attack upon the town. There were still the French ships in the upper river, which, it will be remembered, had retired up the tributaries the preceding summer before Saunders' fleet, and upon these he depended when the ice had broken to descend upon Quebec. Full accounts of the sickness of the British garrison and its dwindling numbers had been brought to Montreal. And Vaudreuil, whose arithmetic always tallied with his wishes or his vanity, subjected the English forces to the process of division, weak as they truly were, instead of multiplying them by three, which was his usual custom after either victory or defeat. He was naturally anxious that every effort should be made to recover the capital, and it was not his part to lead the troops into the deadly breach.

On the 18th of April the British learned definitely that they were to be attacked with "the whole force of Canada"—that two months' provisions and a supply of brandy for the regular troops had been especially stored for this supreme effort, and that the French ships were to co-operate. On the 21st, Murray ordered all Canadians, except nuns, out of the town at three days' notice, giving them facilities, however, for storing and guarding their property. Full sympathy was felt for these poor people, but 3,000 British soldiers, with as many invalids behind them, stood face to face with such strength as all Canada, with a brave and resourceful general, could command, and there was no room for sentiment. The fugitives, as they left the city, upbraided the English for breaking the conditions of the capitulation, assuring them that the approach of Lévis was a false alarm which, if their information had been trusted instead of that of scouts, deserters and spies, would be readily recognised. The sequel showed the value and the justice of such worthless recriminations. Six days afterwards Lévis, with an army of over 7,000 men, arrived in front of the British outposts at Lorette. He had reached Pointe aux Trembles, close to Jacques Cartier, on the 26th, with his ships, supplies and troops. Thence, despatching his vessels down the river, he had marched by an inland route, crossed the stream of Cap Rouge some miles above its mouth, and appeared before Lorette, the English outposts at the same time falling back upon St. Foy.

This night the most appalling thunderstorm that had been known for years lit up a gloomy prospect of melting snow and thawing ice-fields and dripping woods. Above it all, in the glare of the lightning flashes, the battered towers and gables of the long-harassed city rose above the surging river, still gurgling and choking with the fragments of its wintry load. When the thunder ceased, a tempest of unusual fury burst from the south-west. Waves, winds and ice-floes raged together in furious combat from Cap Rouge to Point Lévis and from Point Lévis across to the island of Orleans and the shallow strands of Beauport, while the Montmorency flung over its

dark cliff into the chaos below the foaming waters of a hundred fresh-loosened streams. In the dark hours of this wild night a French soldier was drifting down the St. Lawrence upon an ice-floe, expecting every moment to be his last. He was whirled along past the cliffs which Wolfe had climbed, past Cape Diamond and Point Lévis and onwards to the island of Orleans. Then the swift tide turned and washed him back, by a piece of good fortune, to where the only British ship, the *Racehorse* sloop, that had wintered in the river, was anchored in the slacker water below the town. Here, by almost a miracle, he was seen and rescued, more dead than alive. It was two hours before the exhausted Frenchman could give an account of himself, which was to the effect that he belonged to Lévis' army, had been upset with others in a boat, and had succeeded with infinite difficulty in scrambling on to the ice-floe on which he was found. He then informed his rescuers that Lévis was at that moment coming on with 12,000 men against the city. It was about four o'clock in the morning, but the rescued man was carried without delay in a hammock up the steep streets to Murray's quarters, where he repeated his story. Murray was anticipating an attack, but hardly so soon, and the information so strangely fished up from the flood and darkness proved of vital import.

It was, moreover, entirely correct. All through that night the brave Lévis, amid storm and darkness, through melting snow wreaths and swollen rivulets, was leading the gathered remnants of the French forces to strike one last blow for the colony. Indeed, had it not been for the lightning, he himself declares, all progress would have been impossible. He had not 12,000 men, but he had nearly 8,000 by his own statement, some 4,000 of whom were regulars of the veteran battalions that had done such yeoman service for Canada during the five years of war. They were smarting from the defeat of September, though not all had been in it, and thirsting for revenge. Vaudreuil, whose imagination was invaluable to his cause, had assured them that the British garrison were destroyed by disease and that a French fleet would assuredly sail up the St. Lawrence the moment navigation opened.

As regards the British garrison, he was not so wide of the mark as usual, and on the morning of the 27th Murray mustered them. There were rather over 3,000 men fit for duty, and Sergeant Johnson, whose account of the siege is a notable if rough-and-ready contribution, describes them as "scorbutic skeletons."

For the last few days Murray had been trying to raise intrenchments on the Plains of Abraham, before the city walls, without much avail. But though a vast quantity of fascines and piquets had been cut and the ubiquitous and invaluable MacKellar was there as chief engineer, the still frozen ground defeated their best efforts. MacKellar, from the early days of Braddock, seems to have represented in his own person everything that was trustworthy in the scientific branch. Generals came and went, but MacKellar was always there. Whether a fort was to be built, trenches were to be opened or a scientific opinion was wanted, so far as one man could supply the need in so many quarters, it was always MacKellar, and it may be noted as significant that he was still only a major. On the 27th, Murray marched out half his army to feel the enemy and cover the retreat of his outposts. He proceeded to St. Foy, where the plateau, extending westward from the Plains of Abraham, terminates in a slope, and there, from the ridge indicated, where stood the church and several houses, he saw the French clustering thick beyond the marshes and at the edge of the woods. This movement was only intended as a reconnaissance in force, so, having achieved what he wanted, he returned to Quebec, and prepared for more serious action. There had been much discussion as to what Murray should

now have done. Theoretically, 3,000 men, supported by a number of semi-invalids who could only contribute some assistance behind walls, ought not to leave a fortified town, whose retention was vital, to attack much more than twice their number in the open field.

It has been said that Murray, who was young and ardent, wished to emulate the fame of Wolfe, and to gratify at the same time the perhaps overweening confidence of his troops, who had come to think themselves irresistible. On the other hand, the defences of the town were bad on that side, and external intrenchments were impossible. He thought that this fact, coupled with the temper of his troops, required aggressive rather than defensive tactics. Rightly or wrongly, however, he marched out upon the following day with every available soldier and a hundred eager volunteers from the sutlers and supernumeraries, 3,100 in all, to give battle to Lévis.

Murray's men marched cheerily out, and crossing the memorable ground on which in September they had so nobly proved their prowess, approached the French position. Some twenty guns went with them, dragged, for lack of horses, through the mud and slush by some 400 men. The French right touched the blockhouses which stood near the Anse du Foulon, where Wolfe had landed. The left of their advance line spread across the ridge and reached the top of the slope beyond, where stood a farmhouse and a windmill, while in the rear the main forces of the French were coming rapidly up from Sillery and St. Foy.

The French vanguard had just begun to intrench themselves, and the bulk of their army were hardly in position when Murray thought the hour had come to strike. The guns, which were scattered between the battalions, opened fire with considerable effect, while the light infantry on the right and the rangers on the left, under Dalling and Hazen respectively, dashed forward on the extremities of the French vanguard, and drove them from their half-finished redoubts, the centre retiring with them on the main column. But the latter was immensely strong, and hurled forward heavy bodies of good troops, who drove the over-confident British light infantry back in much confusion, to the detriment of the ranks who were coming up behind. There was some sharp fighting around the buildings upon the right and left. Most of them were taken and retaken more than once. The British supports were ordered up, and the whole line pressed too far forward between the horns of the outnumbering and out-flanking French. There was fierce and, for a time, successful fighting on the British side; but their very ardour injured them, as both guns and men found themselves drawn down into low ground, where the snow and slush was knee-deep and the guns could not be moved. On both sides they encountered not only a flanking fire, but one greatly helped by the cover of extending woods. The light infantry were completely put out of action, and every officer killed or wounded. The French now turned all their attention to the British flanks in desperate efforts to get round behind them and cut them off from the city. They had by this time, according to Murray, 10,000 men in the field, and the 3,000 "scorbutic skeletons," now sadly diminished even from that scant total, were at length forced to fall back. The guns were hopelessly mired, and had to be abandoned; but the retreat was conducted in good order, and there was no attempt at pursuit. Some of the troops, on hearing the order to full back, to which they were so long unaccustomed, shouted out in indignation, "D—n it! what is falling back but retreating?" The battle had not lasted two hours, but it had been an unusually bloody one. . Murray's loss was over 1,100 men, more than a third of his force; while that of the French was estimated at various figures between 800 and 2,000.

No time was now lost in preparing to defend the city, for the position

was critical. Everyone who could stir a hand was set to some sort of work, the women to cooking, and the convalescents to filling sand-bags. Embrasures were made and platforms erected on the walls for mounting cannon. Officers and men worked like horses; the former, with their coats off, helped to drag the guns up the steep streets and hoist them into position.

For a moment there had been faint signs of demoralisation in the shape of drunkenness; but Murray crushed the tendency with vigour, and by exemplary punishment, and, on his own part, showed unbounded energy in this hour of trial. The odds would seem great, but there was no failing of either courage or cheerfulness on the part of a garrison now reduced to 2,400 effective men, with nothing but some indifferent defences between them, and four times their number of reinvigorated Frenchmen. But Murray had at least no lack of guns, and these were being rapidly massed along the western walls. It made Sergeant Johnson's heart ache, and outraged his sense of military propriety to see the exertions of the officers. "None but those who were present," says the worthy sergeant, "can imagine the grief of heart the soldiers felt to see their officers, yoked in harness, dragging up cannon from the lower town, and working at the batteries with pick and spade."

The French were busy entrenching themselves scarce a thousand yards from the walls, and De Bourlamaque, though severely wounded, was in charge of the operations. Their seven or eight vessels had, in the meantime, dropped down to the Anse de Foulon. Stores of all kinds were being discharged and carried up the cliffs. The French, fortunately for Murray, were weak in artillery, and their guns were dismounted by the accurate and rapid fire of the British almost as fast as they could be set up. With such a great numerical advantage, an assault was the natural proceeding for Lévis to take, and one was hourly expected. "Let them come," said the men; "they will catch a Tartar."

Even now friendly amenities and banter passed between the opposing generals. Lévis sent Murray a present of spruce-pine tops for making spruce beer, and some partridges; while Murray sent Lévis in return a Cheshire cheese. The French leader offered to back himself to capture the city for £500. Murray replied that he would not rob de Lévis of his money, as he felt quite convinced that he would have the pleasure of shipping him and his whole army back to Europe in the summer in English bottoms.

Two days after the battle Murray had sent the *Racehorse* sloop, the solitary ship before mentioned, off to Halifax, bearing the news of his critical situation to Admiral Colville, who with a strong fleet was cruising in those seas. Should English ships get up to Quebec, it was all over with Lévis, for if he was still outside the city he would have no recourse but in retreat. If a French squadron, on the other hand, should be first in the river, the work of Wolfe would be undone. The former was, of course, far the most likely, but the French troops and Canadians were buoyed up by statements to the contrary. For nine days the British batteries poured shot and shell upon the French, who, busy with their intrenchments, scarcely replied. The air was thick with rumours that a fleet was ascending the river, and signals upon the mountains to the eastward appeared to the garrison to give good grounds for them; but whose fleet was it! A French sloop had run down past the batteries on the 4th. On the 8th she was forging back again before a fresh south-east wind. "Why don't you stop and pilot up your fleet?" the English shouted at her as she went by. But she took no notice, and made up the river to her consorts by the Anse du Foulon. The next morning, May 9th, the reason of the Frenchman's haste was evident, for a ship of war sailed into the basin. There was a brief moment of doubt

and suspense as to the vital question of her nationality. Presently, however, her colours ran up. They were those of Britain, for she was the frigate *Lowestoft.* "The gladness of the garrison," says honest Knox, "is not to be expressed. Both officers and men mounted the parapets in the face of the enemy, and huzzaed with their hats in the air for fully an hour." Captain Deane, having saluted with twenty-one guns, came ashore in his barge, and dispelled all doubts with the glorous news that a British fleet was ascending the river. Lévis, however, had either not received the information or disbelieved it. For though an immediate assault was his only hope, he went on with his approaches as if the whole summer lay before him, throwing but a feeble fire against the British works. The moment a British squadron, of sufficient strength merely to destroy his handful of small vessels, arrived, his position was untenable, for he had no means of feeding his already hungry army; and on the night of the 15th that moment arrived.

It was the battleship *Vanguard* and the frigate *Diana* that had sailed in; and on the following morning the latter, together with the *Lowestoft*, favoured by a fresh breeze from the east, sailed past the town and fell upon Lévis' ships. These were two frigates and four smaller vessels, commanded by Vaquelin, the brave officer who had fought his ship so well at the siege of Louisbourg, then plugged her up and sailed through the British fleet for France. Here, too, he fought his small ships most bravely, but one by one they were destroyed, and he himself was ultimately taken prisoner.

The French had nothing for it now but to retreat, and Lévis lost no time. The *Vanguard* swung out in the river off Sillery, laid her broadside to the French trenches, and enfiladed them from the south. The enthusiastic garrison, who, by working day and night, had got 140 guns into position, opened the most tremendous cannonade, say their officers, that they had ever heard. But the retreat had already begun, and the gunners, elevating their pieces, sent a storm of balls ricochetting and bounding along the Plains of Abraham upon the heels of the fast-vanishing French, who left behind them a long trail of dead and wounded as a result of the fortnight's siege, besides all their guns and stores. The Canadian irregulars, of course, deserted the retreating army, which reached Montreal at the end of May in a sad state of depression. There Vaudreuil and Lévis had to concoct such plans as they were able to meet the overwhelming forces that were even then gathering to move against the doomed colony. Trois Rivières (Three Rivers) was the third town in Canada, lying about midway between Quebec and Montreal. The whole country east of that point was now in British hands; the people had sworn allegiance (the priesthood included) to King George, and had returned with relief, if not with actual joy, to their neglected and often wasted homes. From Three Rivers up to Montreal, and from Montreal on to the rapids, beyond which the English dominated Lake Ontario, was practically all that was left of Canada to the French King. The capture of Montreal would complete the business, and to this end Amherst, by Pitt's instructions, and in full accordance with his own ardour, bent all his energies.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN JANUARY

Current Events Abroad.

THE most startling incident during the past month was unquestionably the extraordinary conduct of the Russian fleet in firing on some British fishing vessels in the North Sea. The outlook was disturbing in the extreme for a day or two, but largely owing to the admirable temper of the British authorities the delicate affair was satisfactorily accommodated. Russia was placed in a most unenviable position by what cannot be regarded otherwise than the panic of someone on the fleet. To virtually degrade and humiliate an officer or officers of a war fleet on its way to engage the enemy would be coming perilously close to making the expedition ridiculous. There can be no doubt that the prompt action of the King in telegraphing his sympathy to the victims, and his characterisation of the affair as "an unwarrantable action," did more than any other one thing to bring the Czar to a sense of how serious the occurrence was. He recognised it as a gentleman's judgment on the affair. Following on the pranks of the volunteer fleet seizing British vessels in the Red Sea, there was a suspicion that the Russians desired to provoke a quarrel. Cool thought must dismiss such a supposition, but it roused the nation to a high pitch of indignation, and it was especially provoking to have this eccentric flotilla steaming past British ports and British warships bearing in triumph the weapons with which two British subjects had been done to death.

The whole affair was full of gunpowder, but Lord Lansdowne kept his head, and a satisfactory settlement has been arrived at. The facts will be investigated by a commission. I shall be much surprised, however, if the Russian story about the Japanese torpedo boats is authenticated. Torpedo boats are not homeless craft that can roam the deep at their own sweet will. They must have some place at which to coal, at least. Where would this be? Even the Russian press has not the hardihood to say that Japanese torpedo boats are allowed to dodge in and out of English harbours. French, Dutch or Danish harbours are equally unthinkable, because of their friendliness to Russia. Refuge has to be taken, therefore, in the supposition that

STRAINED RELATIONS

RUSSIA—"Sure! I'll make it all right with you as soon as I can fix the responsibility."—St. Paul *Pioneer Press.*

Swedish harbours have given them shelter—an absurdly improbable conjecture. It is not risking much to say that there were no hostile craft within thousands of miles, and that the occurrence, which would be ludicrous if it were not tragic, was a combination of nerves and reckless arrogance.

THE BALTIC FLEET SAILS FOR THE FAR EAST.—*Life.*

The eventual fate of this mad-dog fleet, as someone called it, when it gets where there really are some foes, is not hard to surmise. It will be well for it if peace has been reached before that juncture. The conduct of the British Government has been admirable. Everyone who has the real sense of what is magnanimous in nations must feel that Lord Lansdowne's calm and unmenacing manner was more in keeping with the might of Britain than truculence and swagger would have been. It put him in an excellent position to do what he subsequently did at the Lord Mayor's dinner, namely, to express the general sense of mankind on the deplorableness of the present war in the East, and to suggest the propriety and duty of friendly intervention. The cable tells us that his statement with regard to the North Sea incident, as well as his proposal for intervention, were received with marked silence by his auditors. This should not disturb him much, for the ultimate judgment of the nation will be with him. The interests of Great Britain are with peace. No great upheaval in financial and commercial conditions can occur without injuriously affecting the world's greatest trading nation. This is the material side of it and, of course, there is the humane side which should be of first consideration.

PROPOSED NEW TYPE OF GUN FOR RUSSIAN NAVY

For the safety of themselves and friendly craft in neutral waters.—Brooklyn *Eagle.*

A recent despatch from Washington says that President Roosevelt, with his blushing honours thick upon him, will offer himself as a mediator between the belligerents. It is doubtful if the United States will be regarded as disinterested as they would have been a few years ago. Their recent adventures have betrayed them as having some ambitions abroad. Their interest in making friends with Japan is quite apparent. The Japanese, it is quite evident, will not take a second place to any power on the Pacific ocean, and the United States' interest in that ocean may be measured by the fact that 1,500 miles of their coast line abuts on it, not reckon-

ing the Alaskan littoral at all. Russia might fear that she might be sacrificed to American desire to establish claims on the gratitude of Japan. The President might revive his tribunal of jurists of repute, and then there would be no saying what would happen. At all events, intervention can only occur by the joint action of several, if not all, of the great powers. The opinion has been expressed, even in Russian papers, that any attempt at intervention or mediation would be treated by Russia as an unfriendly act. To so regard it would be contrary to the spirit of that peace tribunal which the Czar was so influential in establishing. In the articles of the first convention, which all the powers signed, including Russia and Japan, the propriety of mediation for the preservation of peace was directly recognised. Nor was it merely to prevent wars that this was prescribed. Distinct provision was made for its employment after a war was in progress. The third article of the Convention reads as follows :—

THE PHANTOM FLEET

("Port Arthur anxiously awaits news of the Baltic Fleet." —*Daily Paper.*) —*Punch* (London).

"The right to offer good offices or mediation belongs to powers who are strangers to the dispute even during the course of hostilities. The exercise of this right shall never be regarded by one or the other of the parties to the contest as an unfriendly act."

Article VIII also reads:—

"In case of a definite rupture of pacific relations the powers remain charged with the joint duty of taking advantage of every opportunity to restore peace."

These clauses could all the more appropriately be brought to the attention of the Czar because it is understood that the draft of the first convention was prepared by the Russian delegates. President Roosevelt could, therefore, with a good face, urge upon both contestants the good offices of the powers. The negotiations should be opened, if possible, before the fall of Port Arthur, for it would be easier for Russia to accede before that event than after, when the whole nation will be smarting with the chagrin that the loss of the Gibraltar of the East will inevitably cause, however long it has been foreseen.

The election of President Roosevelt by an overwhelming majority leaves no doubt that whatever action he may take is the act of the nation of which he is the unquestioned head. Surely no one doubts the meaning of the amazing strength and popularity which the President displayed. It is a general notice to all concerned that the United States propose to exercise their due influence on the course of the world's events. It is a most natural development, and whenever you are in doubt as to how a democracy will act under given circumstances you have only to ascertain how the average man would act under like conditions. Do not ask yourself how a philosopher would act, or a saint, or a man of pro-

CONSULTATIONS INVITED

MR. PUNCH—"Won't you step in here? There's an old lady who's very anxious to tell your fortune."

LORD R-S-B-RY—"Yes, I know. But—er—*I never show my hand!*" —*Punch*

found insight and an intelligence that pierces the future, but just the ordinary vain, self-satisfied, good-natured but occasionally irascible, fickle, short-sighted and obtuse man. If you can predict what the conduct of that personage will be, you can generally predict how the rulers of democracies will comport themselves. Now, the typical man sketched above is invariably a jingo deep down in his heart, whether he is aware of it or not, and is only temporarily converted from his jingoism when it has led him into some unpleasant spot, whence he rescues himself with difficulty, suffering in the process, perhaps, a little loss of dignity and influence.

M. Delcasse, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has won a great triumph in gaining the approval of the French Chamber for the colonial clauses of the Franco-British treaty. These were the unwelcome parts of the treaty so far as France was concerned, and the fishing interests of Brittany and Normandy made a bitter fight against ratification. The treaty, however, was carried by a four to one majority, and it is gratifying to know that the blight that has hung over the west coast of Newfoundland has at length been removed. The settlers and fishermen on that shore will now be able to obtain titles to the property on which they have hitherto been regarded as squatters and as liable to be removed at any time on demand of the French authorities. The fact that the latter never did seriously demand their removal is proof that they regarded their position on the French Shore as artificial and unnatural. The settlement of this vexed question casts lustre on M. Delcasse. He has become a permanency in French political life. Ministries may change, but each new Premier chooses M. Delcasse as his Foreign Secretary. Could not the same continuity of policy be observed in the British Foreign Office? Lord Lansdowne has done his work remarkably well, and on lines with which his opponents could scarcely find fault.

John A. Ewan.

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic, and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

THE Christmas-present question is again pressing for attention. To the city girl with daily access to the departmental stores and their really fine bargains, this is not a hard problem, for on every hand she sees so many things that would be suitable for her friends that the trouble is to keep from getting too many things. Then there is no end to the suggestions thrown out by bunches of narrow ribbon, five or seven yards in a bunch, sold for ten cents; little thermometers at five cents each; coloured or burnt leathers, and so on.

As to the little country cousin or the girl in the small town or village, the case is different. As a rule, she must count every ten cents she expends, because there are so many relations and good friends to be remembered—and such a limited supply of "ten centses." Yet there are scores and scores of things she may make herself with an outlay of only a few cents.

In the first place, she must find out just the things her friends would appreciate—the little things they need or would admire. People have such different tastes. If she does any dainty fancy-work, of course, she is fortunate, as drawn-work or lace handkerchiefs, or medallions for dress-trimmings, collar and cuffs, are always welcome, if not actually needed. But she must be always on her guard lest she give a present unsuitable for the wearer in colour, style, or for some other reason.

FIG. 1

FIG. 2

Stocks are always useful to girls. A simple but very pretty stock is made of narrow strips of golden-brown velvet tacked to a collar shape, the edges turned under (Fig 1). The stripes are about a sixteenth of an inch apart, and are connected by the effective "fagoting," done in yellow floss. Yellow

dots are worked along the velvet strips, and draped from the front point are two "flare paddle" ends of the velvet, the lower edges sprinkled also with the yellow dots. These "flare paddle" ends—a new thing out—are lined with the velvet itself, and altogether this makes a rich as well as a warm winter stock, and is especially suitable to the low-necked winter coat or suit. The same design may also be worked in white on a pale, misty blue, or in deep red on red. Half a yard of velvet, in this way, would make five or six stocks.

FIG. 3

Another stock—a very dainty one—is of white liberty satin, with white silk faggoting and blue silk dots (Fig. 2). From the long point in front are suspended six roses made of bias folds of the satin, and shirred round and round. These are different lengths, and hang on ends of white baby-ribbon.

Then there are the new directoire belts (Fig. 3), which are so graceful when worn with a draped waist. They can be made easily, and out of any kind of silk or satin. A nice style is to have folds of silk, about six inches deep behind and in front—boned, of course—and crushing down narrower at the sides. Make tiny flat bows, and sew them down the back and front directly under each other, leaving just space enough between to look nice. The front may fasten with hooks. Unless there is stock to match the belt should be black, as that may be worn with any odd blouse or waist. Another trimming may be a prettily shirred fold of the silk sewed lengthwise down the back and the front.

A very inexpensive thing to do if one has a large number of friends whom she wishes to remember, and does not mind giving them the same things, would be to buy one or two dozen calendars—just the little twelve-sheet ones—and the same number of small thermometers, which may be had for five cents each. Tack a calendar to the lower left-hand side of a palm-leaf fan (Fig. 5); to the upper righthand side fasten a thermometer, and tie a good bow of corn-coloured ribbon to the handle, up against the fan. This makes a pretty and really useful adornment for a bedroom or sewing-room.

Another quaint thing is a long pincushion made in the shape of a carrot (Fig. 4). Get carrot-coloured satin—the plainer the material the better—and cut out your triangular shape. Sew it up, fill with sawdust, and make little cross-scratches with pen and black ink. Narrow green ribbon, twisted, makes the "tops." This cushion can hang on the wall or lie on the dresser. Of course the pincushion idea is always capable of infinite multiplication.

FIG. 4

Pictures are always welcome to both sexes, and a unique way to fix the smaller ones is to get some plaster of Paris, mix it with water until it will pour nicely, and then, after you have carefully placed your picture—print or unmounted photograph—in the bot-

tom of a porridge-plate, pour in the plaster of Paris. Then dry in a slow oven, or let it stand for several hours. When the mixture is perfectly hard, tap the bottom of the dish, and your placque will come out as smooth and clean as the plate itself, and the picture will be so imbedded in the plaster of Paris that the edges will not show at all. This is a very nice way to treat an amateur photo or a head of one of the old masters. If it is a subject in which the recipient is interested he will prize it very much. To get the "hanger" on, turn the placque on its face, place a loop of string a little above the middle, exactly centred crosswise, and put over it a "dab" of the plaster of Paris. When this dries the placque is ready, and will hang flat against the wall. Different shapes can be obtained, of course, by using differently-shaped dishes. *B. J. T.*

Ring out ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so);
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

—MILTON.

UNIVERSITY WOMEN

NO doubt a good many Canadians will be surprised to learn that Toronto, although a comparatively small city, boasts no less than 338 women taking a university course in the four universities open to them. Of these, University College, of course, claims the largest number, 189 women, including the 36 taking only selected studies, being on its register; 43 have come in this year.

Victoria follows with 100 women—one-third of its attendance. This year 26 new students commence their university work here, and make their home at Annesley Hall, the fine ladies' residence of the college.

McMaster follows with 26 women, 9 in the first year, and all embued with as ardent a class spirit as their brothers.

Then comes Trinity with 23 resident women students and 9 non-resident. The women of Trinity also have their college home, St. Hilda's.

Some observation of these university women shows that, contrary to the views held by many objectors to higher education for women, their health is far better than that enjoyed by their stay-at-home sisters. Their class standing is good, and a number are special mathematicians, although their best work seems to lie in the languages. *B. J. T.*

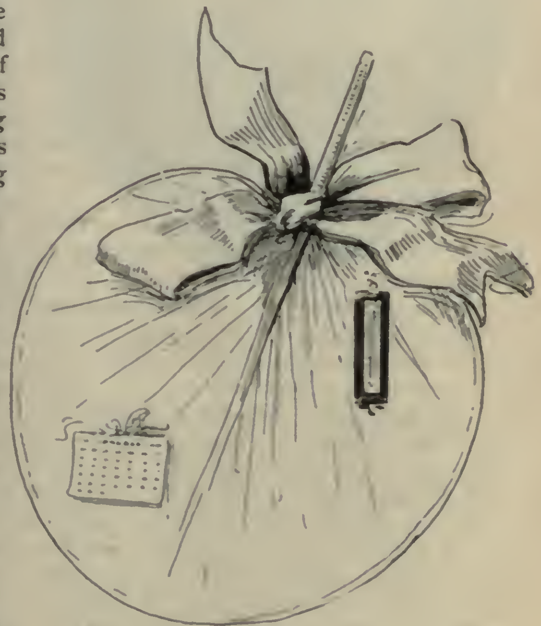


FIG. 5

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

THE eleventh annual meeting of the National Council of Women, held recently in Winnipeg, was attended by delegates from furthest east and from furthest west. Its representative character was illustrated the first morning. A delegate from St. John

(N.B.) enquired of another lady the way into Manitoba College, the place of meeting. "Why," returned the second lady, "I was just waiting to ask you that question. I have just arrived from Victoria."

The main work of the National Council, aside from that of the local councils, is carried on by standing committees. Each standing committee consists of a convener elected by the council and a member appointed by each local council. All the federated societies form the local councils. Naturally, the woman most interested in the subject of each committee is chosen for its representative. Thus a chain of experts, one might say, is quickly formed from ocean to ocean.

During the year the work of these committees is carried on principally by correspondence, as the distance is too great for personal intercourse.

The first day of the annual session of the Council is always devoted to meetings of the committees, and a very busy time it is. Two committees sit at the same time in separate halls, and the meetings succeed each other promptly as advertised.

A wide scope of work is undertaken by the Council—"The Promotion of Industrial and Fine Arts," "The Care of the Aged and Infirm Poor," "Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children," "The Care of Feeble-minded Women of Child-bearing Age," "Vacation Schools and Supervised Playgrounds," "Agriculture for Women," "Women on School Boards," "Immigration," etc.

Through these committees reliable information is quickly gathered as to the needs, laws and conditions of the different institutions in the Provinces. Where improvement can be gained by amendment of these laws or changes of these conditions the work is promptly taken in hand. The work of the committees, however, is largely that of educating public opinion.

Reports from the committees are received at several of the Council sessions and generally prove to be of great interest to the workers.

The first evening meeting this year was devoted to "The Promotion of Industrial and Fine Arts," Mrs. Peck, of the Woman's Art Association, Montreal, giving a clever paper on the "Development of Arts and Handicrafts." The chairman of the evening was Bishop Matheson, and addresses were given on the "Various Aspects of Art" by Prof. Kilpatrick, Rev. Dr. Bryce and "Ralph Connor." Music was also provided, and altogether it was a very delightful evening. At the second evening session the Mayor of Winnipeg was in the chair, and the subject of the papers and addresses was "Education." Miss Derick, of McGill University, spoke interestingly of "Modern Experiments in Education." Mrs. Boomer of London, who is a great favourite with all, discussed what is thought by her local council to be the evil of too much home study for school children. A report prepared by Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton, and read in her absence by Mrs. McEwen, of Brandon, seemed to favour the opinion that the work thus given is not in most cases excessive. An address was also given by Rev. Father Drummond.

Mrs. Boomer gave one of her bright addresses on "Some Women Workers in Great Britain" at the third evening meeting, the chair being taken by the Chief Justice of Manitoba. A second paper on "Women as Citizens" was given by Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen, and Mrs. Willoughby Cummings described the recent great quinquennial meetings of the International Council in Berlin, Germany, where nineteen National Councils were represented and over 6,000 people were in constant attendance.

Space will not permit even a bare description of the week of daily meetings, over which the President, Mrs. Thomson, presided with the kindly tact and firmness that has endeared her to her fellow-workers. She gave a concise and interesting report of the business sessions of the great Quin quennial.

Mention must be made, however, of a series of short papers giving valu-

able information on the existing marriage laws of the several Provinces. These differ in many important particulars. In Quebec, for example, the marriage of a boy of 14 to a girl of 12 would be legal. Mrs. Edwards, convener of the committee on "Laws," has prepared a pamphlet containing a synopsis of the provincial laws affecting women and children, and will shortly have it ready for distribution.

As usual, we were entertained with lavish hospitality. The various federated societies of the Winnipeg local council gave delightful luncheons each day and bright, brief "after dinner" speeches were quite a feature. Lady McMillan gave an At Home at Government House, the Mayor and City Council gave an excursion round the city, and we were also the guests of Lady Schultz, Mrs. Rogers, the Woman's Art Association of Winnipeg and the "Ladies of the Maccabees," who gave a "pink tea" in our honour.

Nor are these social functions in connection with the annual meetings of use for pleasure only. They afford an opportunity to the delegates for more or less quiet converse, and promote acquaintance. They have done much to further the common bond of sympathy, and have helped to break down provincialism and to build up national sentiment upon the basis of truest patriotism.

Emily Cummings.

MRS. ROBERT THOMSON, ST. JOHN
President National Council of Women of Canada

W. C. T. U.

THE Ontario W. C. T. U., which met at Bowmanville recently, strongly reaffirmed its platform, emphasising its unswerving allegiance to the foundation principles upon which the society rests, namely: total abstinence on the part of the individual from everything that can intoxicate or create an appetite for intoxicants, either in food or drink; also the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic by law; "and that we will not cease our efforts until we attain this, the object for which we were organised and for which we exist."

In pursuance of the position taken by the Union, namely, that "the Partyism displayed by the electorate was and is the most serious obstacle in the way not only of prohibition, but all other moral reforms that must achieve success by way of the halls of legislature; and whereas, we have declared that while men were responsible to God for their ballots, women were equally so for their influence," it was resolved: "That we, the Ontario Woman's Christian Temperance Union, do affirm that, should either party declare in clear and unmistakable terms that they, if elected, will enact such prohibitive legislation as will reduce the liquor traffic to a minimum, it will be not only our duty, but our pleasure, to promote by every means within our power, the election of such party."

The Union also passed a resolution condemning the dispensary.

B. J. T.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

THE slow and steady rumble of time still sounds in our ears and warns us that the days of 1904 are drawing to a close. Soon, too soon, the tale will be told. The peoples of the world must answer in eternity for another year of opportunity.

There has been much sunshine this year. Glancing round the broad surface of the earth, and considering the happenings, one must confess to a feeling of optimism. True, the Russians and the Japanese have been creating numberless widows and orphans, and carrying on as bloody and as inhuman a conflict as has been since the world began, but such things must be for yet a little while. Down in central Africa the King of the Belgians still tortures and enslaves the black races of the Congo Free State—and no nation dares to say him nay. There are small wars here and there where the audacious white races slowly force their way through robbery to possession. Yet, compared with other years, the world has behaved itself fairly well.

"And on earth, peace, good will toward men."

THE continent of North America continues to make progress—greater progress, indeed, than any other part of the world in industry, in invention, in commerce, in education, in knowledge and in (perhaps) morality. The ships from the North American ports are steadily increasing in number; and whereas they once went only West, they now go West and East. The currents of trade from Europe to Asia once set overland via the valley of the Volga, still later via the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; to-day some of those currents flow across the Atlantic, the North American continent and the Pacific. Europe joins hands with Asia by means of the North American railways.

Electrical development proceeds in its wonderfully majestic way. The great water-powers are being steadily harnessed, and North America is becoming a fairyland of comfort and light. The motor-car flashes along the roadways, indicating fresh possibilities in transportation and pleasure. The farmer takes the electric-car to town for his morning paper, or telephones for his roast of fresh beef. The men of New York converse with those of Chicago, Toronto and Montreal without leaving their comfortable office chairs.

The fruitful lands of this continent are being brought under the persistent attention of the man who sees wheat growing yellow even in his dreams. The arable lands of the Northern Mississippi valley having been filled up, the human tide flows farther north, from the Land of the Great Eagle to the Land of the Little Beaver. The old, old emigrations are being rehearsed for the benefit of a modern audience.

"Our hearts are free as the rivers that flow
In the seas where the north star shines,
Our lives are as free as the breezes that blow
Through the crests of our native pines."

THE most remarkable development of the year is undoubtedly that of the Western farming districts. This

is especially true when it is considered that where agricultural development leads all others follow right speedily. During the past three years the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker have been following the new farmer so fast that they have almost trod on his heels. The lawyer, the doctor and the insurance agent are not far behind, but they prefer to wait until the Builder of Railways has pushed his steel arms into the new communities. How the Builder of Railways has worked for the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern, and how he has talked for the Grand Trunk Pacific! Next year he will work for all three.

This wonderful northern development must make the Frost King shake his head in despair. His trenches are being rushed one after the other, his solitudes invaded, his dominions narrowed. It would almost seem as if the tide of immigration would push back the Arctic Circle until it becomes a mere finger-ring for the Man of the North Pole.

"*Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,*
Where the maples their branches toss.
The Great Bear rides in his state alone,
Afar from the Southern Cross."

IT is good for us to know that we are making progress, that our people are increasing in number, that our trade at home and our commerce abroad are taxing the energies of our sons. Confidence is good when based on knowledge, and confidence begets ambition, ambition begets energy, and energy begets success. Let us haste in our work that all the world may know that the most fertile and most progressive part of the British Empire is on the North American continent.

"*Our pride of race we have not lost,*
And aye it is our loftiest boast
That we are Britons still!
And in the gradual lapse of years
We look, that 'neath these distant skies
Another England shall arise—
A noble scion of the old—
Still to herself and lineage true,
And prizing honour more than gold."

DURING this year there has been a General Election, one of those dreadful inventions made on the supposition that men are wise and good. The result was inevitable under the circumstances, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier has received an endorsement fully

KING EDWARD VII

Who celebrated his 63rd Birthday last month

equal to any given to Sir John A. Macdonald. It is to be hoped that he and those who have the honour to be with him at the national council-board will use their power wisely, so that posterity may call them blessed.

The Toronto *Globe* in a recent splendid editorial says: "There is a type of man in both political parties who regards politics as altogether outside the pale of morality." This is too true. On the one side are

Honesty, Purity, Courage,

and on the other side are

Wealth, Office, Power,

and the politician is no worse than the stock-broker, the charter-monger, the lobbyist, the government-contractor, and the crowd of greedy cormorants who furnish the rake-offs which corrupt the politicians and the electors. The want of morality is not confined to the political worker. It is to be found occasionally in

Newspaper Proprietors,
Financial Magnates,
Industrial Kings,
Society Leaders

and others. Besides, there are members of Parliament, yea, of the Privy Council, who have even been guilty of habitual immoralities and excesses.

Canada is no worse, perhaps, than any other country as far as average citizenship is concerned, but in Great Britain they demand a higher standard of private and business morality in their public men. What this country needs is less moral preaching and more moral practice, less seeking after sudden notoriety and quickly-acquired wealth and more desire for solid citizenship. Let us make leaders in politics and social life only of those men who will be models for our sons and daughters. Let us cast out the lepers.

"*Crush out the jest of idle minds*
That know not, jesting, when to hush;
Keep on our lips the word that binds,
And teach our children when to blush."

THERE is another point to which it may not be amiss to call attention at this Christmas season. The reading matter provided for our children should not be anti-national.

A visitor to the Y.M.C.A. at Midland, the other day, found twenty-one United States publications in the reading room and not one British or Canadian periodical. Saddest of all, the best of United States periodicals were not there—only the slops. And to a greater or less extent this is true of nearly all the reading rooms in the English-speaking portion of Canada. The best periodicals of the world are not found there.

This is a matter which the preachers and teachers of each town might well consider. They are supposed to be the intellectual leaders, but they have been sadly neglecting their duty in this respect. Our reading-rooms are supplied with the veriest trash, and the Canadian boy is not filled with a knowledge of Canadian and British history or of Canadian and British ideals.

In the same way the cheapest and most sensational novels published in the United States will be found in the public and private libraries of this country. Parents buy this trash for their children, teachers buy it for their pupils, librarians buy it for their patrons. It is wrong, cruelly wrong, for there are plenty of good Canadian books, good British books, even good United States books. The department store and the bookseller cannot be charged wholly with this sad state of affairs, for they deal in those articles which are in demand. The blame lies at the door of the men and women of education in each community. The great power of the library and the reading-room in the moulding of manly character and in the development of good citizenship cannot safely be overlooked by any people.

John A. Cooper

More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.—Bulwer Lytton.

ANIMAL STORIES.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON gives us of his genius in small parcels. His latest book contains about 30,000 words as compared with 70,000 in Roberts' "Watchers of the Trail." Mr. Seton's book has one hundred drawings, whereas Mr. Roberts' volume has but sixty; yet of the one hundred, only eight are full-page, while of the sixty, forty-seven are given the limit of space. Thus economically Mr. Seton's book is worth about one-third the price of Mr. Roberts'. Mr. Seton's book is a high price because the author believes in introducing his productions in good clothing, giving in quality what they lack in quantity. "Monarch, the Big Bear," * is a splendidly dramatic story and is well worth reading. Still, with all its beautiful type, nice paper and artistic ink blotches, one cannot but feel that the public seeking a good book-investment will pass it over. As a Christmas present for a dainty maiden with artistic bent, it will be quite suitable; but if similar presents are required for strong, healthy boys, I should recommend "The Watchers of the Trail" and "The Kindred of the Wild," which are uniformly bound. Every Christmas present of books should be suited to the recipient.

What Seton and Roberts have been doing with the North American animals, what Kipling did with the "White Seal," Frank T. Bullen has done with such creatures as the Sperm Whale, the Walrus, Shark, Turtle, Albacore, Dolphin and other "Denizens of the Deep."* In his introduction he speaks of the "pleasant practice of certain writers" of adding to the knowledge of Natural History with the "intimate personal details" of wild animals. He adds: "I now essay a series of lives of some Denizens of the Deep, based very largely on personal observation, buttressed by scientific facts and decorated by imagination. I well know how ambitious the task is, but I feel that I have some small qualifications for the work, and I know, too, how much room there is for a book of the kind." His method differs considerably from that of Kipling, Seton and Roberts, but the result is equally interesting and readable. The splendid illustrations are by Mr. Bull, who illustrated Mr. Roberts' volumes.

*Toronto: Morang & Co. Illustrated by Grace Gallatin Seton. 215 pages. $1.25 net.

*New York and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, 422 pages. Illustrated. $1.75.

CANADIAN POETRY.

IT can scarcely be denied that the production of poetry is almost at a standstill. This is a good sign. It shows that the publishers and the public are more critical, while the reviewers are less ecstatic than formerly. The country is getting sense and a judicial spirit.

"Between the Lights,"† by Isabel Eccleston Mackay, is a collection of magazine verse which should be pleasing to a section of the public. The author is not a great poet, does not pretend to rise to great flights; yet

†Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, 65 pages.

this little volume contains many pretty pictures, many beautiful thoughts and some delightful fancy. "Inheritance," "The Forlorn Hope" and "A Sea Song" are perhaps the strongest pieces; the latter is beautifully musical, while the two former touch upon the great unconsidered principles of life.

"Poems,"* by James A. Tucker, is slightly handicapped by its title and its preface; but as a memorial of a singer who passed away ere he had fully developed, it must ever have a permanent place in our literature. James A. Tucker's battle for the emancipation of the students of the University of Toronto will always be to his credit, though he suffered the fate of most leaders of rebellions which are necessarily short lived. Nevertheless, he taught the aristocrats of that institution a salutary lesson. He had a keen appreciation of the true value of things, of principles, of words, of thoughts, and with genuine poetic instinct sought to embalm that appreciation in verse. He loved his Canada, and when banished by the University tyrants from Toronto to California, he sang:

"No, 'mid this lavish, rare display
Of nature's bounties rich and free,
My heart, dear country, turns to thee
In love this winter's day;

And would not give one foot of thy
Rude soil, one white December blast,
For all these valleys, verdant, vast,
For all this languid sky!

These make not nations; only hearts
Strong as the basal rocks, and pure
As limpid northern streams, endure
When all else sinks and parts.

. . . . . .

Pray, therefore, for true men and strong—
Men who would dare to die for right;
Who love and court God's searching light
Because they shield no wrong."

Another memorial volume is entitled "Robert Elliott's Poems,"† which is edited by John Dearness and Frank Lawson and published under the auspices of the Baconian Club of London, Ont. This farmer-naturalist-poet seems to have had a wide circle of friends who knew of his love of nature and his habit of putting his thoughts into verse, although few of these found their way into print during his lifetime. The *Farmers' Advocate* published some of them, but the general literary public know little of the quiet poet of Plover Mills. His work, however, is worthy of preservation and of study. Some of it is immature, but some of it has a fire which radiates. His longest poem, "The Axe and the Spinning Wheel," is a tribute to farming life and its national influence, and surpasses anything of the kind with which the reviewer is acquainted.

*Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, 133 pages.

†London, Ont.: Lawson & Jones. Cloth, 105 pages.

BY THE QUEEN'S GRACE

SIR GILBERT PARKER has been accused of making Queen Elizabeth overshadow the hero and heroine of his latest novel instead of keeping her in the background, seeing that it was not primarily her fate which is his theme. In her new novel, "By The Queen's Grace," Virna Sheard also introduces Queen Elizabeth, but the same charge cannot be fairly made against this newer and less experienced novelist. The Virgin Queen, her Court, her whims, her characteristics, are pictured in bright colours, but the fate of the lovers is not made dependent entirely upon her will or action. To Virna Sheard's art this is a great compliment.. A further comparison of the books might not be wholly to her advantage, however, even if it were fair, which it would not be.

"By The Queen's Grace"* is the elaboration of a story which first appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE under the title "The Lily of London Bridge." Instead of having Joyce drown herself because her father desires her to marry a man whom she does not love, the author makes her

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth. Illustrated.

fly to Queen Elizabeth for succour. Because of a ring given this daughter of the toll-gate keeper of London Bridge, the Queen interests herself in the case and provides her with shelter. For ten years she serves the Queen well and faithfully as a Maid of Honour, until such time as her true lover returns to Court to find her whom he believed to have been dead these many years.

It is a delightful story, proving the author's growing strength, her great ability as a builder of drama and her charm as a raconteur of thrilling tales. Nothing could be more suitable for a present for a young girl than this beautiful story of womanly patience, bravery and devotion.

AGNES C. LAUT
Author of "Pathfinders of the West"
FROM HER LATEST PORTRAIT

DOCTOR LUKE

NORMAN DUNCAN is not as well known to his fellow-Canadians as he should be. His success has been won on the New York papers and magazines, but he has not yet renounced his Canadian citizenship. His new book, "Doctor Luke of the Labrador,"* is not a Canadian book in the narrow sense, though many people regard that part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence bordering on Labrador as Canadian territorial waters. Yet it deals with a form of human endeavour and a phase of activity which the people of this country thoroughly understand. It is doubtful if the dreadful isolation of those who labour by the sea in that remote region has been fully realised even here. "Doctor Luke" will change all that. The optimism of the husband who promises his sick wife that he will call in the doctor when he next reaches there in the mail-boat, *six months hence*, seems at once so awful and so pathetic that henceforth the people of Labrador must have our sympathy. We are all subjects of one earthly king, one Heavenly King, and why should we not feel for them? Our missionary societies send succour to India and China and Japan, and why not to Labrador, where medical attendance and religious solace are almost unknown? Are white men of less consequence than yellow or black? Mr. Duncan may not have intended to preach to Canada, but he has certainly brought home to us our lack of sympathy with those who, but for Newfoundland's obstinacy, might be citizens of the Dominion.

The story is of mother-love, pathetic, dramatic, realistic—the most powerful novel written by a Canadian during 1904, perhaps during many

*Toronto and New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. Illustrated. 327 pages. $1.50.

years. Mr. Duncan spent three summers in that region and obtained his realism as Kipling obtains his. He has put his finger into the wound and is convinced. What he has seen he has treated as the great dramatist or the great painter would treat it, and has thus proved himself to possess genius. For this magnificent story we thank him, and are proud.

GRUESOME PICTURES.

SOME readers may remember our opinion that "The Foss River Ranch,"* by Ridgwell Cullum, was an unnatural picture of Western life. This accomplished actor-writer has given the public another story with scenes laid in the Yukon and Manitoba, under the title "The Hound from the North." Again he has painted an unholy and forbidding picture, with characters most repulsive and unlovely. Why this man should glory in depicting wickednesses which are so odd as to be almost unreal is more than the mind of the average man is able to solve. Canadians would do well to keep this book out of their libraries. The language is more often English than Canadian, for example: "booking-office" instead of "ticket-office."

Anthony Hope's "Double Harness"* is another unpleasant book and one unfit to be given to youthful readers. It is a series of descriptions of the domestic quarrels of three or four ill-mated pairs who have not learned that the success of married life depends upon mutual forbearance, concession and sympathy. It is a series of revolting and sickening scenes from lives devoid of common sense, culture, religion or high moral sense—yet people prominent in London society. If those members of the latter who are well-behaved do not resent this attack upon them, they have little spirit.

"Whosoever Shall Offend,"* by Marion Crawford, is of similar material. An unpunished murderer from South America marries a rich woman in Rome, and is kind to her and her son. But the old cupidity asserts itself—the wife is killed, and the son almost so. Later on there are other murders and horrible deaths. It is a fascinating story—but the sort of fascination that the snake's eye has for the doomed songster of the woods. All the vices of modern high society are passed in review—proving that modern fiction is as bad as the modern stage.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

There are some scenes in "The Prodigal Son,"* by Hall Caine, which are also done in high colours, but Hall Caine was never in the Anthony Hope class. This new Icelandic story is bright, powerful and understandable. Its characters have emotions, feelings, thoughts that are familiar; they are men and women, not stage puppets. Magnus Stephenson is a man worth studying—for he faces the problems and disappointments of life with an unflinching eye and heroic mien.

NOTES

"Love finds the Way," by Paul Leicester Ford, is issued in artistic form for the holiday season by the Copp, Clark Co. The illustrations are by Harrison Fisher. This is one of the notable productions for those interested in beautiful editions.

"Children of the Forest," by Egerton R. Young, is a story of Indian love. Mr. Young knows his Indian, and his colouring may be depended upon. The same compliment cannot be paid to his illustrator. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.)

"My Memory of Gladstone," by Prof. Goldwin Smith, is a little volume of 88 pages, and one worthy of a half-hour's study, either for its style or its matter. (Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell & Co.)

"Careers for the Coming Men," by Whitelaw Reid and others, is a series of essays by leading publicists of the U.S. The subjects are 23 in number, such as railroading, journalism, banking, authorship, architecture and law. (Akron, Ohio: Saalfeld Pub. Co.)

*Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, $1.50.

"Come and see the roses, Jess"

ILLUSTRATION FROM "JESS & CO."

CANADIAN BOOKS SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND HOLIDAY READING

Crowned at Elim, by Stella E. Asling. $1.25. Smith and Wilkins.

Brave Hearts, by W. A. Fraser. Illus. $1.25. Morang.

The Mystic Spring, by D. W. Higgins. Illus. $1.25. Briggs.

Gabriel Praed's Castle, by Alice Jones. $1.25. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co.

The Prospector, by Ralph Connor. Illus. $1.25. William Briggs.

The Hound of the North, by Ridgwell Cullum. Illus. $1.25. Copp, Clark.

A Ladder of Swords, by Gilbert Parker. Illus. $1.50. Copp, Clark.

By the Queen's Grace, by Virna Sheard. Illus. $1.25. Briggs.

The Prisoner of Mademoiselle, by C. G. D. Roberts. Illus. $1.50. Copp, Clark.

The Watchers of the Trails, by C. G. D. Roberts. Illus. $2.00. Copp, Clark.

The Imperialist, by Mrs. Everard Cotes. $1.25. Copp, Clark.

The Silver Poppy, by Arthur Stringer. $1.25. Briggs.

Doctor Luke of the Labrador, by Norman Duncan. Illus. $1.50. Revell.

Life of Principal Grant, by Grant and Hamilton. $3.50. Morang.

The War of 1812, by James Hannay, D.C.L. Illus. $2.00. Morang.

Monarch, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Illus. $1.25. Morang.

Two Little Savages, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Illus. $2.00. Briggs.

Types of Canadian Women, by Henry J. Morgan. Illus. $5.00. Briggs.

Pathfinders of the West, by Agnes C. Laut. Illus. $2.00. Briggs.

The White Chief of the Ottawa, by Mrs. Carr-Harris. Illus. $1.25. Briggs.

Quebec Under Two Flags, by Doughty and Dionne. Illus. $2.50. Musson or Quebec News Co.

Old Quebec, by Parker and Bryan. Illus. $2.50. Morang.

The Friendship of Art, by Bliss Carman. Frontispiece. $1.50. Copp, Clark.

Songs from a Northern Garden, by Bliss Carman. $1.00. Copp, Clark.

A Treasury of Canadian Verse, by Theodore Rand. $1.25. Briggs.

Children of the Forest, by Egerton R. Young. Illus. $1.25. Revell.

My Memory of Gladstone, by Goldwin Smith. 75c. Tyrrell.

Canada in The Twentieth Century, by A. G. Bradley. $5.00. Constable.

Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada, by David T. Hanbury. Illus. Macmillan.

Osgoode Hall Reminiscences, by J. C. Hamilton. Illus. Carswell.

GENERAL

Old Gorgon Graham, by George H. Lorimer. Illus. $1.25. Briggs.

God's Good Man, by Marie Corelli. Briggs.

By the Fireside, by Charles Wagner. $1.00. Briggs.

Raiderland, by S. R. Crockett. Illus. $1.25. Briggs.

Double Harness, by Anthony Hope. $1.50. Copp, Clark.

Beatrice of Venice, by Max Pemberton. Illus. $1.50. Copp, Clark.

Jess & Co., by J. J. Bell. Illus. $1.25. Copp, Clark.

Hearts in Exile, by John Oxenham. Frontispiece. $1.50. Copp, Clark.

The Brethren, by H. Rider Haggard. Illus. $1.50, Copp, Clark.

Love Finds the Way, by Paul Leicester Ford. Specially illustrated. $2.00. Copp, Clark.

The Abbess of Vlaye, by Stanley J. Weyman. $1.25. Copp, Clark.

The Crossing, by Winston Churchill. Illus. $1.50. Copp, Clark.

Dialstone Lane, by W. W. Jacobs. Illus. $1.50. Copp Clark.

Whosoever Shall Offend, by F. Marion Crawford. Illus. $1.50. Copp, Clark.

The Coming of the King, by Joseph Hocking. Illus. $1.25. Copp, Clark.

The Loves of Miss Anne, by S. R. Crockett. $1.50. Copp, Clark.

The Sea Wolf, by Jack London. $1.50. Morang & Co.

Traffics and Discoveries, by Rudyard Kipling. $2.00. Morang & Co.

The Mountains, by Stewart Edward White. Illus. $1.50. Morang & Co.

The Prodigal Son, by Hall Caine. $1.50. Morang & Co.

An Irishman's Story, by Justin McCarthy. Illus. $2.50. Morang & Co.

Vergilius, by Irving Bacheller. $1.35. Poole.

River-Land, by Robert W. Chambers. Illus. $1.50. Poole.

The Masquerader, by Katherine C. Thurston. Illus. $1.50. Poole.

The Truants, by A. E. W. Mason. Illus. $1.50. Poole.

The Son of Royal Langbrith, by W. D. Howells. $2.00. Poole.

Denizens of the Deep, by Frank T. Bullen. Illus. $1.75. Revell.

Idle Moments.

A STORMY PETREL

THE reason that Jim McBurney caused more trouble than the ordinary run of mankind was probably due to the fact of his father and mother being Irish Celts. His purposefulness was due to his American birth and training.

How I happened to first meet Mr. McBurney, who had resigned his position as foreman on a drive of logs on the head waters of the Mississippi on account of having been a leading factor in the lynching of a wife-murderer in a Minnesota town a few weeks before, was that he enlisted as a voyageur on the Gordon Relief Expedition up the Nile in 1884.

James told me he never could thoroughly understand the limitations of the Ashburton Treaty regarding extradition, and he guessed the Soudan with an ocean and a desert or two between him and a Minnesota sheriff was safer than Manitoba separated by the 49th parallel that existed only in geographies and statute books.

We were intimate before the transport, *The Ocean King*, reached Gibraltar, but it was there I first became really acquainted with James' marked penchant for trouble.

A couple of regiments of the garrison at Gibraltar had been turned out to return 400 voyageurs, who had been on shore leave for the day, safely on board the *Ocean King*. After infinite trouble we had been returned without any more serious mishap than a few broken heads.

We were fairly quiet until Jim revived a grievance against the ship captain for omitting to give us a plum-duff ration three days before. The captain spent the remainder of the night on the ship's bridge as we rode at anchor in the bay, expostulating with an angry mob, of which Mr. McBurney was the leading spokesman, and at intervals informing his interviewers that if anyone put foot on companion-way or rigging to get near him he would blow someone's brains out. And even Mr. McBurney knew that the revolver held by the sturdy little English captain was held for business.

A couple of instances will show the curious mixture of Irish recklessness and Yankee shrewdness—the utter disregard of possible consequences in proceeding to a direct reasonable conclusion — in the make-up of the man.

Every voyageur on the Nile in that campaign did a certain amount of looting from stores to supplement the sparse rations. We worked hard, the rations were insufficient and, as Mr. McBurney put it, "I guess the British Government could stand it." But James stole so recklessly from the stores in his boat that it "rode light." We were on the return trip, the object of the campaign was over, Khartoum had fallen, and General Gordon had laid down his life for his country and his God, and there was little left in the campaign but the littleness of militarism and its petty irritations to the civilian voyageurs. And McBurney's boat, which held the colonel and adjutant of his regiment, floated higher than any other in the brigade, and day by day the lines of petty military quibbling and punishment were drawn closer. And James McBurney was shrewd enough to know that trouble awaited somebody when it was learned that half the boxes in his boat contained

rocks and the remainder were half-empty.

At the great cataract of Tanjour the accident that wrecked McBurney's boat occurred and nearly drowned the colonel, whom McBurney pulled out of the raging torrent with almost the loss of his own life.

"To think that one of the best boatmen on the river should lose his boat at the tail end of the trip!" said some one that night around the camp-fire.

"Say, you fellows," said McBurney, looking up from the blanket he was rolled in, "did ye see how mighty high them boxes floated? If ye did, there's not much thinkin' to be done."

And the army surgeons reported next morning that the colonel was gradually reviving strength.

It was years after the Nile Expedition that I again met McBurney. He was a cowboy in Southern Alberta, and I was practising law in Edmonton. We met in Calgary. He had been knocking about the Western Cattle States and the Canadian Territories, and when I asked him if he ever thought of coming up north, he said he thought he might, and two weeks after he turned up in charge of a bunch of cattle. He was paid off, pursued his usual practice, which his river-driving, cattle-punching life had made second nature, painted the town a brilliant vermilion, and in a few days was dead-broke.

When that not unusual event occurred it was in the middle of the assizes, and I hadn't any time to devote to James. But James had time, and he chose the most opportune moment of it to make one final strike to enable him to recuperate his finances and leave for his stamping-ground in the south.

I was defending a young woman charged with wounding with intent to kill a man while he was breaking in the door of her house. The case gave every opportunity for an appeal to the chivalry of the West—the pathetic word picture of the loneliness of the girl, her unprotected, friendless condition, and the drunken brutality of the wounded man. I was leading up gradually to an effective peroration when I heard the familiar voice of McBurney whisper during one of my most impressive pauses: "Charlie, I say, Charlie, could I speak to you for a minute?" Even dear, old, dignified Judge Rouleau smiled, and the cry of "Silence" from the Sheriff couldn't restrain the ripple of laughter that ran along the jury box. To go on, with the danger of that appealing "Charlie" from the body of the court-room ever present in my mind would spoil whatever feelings of pity and mercy I hoped to beget in the jury.

I stopped, and with a muttered apology to the Judge, who quivered with subdued emotion, stepped to the side of McBurney.

"What is it? Confound you, Jim!"

"Say, I must have ten dollars to start out to God's country at sundown with! Have you got it in your clothes? Don't look worried. That jury, every mother's son of them, will see that girl through all right without any more eloquence. The boys settled that 'fore the treat begun. Thanks, pard. So long. I'm off. See you sometime again and give you the X. Any way, it's all right 'tween us Nile fellers."

It's all right, dear old Jim, comrade of many hard and happy days, but will it be all right with me if you chance to read this story?

C. L. S.

THE MIDNIGHT PROMENADE

She—Henry!

He—Huh?

"Just imagine baby is one of those sick friends you sit up all night with."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Father *(who has been called upon in the city and asked for his daughter's hand*—Louise, do you know what a solemn thing it is to be married?

Louise—Oh, yes, pa; but it is a good deal more solemn being single.
—*Judy.*

THE FIRST HERO OF THE ALBERT MEDAL

THE Albert Medal, as most people are aware, is the counterpart of the Victoria Cross, and is awarded for distinguished heroism in civil life. It is not generally known that the first man to receive this much coveted medal, and the only man to receive it personally from the hands of Queen Victoria, is still living in retirement in Plymouth, Devonshire, in the person of Mr. Samuel Popplestone, a retired Devonshire farmer.

The circumstances of this heroic deed are as follows: On the 23rd of March, 1866, during a terrific hurricane, the *Spirit of the Ocean*, a barque of 600 tons, having on board a crew of 18 and 24 passengers, was wrecked off Start Point, on the Devonshire coast. Popplestone, foreseeing the danger of the doomed vessel, despatched a messenger on one of his own horses to Tor Cross to arouse the villagers, and sent another messenger to warn the coast-guards. In the meantime, however, the vessel had struck upon the rocks, and was rapidly breaking up. Popplestone, with a small coil of rope in his hand, proceeded nimbly along the storm-swept shore, leaping from rock to rock "like a middle-aged chamois." By this time the wind was blowing a hurricane, accompanied by a blinding rain and a very heavy and dangerous sea. While standing on the rock nearest the vessel, endeavouring to establish communication, the swirling waters washed him into the sea; but by a supreme effort, and with the aid of a returning wave, he succeeded in regaining his footing, and in this position, alone and unaided, succeeded in saving the lives of the mate and one of the crew.

A few years ago the writer had the pleasure of spending a few days with the old gentleman, now advanced in years, to hear him modestly recount the story of his adventure from his own lips, to be shown the medal, and to see the painting of Start Point and the doomed vessel, hung up on the walls of his library.

I was particularly interested in the

MR. SAMUEL POPPLESTONE

"YOUNG NIGHTY THOUGHTS"

MAMMA—"Here comes Nurse to bath you both and put you to bed. Now be good and go quickly."

LITTLE GIRL—"Oh dear, Mummie, I wish I was a Night-dress!"

MAMMA—"Why, dear?"

LITTLE GIRL—"Then I should only have to go to the wash once a week!" —*Punch*

account of his reception by the Queen on the occasion of his receiving the medal at her hands. "Her Majesty," he continued, "pinned the medal on my coat, and told me in a few words how pleased she was to hear of my action. I had prepared a little speech in reply, but I had simply time to thank Her Majesty, and to say that I would be only too ready to act in the same way again should the occasion offer—when I found myself backed out of the room by the two officers in charge. I told the officers that I would like to have had a few words with Her Majesty, but they replied that I might consider myself fortunate to have had a chance to speak to her at all." And the old gentleman smiled in evident appreciation of the pleasant recollection.

S.

A PECULIAR CASE

"THERE is a young man in England," says *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*, "who at the age of twenty-four is developing at the rate of only one-sixth of the average human being. At present he is learning his alphabet and can count up to ten only. During the last nineteen years he has eaten but three meals a week, has slept twenty-four hours and played twenty-four hours, without the slightest variation. In spite of his twenty-four years he looks no older than a boy of four or five and is only thirty-six inches in height. For the same period his development physically and mentally has been at only one-sixth the ordinary rate, while absolutely regular and perfect in every other way. At his birth this child weighed ten pounds and in no way differed from any other child. He grew and thrived in the usual way until he attained the age of five. Then his progress was suddenly and mysteriously arrested, and since then six years have been the same to him as one year to the normal person. He has attracted the attention of many medical and scientific men, more than one of whom has expressed the conviction that this remarkable man will live to be no less than three centuries old."

EMBALMED IN GLASS

"THE strangest, weirdest method of embalming ever thought of has just been patented by a Russian residing in New York State," says *Popular Mechanics*. "The corpse is to be encased in the centre of a solid block of pure glass, through which the features and outlines of the body will be perfectly visible. As no air can ever possibly enter, the remains are expected to be preserved for centuries."

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.

CHRISTMAS

THE Christmas season should find all Canadian business men in good humour. The trade of the country continues "the forward policy" which it has so long maintained. Canadian business men are enjoying a prosperity unsurpassed by that which favours any other set in the world.

The internal trade of the country is increasing by leaps and bounds. For this statement we have proof in the general sentiment, the increase in bank clearings, the growth in railway traffic, and the increase in the number of factories and wholesale warehouses. Montreal holds its own as leader in both internal and external trade. Toronto is growing steadily and surely. Winnipeg is progressing almost too fast. Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria and other western towns are expanding their boundaries. There is no standing still in this country. The man who finds that his business is stationary naturally thinks that he is in hard luck, or that his business is being improperly conducted. A city that is not adding a few thousand yearly to its population is the exception, and would soon be noted as "unprogressive." This is one of the characteristics which distinguishes American from European civilisation.

At St. Louis the exhibitors of horses, cattle and poultry were not numerous, but they won nearly all the prizes for which they entered. Three-fifths of the prize-money for poultry, in classes where there were exhibitors from this country, was won by Canadians.

Canadian flour, maple sugar, honey, and other articles, have been exhibited at several fairs in Great Britain this year, and the trade in that direction is expanding favourably. Dublin and Liege are to have similar displays, through the excellent system which the Canadian Government has adopted.

Only one-seventh of the bacon imported by Great Britain during the nine months ending September 30th, came from Canada. True, our bacon shipments have increased from 450,000 cwts. in 1902 to 621,000 cwts. in 1904 (nine months), but the increase is as nothing compared with the possibilities. Denmark and the United States are the chief sources of supply now. Canada may be an equal participant in the future, if the Government does its duty in helping our merchants to make more widely known the merits of our bacon products.

Canada's general foreign trade is progressing. Reciprocity, along certain lines, with the United States would increase it. For example, reciprocity in coal would give cheaper fuel to Ontario and the West, where the duty acts as a tax; it would also increase the exports of Nova Scotia coal to the New England States. The general result would be increased trade between the two countries. The Ca-

nadian Government now collects annually about two million dollars from the duty on United States coal. This two million dollars is paid by Canadian consumers—Why? Because we have coal of our own which needs protection? No. Simply because the fiscal policy of this continent is blind.

On November 3rd, the day of the Elections, the following notice was sent out from Ottawa:

Ottawa, Nov. 3.—(Special.)—A beginning will be made this winter with the Canadian naval militia. The cruiser *Canada*, now on the Nova Scotia coast watching fishermen, will make a school cruise instead of laying up this winter. As soon as the American fishermen have left the coast the *Canada* will take on supplies, and men will be drafted from the other cruisers to take the course. The best men will be selected from the fishery protection service. The *Canada* will proceed south with about ninety men and spend the winter at Bermuda and cruising about the West Indies. It is expected the men will be those only well qualified to become instructors for naval militia schools, as the permanent force is for the land militia. The *Canada*, which is usually a third-class cruiser equal to any of her class in the British navy, was secured with this work in view.

General elections are useful in one respect, they bring to the front certain reforms which have been pigeon-holed by an inefficient public service. This Naval Militia was promised several years ago, but it has not yet come into being because Canadian Cabinet ministers are often slow in carrying out improvements which are not demanded by party workers and government friends. Of course, this statement might be made in every other constitutionally governed country in the world—except Japan—but that does not make it any the less excusable.

Mr. William Smith, Secretary of the Canadian Post-Office, has long been an advocate of the advisability of adding the telegraphs to the post-office department as in Great Britain. His views seem to be stimulating others. A writer in the Toronto *News* gives as his opinion that the average message in Canada costs about three cents a word, whereas a cent a word might be made to pay if the business increased proportionately. He says:—

"In Belgium the telegraph rates were reduced by one-third. The business rose by four-fifths. Then the rates were cut in half, whereupon business increased by 83 per cent. In Prussia a reduction of a third sent the business up 70 per cent. Much the same happened in Switzerland. In Great Britain a reduction was made in 1871. Between 1871 and 1901 the business increased 900 per cent., while the population increased 30 per cent. By 1886 the traffic was four times what it had been fifteen years earlier. Ten years later the business of 1886 had been doubled. In New Zealand reduction in rates had an extraordinary effect. The people of that country use the telegraph five times as freely as do the people of Ontario."

If the present government has any serious intentions in this matter, it should act quickly. The existing private companies will demand double the present price for their lines and franchises in ten years' time. Millions may be saved by an immediate purchase. The long-distance telephone lines should also be purchased. This is just as important as the telegraph lines, perhaps more important.

The long-distance lines of the Bell Telephone Company enable it to stifle competition in local telephone service and to prevent municipal ownership. This is the crux of the telephone question. The government might appoint a commission of experts to take evidence and give an unprejudiced opinion on this subject if sufficient data is not already available. The recent report of the British Post Office shows that its telephone business is increasing while its telegraph business is decreasing.

The growth of public opinion in favour of government ownership of monopolies of this character is quite noticeable. Thoughtful persons are convinced that economy and justice are only possible through such reforms; of course, much depends on wise, careful and long-sighted administration.

EARL GREY

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, WHO WAS SWORN IN ON DECEMBER 10TH

THE

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A MONTH IN CURACAO

By G. M. L. BROWN

THE Venezuelan Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, on whom I called before embarking for South America, seemed greatly surprised when I expressed the intention of spending a week in Curacao.

"A week!" he exclaimed, "why, one afternoon is sufficient to see everything of interest in the place."

This I could hardly credit, though I was willing to admit that my week might be excessive, so I compromised by allowing just three days. As a matter of fact, the three days were extended to more than thirty, and even then I left the island with regret. Such is the value of prearranged plans!

The Venezuelans, of course, are prejudiced. Their little neighbour is such a convenient place of refuge for political conspirators, and offers such opportunities to smugglers that it keeps their war and customs departments constantly on the *qui vive*, and incidentally, so the Venezuelans claim, puts the nation to great expense. Furthermore, Curacao possesses one of the finest harbours on the Caribbean Sea, and thereby captures much trade that ought to go direct to the mainland. Hence Venezuelans can see little that is good in the island while it belongs to Holland, and that, the sturdy Dutch residents assert, will always be.

Curacao, next to Surinam, is the most important of Holland's American possessions; but, owing to its position, is one of the least known islands of the West Indies. It belonged to Spain for about a century after its discovery, but in 1635 passed into the hands of the Dutch, and, except for short intervals, has remained Dutch ever since.

One of these intervals was from 1807 to 1815, when it was held by Great Britain. To-day, nearly a century

A COCOANUT PLANTATION
The prevailing easterly winds have bent the trees perceptibly

CURACAO—A HAPPY GROUP

later, by an accident of fate, there is not a solitary English resident upon the island. Yet English is commonly spoken by the white population, and the British flag is seldom absent from the harbour.

I shall never forget my first view of Willemstad. I had been twenty-four days at sea in a small brigantine, and though the voyage was pleasant—as a trip in a sailing vessel is bound to be if one has a trace of the romantic in his soul—yet land was good indeed to look upon. We sighted the north end of the island just before dusk, and had to coast up and down its unlighted shores till dawn. Then we headed for port.

When I went on deck we were hove to awaiting the pilot. Before us lay a picturesque town, stretching perhaps a mile and a half along a coral beach, but partly enclosed by a low range of volcanic hills, three peaks of which were outlined against the azure sky. Two of these hills were crowned with forts and, guarding the narrow entrance to the harbour, stood other fortifications, grim and forbidding, yet likely to be as useless in modern warfare as mediæval castles. In striking contrast to these were the white and yellow houses with queer gables and bright tiled roofs, thoroughly Dutch in detail, but, regarded *en masse*, rather oriental in appearance.

The vision was so delightful that I sighed as we swept into the harbour, expecting the usual disappointment that one experiences upon nearing a tropical city. To my astonishment, however, the colours appeared brighter than ever, the buildings even quainter, while the life and movement in the narrow streets and upon the quays added the one note necessary to complete the picture.

Yet Curacao, in a sense, remained a vision. It was almost too quaint, its streets too clean, the houses forbid-

CURACAO—STREET SCENE

ding in their neatness; the whole place like a toy city—the "spotless town" come true. I began to fear lest I should scratch one of the immaculate walls with the end of my walking stick; I hesitated to drop the ashes from my cigar; I learned to look twice in the glass before sallying forth, for fear my appearance might offend the eyes of the fastidious negroes—with the prim Dutch Burghers I did not attempt to vie. Curacao is undoubtedly the model town of the West Indies, but I should not care to live there. Life would prove, I imagine, just a trifle monotonous, particularly to a Bohemian.

SPOTLESS TOWN—CURACAO AND A PORTION OF ITS MAGNIFICENT HARBOUR

The first thing one learns upon landing is that the name Curacao applies to island and city alike, "Willemstad" being seldom used; and the reason of this is apparent — the rest of the island is practically a desert. This is due more to the uncertainty of rain than to its volcanic formation, for what soil there is seems very productive when the rainfall is at all regular. Yet, with the exception of a few promising estates, the land will probably remain a barren waste, important only for the salt and phosphate deposits that it contains. The island of Aruba, however, which resembles Curacao in many respects, can boast of a valuable gold mine, now being worked by an English company.

TOWN OF CURACAO—BROAD STREET
Photograph by Soublette et Fils

To make up for these drawbacks Nature has given Curacao a magnificent lagoon, large enough to accommodate a dozen fleets, and connected with the sea by a channel so deep that a British steamer that sank in it a few years ago lies undisturbed at the bottom, plainly visible from the surface, but far beneath the lowest floating keel. This channel really forms the commercial harbour, but the lagoon is used by visiting warships and is seldom deserted for any length of time. Here, it will be remembered, Cervera and his ill-fated squadron cast anchor for the last time before reaching Santiago.

The city is divided by the main channel and by an arm of the lagoon into three parts, each of which has its peculiar characteristics. The eastern division is occupied by the Jews, the northern division by the Dutch, while the centre is the business section and contains the Governor's palace and most of the public buildings. The negro population, which outnumbers the white by almost ten to one, seems rather evenly distributed.

These different sections are connected by bridges, the largest of which is formed of pontoons, and can readily be swung open when a vessel enters or leaves the port. The pontoon bridge, as well as the town's waterworks and electric light system, are all due to the enterprise of a former United States consul; but the bridge, useful as it may be, adds no beauty to the place. The toll is two Dutch cents (four-fifths of a Canadian cent) if one wears shoes, or half price if one goes barefoot. The negro, it is hardly necessary to add, gets the exclusive benefit of the lower rate.

The official language of Curacao is Dutch, but English and Spanish are commonly spoken, the latter more particularly by the Jews, who are of Spanish and Portuguese descent. The most common language, however, is Papiamento, a patois originated by the negro slaves. Unlike most West Indian dialects, it has been adopted by the white race, and has taken its place among written languages. The fact that two periodicals are published in Papiamento, and that it is taught in the negro schools, would show that it has considerable vitality, even if it

ISLAND OF CURACAO—SHIPPING SALT
Photograph by Soublette et Fils

is not destined ultimately to survive.

Curacao, despite its lack of rain, has a pleasant climate. Owing to the prevailing east winds, the weather is never sultry and, though a summer heat prevails the year around, the thermometer seldom rises above eighty-seven. This is a delightful surprise to visitors from the North, who can hardly believe at first that they are actually safer from oppressive "hot waves" within twelve degrees of the equator than they would be thirty degrees farther north. The climate, moreover, is very healthful, and seems well adapted for invalids, although hotel accommodation is not yet what it should be. If Curacao could add to its attractions the luxuriant forests and plant life of the Windward Islands, it would indeed be a paradise.

The mainstay of the city, of course, is its commerce with the Spanish-American republics, and to foster this it has reduced its tariffs to a minimum, three per cent. being the highest rate charged. This has brought an immense trade to the island, not only wholesale, but retail as well, for tourists and travellers invariably avail themselves of the chance to buy at continental prices. Of late years, however, Curacao has suffered, as has Trinidad, from a prohibitive duty of thirty per cent. imposed by Venezuela upon all foreign goods purchased in the West India Islands; and, to complete the ruin of her two island neighbours, this

A COUNTRY WELL FOR IRRIGATION

SANTA ROSA—A VILLAGE ON THE ISLAND OF CURACAO

vindictive republic has added thirty per cent. upon all goods trans-shipped in their ports. This absurd tariff came at a most inopportune time for Canada, which had just begun a small but lucrative trade through the British Consul, Mr. Jacob Jesurum.

ROASTING COFFEE
Coffee is roasted fresh almost daily in the Curacao households
Photo by the author

Mr. Jesurum, who belongs to one of the oldest and most influential Jewish families upon the island, became interested in Canadian manufactures several years ago, and was elected a corresponding member of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Convinced that Canada had a field in the northern republics of South America, he went North in the fall of 1902, and spent several months in Toronto and Montreal, studying our commercial methods and interviewing the leading manufacturers. Owing to the blockade of Venezuela, however, which made business men cautious in opening accounts in that country, and the more recent crisis in Colombia, with the crowning setback of Venezuela's absurd tariff, what might have proved a valuable commercial opening for Canada has been lost. Mr. Jesurum, however, acts as agent in Curacao for several Canadian firms, and in enamel-ware he controls the whole business of the island. "European and American

THE ISLAND OF CURACAO—A COUNTRY ROAD
Photograph by the author

enamel-ware is no longer imported," he said, with a smile; "we have silenced competition."

While a firm friend of Canadian and British interests, Mr. Jesurum seemed rather discouraged over the lack of enterprise shown by a number of Canadian houses.

"They do not seem ready for an export trade," he declared. "They are too slow and conservative," a criticism that he amply substantiated.

Curacao can hardly be mentioned the world over without suggesting the famous liqueur that bears its name. This is made from a small, sour orange, indigenous to the island; but the bulk of the liqueur is now manufactured in Holland. There is still a limited demand for the native brand, however, which sells retail for thirty cents a bottle. Few travellers can at first believe their ears when the amount is named, but after they begin to price other articles their incredulity changes to that anxious, insatiate expression so frequently to be seen in our department stores. Presto! the innocent looking tourists have become a ravenous band of bargain hunters.

One's pleasantest memories of Curacao centre in the hospitality of the people. The genuine welcome that awaits the traveller, the charming simplicity of the homes, the absence of bustle and hurry, and the intelligence and refinement that prevail—these elements force the visitor from the North to admit that his own people, sturdy and honest though they be have yet managed to miss something of life. Many other islands of the West Indies could teach the same lesson, but none better than this little Dutch colony in the Caribbean Sea.

THE SOUL'S WAITING

BY INGLIS MORSE

LIKE Memnon waiting for the Dawn
 The Soul oft waits till, darkness past.
A vision of Life's deepest peace
Comes to the soul at last.

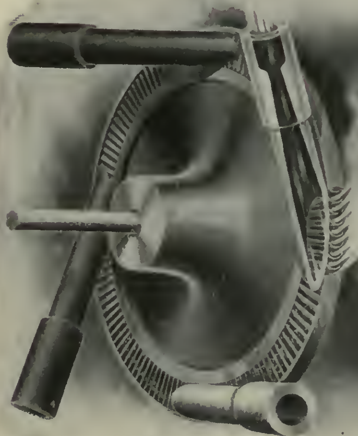
THE NEW METHOD OF PROPULSION

COMPILED BY JAMES JOHNSON

A FEW days ago the world was asking if the horse was doomed. To-day there are few horses drawing street cars—except in New York city; there are gasoline motor-cars flying over the roads of Europe and America carrying pleasure-seekers in great number; there are hundreds of electric express waggons and freight lorries in use in the larger cities of the two continents; there are electric landaus, hansoms and coupès; there are electric hose-waggons, electric ambulances; there are electric inspection-cars for use on railways; there are electric and steam automobiles in use in agricultural sections of America, Great Britain and South Africa.

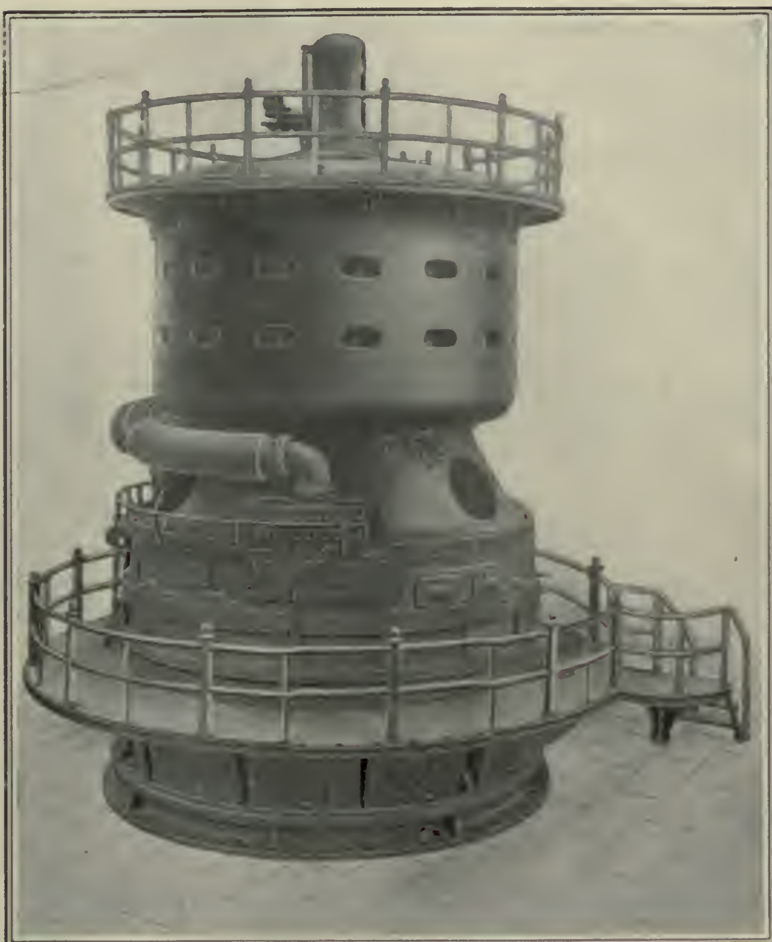
To-day the world is asking if the steam-engine is doomed. The answer seems to be the same with modifications. The water-wheel and the electric generator are being combined to do away with steam-engines in some places. At Georgetown, Ont., there is a paper mill which for years has been operated by water turbines and electric generators placed at a dam nearly a mile away. The water-power at Niagara Falls is being used in the same way. Water turbines are being connected with electric generators, and the resulting current is being conveyed to nearby towns and cities to be substituted for steam-power. This is one way in which the steam-engine is being displaced.

Then there is another way. The steam turbine is displacing the piston engine. The turbine has no cylinder, no piston-rod, no series of finely adjusted bearings, shafting and belting. Steam turbines from 5 to 6,500 horse-power are now in use, and are said to be more economical of fuel, are more satisfactory in every way, and certainly occupy much less space.



A TURBINE WHEEL AND ITS NOZZLES
Showing how the steam is applied directly to a revolving disc.

What is a steam turbine? It is a spindle or rotar, fitted with a series of projecting, curving blades which, under the pressure of steam, cause the spindle to revolve within a close-fitting cylinder or stator. "The steam enters the turbine through nozzles or stationary guide blades fixed in the inner surface of the cylinder or stator. The steam is directed upon the spindle or rotar. The impact upon the spindle blades, combined with the reaction due to the difference in pressure on either side of the ring blades, causes the spindle to revolve. Throughout the turbine these actions are repeated, the pressure of the steam increasing and decreasing as it passes through the alternating rings of blades, gradually lowering to that of the vacuum. This operation may be continuous, as in the Parson's Turbine, or divided into stages."

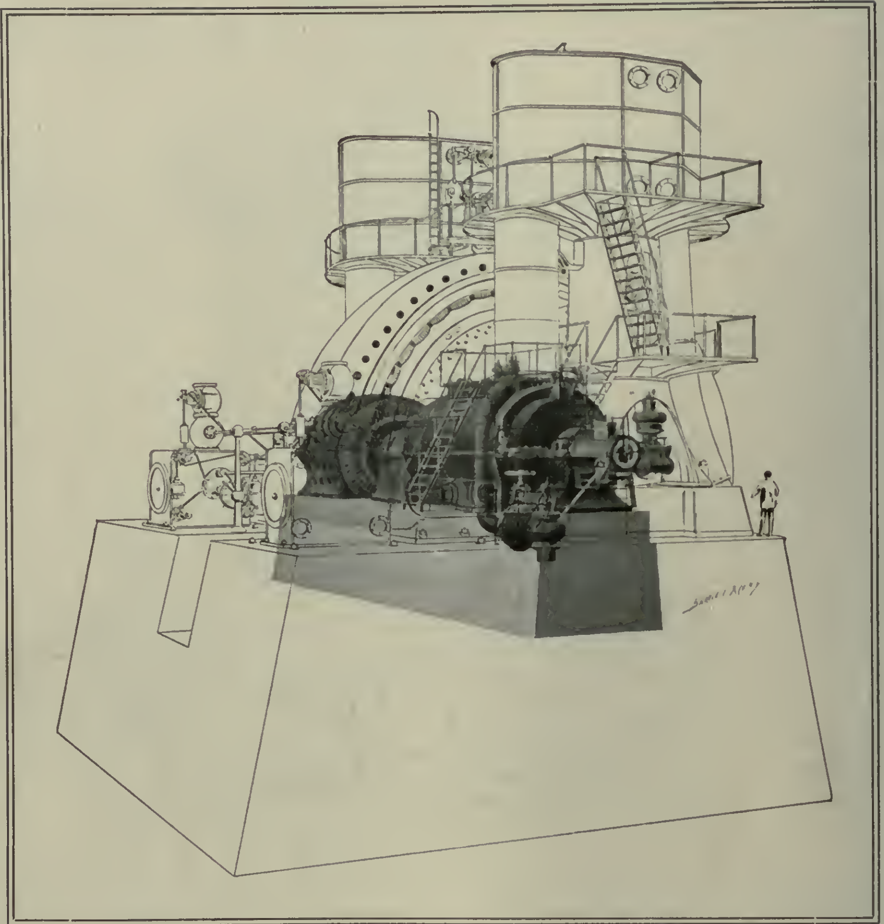


A MACHINE FOR PRODUCING ELECTRICITY
A 5,000 kilowatt steam turbine with galleries direct-connected to generator

If this description be too complex, it may be explained that this mode of producing rotatory motion of a shaft is the same in principle as that of the windmill, only steam is used instead of wind. Steam rushes in on the blades and is drawn out at the other end by the action of powerful air-pumps. The throbbing of the engines, so well known to all steamboat travellers, is done away with, and the machinery moves with a smooth, continuous action.

The steam turbine is superior to the steam-engine in many ways. In the first place, there is nothing to wear out; there are no friction surfaces. The only rubbing parts are at each end of the spindle, and these run in oil; as there is little vibration, the friction is almost nil. Four 100 horse-power turbines have been operating an electric-light plant at Newcastle, England, since 1889, and are said to be still in perfect condition.

Again, the turbine occupies so much less space. This is important whether in a power-house or aboard ship. A railway company in Ohio was able to find room for three horizontal steam turbines of 1,000-kilowatt capacity each, with electric generators, switchboards and transformers in the space formerly occupied by one 1,000-kilowatt piston engine. The accompanying illustration (Fig. 2) shows in an effective way a comparison of the floor, foundation, and head spaces occupied by one of the newest, vertical, reciprocating (piston) engines, with a 5,000-kilowatt, electric generator attached, and a Parson's type turbine-generator unit of the same capacity.



COMPARATIVE SIZES OF TURBINE AND RECIPROCATING ENGINES

The outline shows one of the newest vertical reciprocating engines attached to a generator. The black part of the illustration shows a turbine-generator unit of the same capacity. There is a great saving in the space occupied.—By kindness of the *Review of Reviews* (N. Y.).

There are many other smaller advantages which are too technical for a general article such as this.

The greatest work, perhaps, of the turbine will lie in its application to the propelling of ships. The first compound steam turbine engine was built so long ago as the year 1884, by the Hon. C. A. Parsons, F.R.S., and applied to the driving of a dynamo with satisfactory results. The evolution of the turbine was rapid, and ten years later the pioneer Marine Syndicate was formed. The famous "Turbinia" underwent her initial trial in 1894. She was fitted with one shaft, which in 1896 gave place to three shafts with three propellers on each, making nine in all. The vessel developed a great speed, and excited particular attention in naval circles. Another vessel had four shafts and three propellers on each, making in all twelve propellers, but the tendency now is to abandon the tandem propeller and the multiplicity of shafting.

A turbine-driven steamer has operated on Lake Ontario during 1904 between Toronto and Hamilton, and has been a great success. The Allans, ever foremost in Transatlantic transportation, are about to put into com-

THE S.S. OCEANIC

THE S.S. VICTORIAN

The screws of an ordinary ocean greyhound compared with those of a turbine-driven vessel. The former are two in number and larger; the latter are three in number, the centre one being high-pressure and the other two low-pressure. The two latter have each a reversing arrangement.

mission two high-class turbine-driven steamers, the *Victorian* and the *Virginian*, each of 12,000 tons, 530 feet in length, and 61 feet beam—the largest steamers ever built for the St. Lawrence trade.

With the old type of marine engine it is apparent to everyone that the hurling of a great weight like a piston and piston-rod from one end of the cylinder to the other, and back again at an enormous velocity must be altogether unscientific, as it involves great loss of energy, great stress on the working parts, and considerable and distressing vibration. These have been overcome by the turbine, which bids fair to be the pioneer of a new era in ocean travelling. There is, of course, the fact the turbines cannot reverse, but in the *Victorian* reversing turbines will be enclosed in the low pressure casings, and thus this difficulty is eliminated. That is, there will be separate turbines for forward and backward work. It should also be remembered that the safety of a vessel depends not so much on its speed astern as on the power to stop quickly, and this turbine as designed is an extremely powerful engine in stopping because of the peculiar construction of the blades. In this connection it may be mentioned that the turbine steamer *Queen Alexandra* when going 19 knots was stopped in two and a half times her own length. The turbine has also great starting power, the *Turbinia*, for instance, having attained from rest a speed equal to 28 knots per hour in 20 seconds. When manœuvring the centre shaft can be idle while the steam is sent direct by valves to low-pressure or alternately reversing turbines.

Recently, the British admiralty ordered two 3,000 tons vessels to be known as *Amethyst* and *Topaze*, the former to have turbines and the latter reciprocating engines. Each was to have a trial speed of not less than 21¾ knots. When these trials occurred, the best showing of the *Topaze* was 22¾ knots an hour, while the *Amethyst*,

THE ALLAN LINE'S TURBINE-DRIVEN OCEAN PALACE, THE "VICTORIAN," JUST AFTER LAUNCHING

with the same boiler power, beat this record by one and a quarter knots. There are other points of superiority which favour the turbine.

One of the chief of these secondary elements is the economy of fuel. It was computed in these trials that with 750 tons of fuel, the radius of the action of the *Amethyst* at 18 knots an hour would be 3,600 miles, while that of the *Topaze* would be 2,770 miles. This showed thirty per cent. in favour of the turbine. At a 20 knot speed, the disparity was even more noticeable.

Another advantage claimed for the use of turbines in war-vessels is the absence of vibration. This improvement not only promotes the comfort of the passengers, officers and crew of the steamer, but also insures greater accuracy of aim in handling the guns of the vessel. Even if there was nothing to be gained in speed or in economy of fuel, this consideration alone would be enough to turn the scale in favour of the turbine.

These experiments by the makers of marine engines and by the larger builders of ships are being keenly watched by all interested in the methods of propulsion. The general opinion seems to be that the steam turbine with recent improvements is a modern reform of great value, and one destined to have a distinct economic effect on the problems of transportation.

With steam turbines driving all the electric generators in the world and propelling all the larger steam vessels, with electric motors driving the machinery in the workshops of the world, and electric engines drawing trains, the day of the piston or reciprocating engine and the locomotive will have passed. Yet it will not be to-day or to-morrow. But another twenty-five years should make the large piston-engine almost a curiosity—a relic of a past civilisation.

THE BUILDER

BY INGLIS MORSE

IN stones more lordly than his dreams
 The hand of man has reared aloft
The temples for his Gods, where oft
He finds his soul's divinest themes.

H. M. S. RAMILIES—FIRST-CLASS BRITISH BATTLESHIP

From the Painting by the late L. R. O'Brien, F. R. C. A.

HON. CHARLES SMITH HYMAN
Photograph by Pittaway

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. 58—HONOURABLE CHARLES S. HYMAN

IN speaking of the Honourable Charles Smith Hyman, one involuntarily stops to question whether it is proper to say of London, Ont., or if it would not be eminently more fitting to refer to him as "of the Dominion of Canada." For, although it is from London that Mr. Hyman goes to Ottawa, he is there only a prominent manufacturer; in the Capital City he is a man of political prominence and recognised as a broad-gauged man of affairs, a fact which Sir Wilfrid Laurier was quick to recognise when he appointed him Minister without portfolio.

It is perhaps the natural outcome of events that Mr. Hyman should be a big man, for his business training has been such as to evolve breadth and strength. His father, who came from Williamsport, Pa., in 1835, to start a small tannery in London, died in 1878, leaving his son to shoulder all the cares and responsibilities of the business at the early age of twenty-four. Perhaps in this age of young men, twenty-four may seem a sufficiently mature age for a man to assume such a task; but thirty years ago no business man was supposed to have reached years of discretion until the mature age of forty. How well Mr. Hyman succeeded with the responsibilities that fell to his lot may be gathered from the fact that not only does he still own the London business and St. John Hide Company of St. John, N.B., together with the S. Arscott Company of Benton, in the

same province, but that all three businesses have long ago outgrown anything that the first Hyman ever dreamed of their attaining. Hon. Mr. Hyman is a living example of the young man in business.

But so much for his private interests. As is typical with a man of his calibre, Mr. Hyman is essentially a public-spirited man, and has always taken an interest in public affairs. When he was twenty-eight years of age, he was a member of the municipal council of London, on which, for two years, he served as chairman of the finance committee, so ably performing his duties that he inspired Londoners with sufficient confidence in his ability to elect him Mayor of his native city in the following year. Two years later, when he was but thirty-three years of age, he was made president of the Board of Trade of the Forest City.

In the General Elections of 1891, Mr. Hyman entered Dominion politics in the interests of the Liberal party, and after an exciting contest was elected for the city of London to the House of Commons, although he was subsequently unseated by the election court. In 1900, however, he again successfully contested the seat. His majority of only twenty in the recent general election must by no means be taken as an indication that London is not altogether sure of its own mind about being represented by him; but rather that his universal popularity begat a feeling of over-confidence of which the Conservative party were quick to take advantage. And how easy it is to take such an advantage may be easily understood when the outsider is made to realise that London, always a Conservative stronghold, makes even her municipal elections a party affair, and was strong enough at the beginning of 1904 to return nine Tory aldermen and only three Liberals to the council, to say nothing of a Conservative Mayor. The secret of Mr. Hyman's recent small majority is reflected in the way wagers were freely laid giving him a thousand majority; no one expected anything else.

And then, outside of both public and business interests, there is Charles S. Hyman, the man. A few paragraphs back, I made the statement that Mr. Hyman was a big man—not only big physically, but big in every sense of the word. Without time for anything puny or petty, he has time for looking at every subject only in its widest scope and regarding it, in his mental vision, quickly and from every side. Once he has dismissed a subject as not worth bothering about, he seldom goes back to it. He possesses that intuition which, combined with energy and tact, goes to make a man a leader among men. Everything into which he goes, he goes straight through; there is no half-heartedness about him. Like President Roosevelt, he is an example of "strenuousness" and a lover of outdoor sports. He is an officer of the London Hunt Club, and was formerly one of the Forest City's best cricketers. Old timers will still tell you about some of the plays that "Charlie" Hyman used to make. If one is to believe all they tell, he must have been a wonder at the bat; but after listening, you feel a bit inclined to take their warm personal regard for the man into consideration, and temper some of the statements with a pinch of salt.

Perhaps the two most striking features about the man are his manliness and his ability to inspire confidence. When Hon. C. S. Hyman, either on the platform or speaking personally, makes a statement, one feels that he is telling the truth. You believe him because he speaks right out from the shoulder. He does not mince matters; he is not a quibbler. Not perhaps that he could not, but he simply does not want to; as I said before, he is a *big* man. Moreover, he stands by his friends. He is not strong on promises and weak on performance; but rather the other way about. He makes few promises; but the men whom he sees honestly working for his interests do not lose by it.

A manly man himself, perhaps it is this same quality that he admires most in others. A little incident which occurred some years ago may serve to show a tangible expression of this statement. During one of his campaign trips, Mr. Hyman offered a prize to two lads in a foot race. The contestants were not evenly matched, one of the boys being much larger than the other. Naturally the larger won. But when he was awarded the prize, instead of putting it in his pocket, he turned to his unsuccessful competitor and generously divided equally with him. Mr. Hyman, who witnessed the performance, said nothing at the time; but, on his return to London, it is said, that he sent the larger lad a cheque for fifty dollars. How the story got out no one knows. As one of his lieutenants, who has been associated with him for thirty years or more, said, "Certainly, Mr. Hyman did not tell it."

Hubert McBean Johnston

"SONGS"

BY WINIFRED ARMSTRONG

"Sing to me," a sweet voice cried,
And, seated, I softly smiled
And wondered which of all my songs
Would please a little child.
I sang her a song of birds and flowers
To an air both quaint and sweet;
And looking down, I found the child
Had sunk in a quiet sleep.

"Sing to me," a maiden cried,
When the twilight 'round us fell;
And I sang to her a song of love,
And found it pleased her well;
I sang to her a tender song,
Of all love's hopes and fears,
And the maiden's face was all aglow
And her eyes were full of tears.

"Sing to me," a woman cried,
A woman both old and sad—
"Sing to me something to ease this pain,
And make my tired heart glad."
I sang to her a song of joy
And the peace that to us is given
When earthly cares and joys are o'er,
And we are at rest in heaven;
And looking down on the woman's face,
I saw all the pain had fled
From the tired eyes and weary heart,
For her soul was comforted.

The Half Breed's Story

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

IS it from his father or from his mother that man receives the influence that rules his life? They say it is the father who controls our destinies. It is he who rules us. It is he whose command we must obey when we are young, whose will makes us warriors, who directs our wills, and shows us how to be worthy. We are called his sons; we are told of his deeds by our comrades if he is dead, and are encouraged to rival the acts that made him known among the tribesmen as a leader and chief.

So it is said, and yet I remember little of my father. He was killed before I could retain the words he may have addressed to me to grow up a man amongst men. I remember him, perhaps, from a mere imagination of what I think must have been his appearance. It may be only because I was told he was like some other chief whom I saw in childhood. Yet I believe that it is not only a trick that memory plays with me when I see, outlined against the white light of day at the entrance of the tent in which I sprawled and crawled as a little dusky baby, the tall, spare form of a man—agile, calm, lithe, and with bare shoulders and arms, a long feather hanging from the back of his head, from which the far longer black locks hang in two strands of hair. Around his middle is fastened a great, brown, hairy robe by a belt that lets the upper part fall doubled from the waist, and his legs are hidden. This is the way in which men of our tribe wore the robe or skin of a buffalo when the chief was mourning for the death of one dear to him. So someone must have died who was near and dear to him. How was it my mother never told me? It is of her that I think when my thoughts go back to childhood. It is often, perhaps oftenest, with us "half-breeds" that this influence of the mother prevails. For I am told that I was a half-breed. How could that be when my father was a chief among the Sioux Indians, and my mother was of that tribe? And here I only relate what has been told to me. The tale seems probable, though not proven.

They say that my mother it was who was a half-breed. One of the white men, who spoke not the white language, but the tongue of the older nation whom the whites vanquished in the distant countries near the great salt water in the East, took for a wife a dark girl of the Iroquois, or it may have been one of the tribes near the Lake of the Woods, who live in the summer on the blueberries of the forests and in the winter on the white fish, and are not fond of fighting. But they are clever at building canoes. They are brave in descending the river rapids, where a false movement of a paddle, or even the wrong balance of the body, may cause their barque to

* This story relates something of the earlier career of Sitting Bull. The later story of this famous Indian will be told by F. C. Wade, K.C., in the February number.

strike against a rock, and plunge all on board into hissing foam and vehement cataract, where the death cry is smothered in the roar of the raving waters. Coming to the plains of the Winnipeg Lake and the red running floods of the Assiniboine, my mother when a child had followed the camp of her father and mother, and had been stolen when some dispute had occurred with the Sioux. That she had white blood I know. But she never remembered a word of the language of the white men; and, save that her eyes were of a different brown colour from those of the tribe and that her hair had a light and a curve in it that none of our people possessed, she could not be known by any mark that could be seen to be part of other blood. But her bosom was lighter in hue than was the skin of the mothers among the Sioux. For this she was jeered at by the women, and the children mocked me. And so it came about that one of the priests of the French voyageurs on the Red River observed me and, when my mother died, took me, giving payment in time of dearth of food to the Indians for me. For five years I was with him, and I learned the wisdom of the strangers, so that I can write and speak French, and understand also the American tongue.

Ah, but the habits of the mother prevail! It does not matter that she herself has been only trained to her ways of life by habit and not by blood. The customs get into the blood and influence the children. It is the habits of the immediate, not of the remote ancestor or ancestress, that conquer. I might have grown up a learned man —a priest intent on following the example of some French ancestor who waged war on bad things in man and nature. I might have joined with some who, half French and half Indian, took to raising corn and buckwheat and roots, and have been content to have a strip of land full of foodstuffs, and have toiled with the implements of husbandry. I heard of a great world beyond the woods and prairies where men lived in hundreds of thousands, and toiled and toiled, and seldom saw the open country, and were content to exist without killing either time or game, and hunted only for sayings of the dead deeds of dead men. I knew such who would care nothing for the habits of men, or birds, or beasts, but only for the records of the dead. They fed their minds with the images of those who are gone from us for ever. They gaze with earnest stare at the printed page, and live in thought and reverie with the ideas that moved the pen of those whose eyes saw other things than ours see now, and whose actions could not be repeated now. They held themselves close prisoners in places where the air was foul. They became blanched in colour. The healthy tan of the winds they disliked. Their blood coursed slowly through their veins. They thought that by digging deeper into the ground than had others that they could make men happier and stronger. They compassed greater death-dealing powers only by half-killing themselves. They esteemed the illnesses that lead to quiet death the chief evil, and made the death-bed a torture by prolonging painful life. They called progress and civilisation the power of making all life artificial, and all pleasures were bemingled with labour. The mind was made only to minister to the conditions they called comfort, which softened the body so that its enjoyment was limited to the places where certain foods and drinks and other things could be obtained only by many working together.

How different was it with the children of the prairie and the woods! While nature was kind, true enjoyment was the heritage of all. I except the times of famine. But they came not in the days I knew. And I had experience of the white man's plagues, which my Indian friends had never known. Give me, I said, one year of cholera, or smallpox, or typhoid, and it is worse than the seldom-endured famine. Nature is never so unfair when left alone as she becomes when her acts are dictated by civilisation.

Her noble and healthy instincts are then warped and twisted, and, like a woman overdriven, she knows not what she does. The very things that were most beloved become her loathing. She hates where she loved, and none can recognise the being that was beneficent in the distraught creature whose very being has wholly altered. And I, inheriting the habits which had become the nature, or the second nature, of my mother, longed for the free life of whom civilisation calls the savage.

Why call him so? That he is not savage is best attested by the whites themselves, who never disdain Indian blood. How many are there among Americans who boast descent from Pocahontas, the Indian maiden of Virginia? And why not? Do the redskins have less comforts and less heroic qualities than the whites? I say that in peaceful days they are better, not worse, in trapping. Among the frame huts of the whites I longed for the Moya, or hide tent of the Sioux. Could any place be more happy for man's body than the painted lodges of the "Savage"? The buffalo skins of which it was made were splendidly wrought and stitched, and overlapped so that a wall impervious to the coldest wind was set up, resting against the central pole. Outwardly these hide cones were painted in red figures recalling fights and the feats of warriors. Internally soft carpets of fur were laid around the circle, and the zone furthest from the fire in the centre was divided off into apartments by screens of sinew lattice. Reclining there, the story and song and laughter were heard as cheerily as in the settlers' or the priests' abodes. The long-stemmed pipe, with its head of the red stone, was lit by the wives with greater attention to the wants of the aged or the chief than I have seen in the huts of the fathers. And if the tobacco were not the same, if it were mixed with the willow, a herb esteemed from of old, was not the mixture of the Northern with the Southern plants a change for the better? Yes, just as the Northern air must be better than the wet heat of the South. Ah, who can breathe the breath of the prairie and not long for the winds and perfume to fill again lungs and throat and mouth! Who that has seen the lilies of the spring and the yellow blossoms of the autumn spread in oceans of green and gold and star-sown spaces under foot can withhold a longing for the sense of power that clear eyesight and elastic tread can alone give to the voyageur? Then even the winter cold brings the feeling of grandeur and of bounty, if man has provided in the certain and abounding summer for the as certain restfulness of winter. If antelope be few and buffalo fail there has always been the splendid procession of the wild fowl, of duck and goose and swan, in spring and in autumn. More birds would fall to our guns than we could use for food.

But I repeat too much the thought that made my tame life at the mission distasteful. I determined to go again to the Sioux. Their chief was one who was beloved by the tribes. I had known of his trials. I had heard of his determination to try his strength against the Americans. I went to him. He received me as a son might be by a stern but indulgent father. He scarce spoke a word. But I saw that his eye was mild. I told him I could be of service to him as a teamster, as one who had knowledge of the white men. A lodge was assigned to me. I dressed, marched, hunted and lived again as an Indian. Happiness was again mine. I was one of the living.

The chief was that remarkable man known among them as the "Sitting Bull." He had made his preparations for what the whites called rebellion. He called the war he had determined on revenge for injuries inflicted by the whites. He called it an assertion of freedom which belonged to the children of the prairie from of old. Had they not been confined like cattle to "agencies" and districts? Had not the buffalo and antelope been killed off from before them? Had not any surrender been followed by trickery and robbery on the part of the agents at

these "agencies"? Had not the provisions promised them by treaties been shortened and pillaged? Had not the agents sold for themselves what was the Indian's proper allotment? And now from far and near, from all places where the Sioux and their allies had been coralled like cattle, the injured and ancient people were to assemble at the chief's bidding and bid defiance. They had obtained good weapons of war by the fraud of the very men sent by the Americans to guard against the Indians' obtaining arms. The chief was silent, determined and resourceful. His people were silently strengthened each week after I joined them by many who came, some bringing their women with them. But the hearts of the women of the tribes were heavy and, though they also spoke little save to each other, they were ill at ease.

I had found none of the former strangeness towards me shown when I returned. Perhaps it was the order of the chief, or the knowledge that I desired to be indeed one of them, that made them wholly friendly. Perhaps it was the sense that told them that in the coming struggle all honest help offered would be acceptable. I worked hard for them, chiefly as a teamster. With "Bull" himself I was a frequent guest. All saw I was his friend. I still have a drawing he made for me which gave again the figures painted on the sides of his "tepee." Simple these, and yet how eloquent now that I look back on those days! Messengers came in fast from distant places, telling now how General Custer and the American cavalry he commanded were out on the war-path against us. Scouts gave us accurate knowledge of their strength and of the route they would probably take. In front of them our people fled, but ever leaving behind them those who spied out the movements of the troops and brought intelligence. Our ponies seemed tireless. Their big horses were often sore and wrecked; and one day, by my advice, we attacked an advance party and, taking them prisoners without their being able to fire a shot, sent the men, unarmed, in front of us and covered by our rifles, to ride by a track that misled the white men who followed. And so we succeeded in leading a number far away from the main body we designed to fight in another place. The troops we led astray by compelling the advanced party to march where we drove them and where we killed them, never got back to their main column in time to assault us. They arrived too late.

I will tell of this in a moment; let me detail the main event. Another hint I had given to the chief was one that fortunately had a good result, although it depended on our being attacked in a selected place. The spot, however, was not hard to know, for horses could only advance with ease where he provided the difficulty. An opening between hills indicated our position of defence. In the level space between was long grass. This we pleated and knotted in strong, rope-like strands. We rightly calculated that our enemies' heavy horses would be tripped by these withes. We strengthened them with willow branches, but none could tell that they were there. So we prepared for war. But in the midst of these alarms came the contrast of an episode of peace.

Happiness was again to come to me, a white streak of sunlight amid the red carnage of sorrow. These contrasts are never-ending in human life. It may be because the All Giver knows how to make his gifts most beloved. I had determined to marry a girl whom in boyhood I liked, for she had been fond of me when many persecuted me as of alien blood. Such matters march quickly with the Indians. I told the chief I wanted her. He gave a grunt and a nod. That evening she was in my lodge! Yes, you see these children of nature do not hesitate. The chief had received me in the early morning in front of his tepee. A sturdy figure, with broad brow and feathered with two black and white bird tail feathers, his body clothed in leather, with a triple row of the milk teeth of his Wapiti deer across breast and back—

his erect bearing while he received news from scouts and gave directions to the mounted men who rode up to him with news of the enemy—seems to be before my eyes as I write. The thin vapour of the camp rising through the clear air, the undulating swell of the country, broken often in one direction by blue river waters that shone steel-blue to the sky that gave them colour, the "cut banks" of these streams where there was plain, and their disappearance in ravines and near darksome masses of bluff and rough low cliffs—this was the landscape behind the warlike figures and their camp. Stern, dark, keen-eyed men, with noses like the ponies they rode, with great cheek-bones and searching brown eyes. I feared they would be massacred by the American warriors.

My girl-wife was anxious when I told her all I knew of them and of their brave commander, Custer, but she said not a word. She only looked at me, and drank in all I said with long and wistful and, I thought also, loving looks. Next day came the fight.

We saw from the higher lands the advance of the cavalry. They had laid aside their swords. They rode in a long line, with many paces distance between each man, behind them the main body, but divided, one set appearing far away to our left where the ground was broken and they were soon lost to sight. We knew our parties in that direction would not leave them alone. Our enemies had hats with wide rims turned up on one side. The shots now could be heard, but we let few fire. Their men kept up a heavy fusilade. Our plan was to lure them on. We wished both the divisions on our left and centre to come in well to the uneven ground. They seemed to obey our wishes like children. We were all around them when the chief gave the word, and very many fell. The remainder, instead of separating, got closer together and tried to charge. Their horses stumbled and men fell by the score. They again massed closer and fired three volleys. These were their last. We were among them, shooting them down and sparing none. I have seen six shots put into one man. Their scalps were now staining our horses' shoulders. We took many, and wished to take more, for their division on the far-away left point was still in the field. They, too, had lost many, but got into the rough ground of a hill above the willow and poplar groves of a river bank. There most of them remained, and we, knowing that they must go but would take many lives if we attacked, let them retreat next morning. We had fought with gallant men. May their spirits dwell with ours in peace in Heaven's Prairies, where my wife Metisa and I hope to live for ever! Her father said so. The mission fathers say so. Why should it not be?

One thing that is good in the prairie life is that we know what we see. The air is clear. We can believe our eyes. We also believe what we say. Save in war we deceive not. We are now again at peace. I did not go with Sitting Bull, our beloved chief, when, after many years of patient endurance of exile in Canada, he surrendered, only to be murdered by the agency people who had never forgiven him his victory. My wife and I remained in Canada, where I resumed my life again and was thankful that I had a knowledge of the country from my previous wanderings. Where can we see greater plenty than among the white men in Manitoba? It is, indeed, the country of Manito—the country of God. My children own more wheat than would have fed our Sioux camp for three generations. They drive their horses and ploughs through seas of yellow grain. My little bride, wedded on the eve of the great fight, is now a grandmother, a queen of a tribe of my descendants. Metisma we call her no more, but "little mother." She has seen her children's children and they have called her blessed, as the mission people say.

No one hungers in Canada's prairies. We knew hunger sometimes of old. The Canadians hunger only for renown.

ROBERTS AND THE INFLUENCES OF HIS TIME

By JAMES CAPPON, Professor of English, Queen's University

A SERIES OF FOUR ARTICLES OF WHICH THIS IS NUMBER ONE

I.—LITERARY WORLD OF TO-DAY

R. ROBERTS has been before the public as a poet for about a quarter of a century. During that time some six or seven volumes of verse have come from his hands, and in 1901 a general collection of his poems was published in one volume. In a prefatory note to this last volume he tells us that it contains everything he cares to preserve of the poetry he had written before the end of 1898. To this he has recently added a small volume, *The Rose of Life*, so that the reader will find in those two books all that the poet himself cares to give him, or would like to be judged by.

But though Mr. Roberts is so well known by name to the public, and is certainly the most distinguished of our Canadian poets, of those, at any rate, who use the English language, it cannot be said that his poetry has taken any wide or deep hold of the Canadian people. In fact, with the exception of a sonnet or two which appear regularly in the new anthologies, it is doubtful if the poetry of Roberts is at all well known outside of a limited circle of readers mostly professional or semi-professional in their relation to literature. Some of these struggle valiantly to keep alive a languid public interest on the subject of Canadian poetry and poets by warm eulogies in the magazines or highly optimistic utterances at literary conferences. But literary conferences can do nothing to create a public interest in poetry which the poetry itself has failed to excite. As often as not the indiscriminate and universal eulogy which one hears at such gatherings, or reads in perfunctory reviews of Canadian literature, only dulls and confuses the public mind and leaves it with some very reasonable suspicion as to the value of poetry and higher literature in general. It is a very different kind of seed that must be sown before the great new democracies of to-day will show as lively and as critical an interest in these things as the aristocratic and aristocratically trained societies of the past did. What we need is not a blare of trumpets and loud proclamations that "Canada has a literature," or a "Burns" or a "Tennyson," but a candid and reverent criticism that will show the true value of imaginative literature and the part it is playing, nobly or ignobly, for it can do both, in our general life.

It is quite true that some forms of literature now receive a more generous support from the public than they ever did before. The modern novelist, for example, has an immense and indulgent public in the hosts of those who have money and leisure and are willing to amuse themselves with a story when they are not at the theatre or playing "bridge." The modern magazine writer and journalist also has a public which has converted ancient Grub Street into one of the opulent and respected quarters of the earth. Better still, it is true that poetry of a really first-rate quality in its kind has as large an audience as it ever had, whether it be the highly critical poetry of Browning or the popular lyric of Kipling. The poetry of Omar Khayyam, for example, which has had the good luck to be so translated in the curiously appropriate rhythms of Fitzgerald that even to the common ear it has become the perfect expression of one great chord in life, goes everywhere, watering like a hidden brook

the dusty ways of the everyday world. The Rubaiyat is read, as Macandrew's Hymn is read, by those who care little in general for poetry. But there are other forms of literature which have almost suffered eclipse under our new democracies, at least on this side of the Atlantic. The old literary reviewer, for instance, has a poor time amongst us, I am afraid. The days when an article on Milton or Dr. Johnson made a sensation amongst the reading public are gone by. The modern reviewer must compress what he has to say into a five-page article; he must avoid literary and philosophic breadth of treatment and raise only issues which can be explained in a paragraph; or he must hide himself away in the limbo of the philosophical reviews. It is only in these now that one hears about Byron and Wordsworth.

Another literary personage whose importance has dwindled greatly in these modern times is the old type of minor poet, the successor, the follower of some great, established school of poetry, the author of odes, or epics, or dramas in their classical form. When one thinks of the place which such minor poets as Beattie and Rogers and Mrs. Hemans held in the world of their time, of the reverence their works inspired, and the way in which they impressed themselves on the culture of their age, one sees what a curious displacement of literary interests has accompanied the growth of democracy. The culture which the general reader of to-day seeks is quantitatively greater as regards information. He is quick-brained and has a wide range of sensibility; he wants to know something about many things, about railroad transportation and fish hatcheries, about radioactivity and Japanese art, even a little about literature or the Middle-ages. But he does not value the kind of education which the reading of Cowper's Task or Byron's Childe Harold, or even Washington Irving's Sketch-Book might give him. His knowledge has not the ethical centre or the imaginative depth it used to have. *Harper's Monthly Magazine* would no longer dare, as it did in 1851, to reprint Goldsmith's *Traveller* in full or make up an issue mainly of articles on subjects like Washington Irving and the Poetry of William Cullen Bryant, and Extracts from the Conversation of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More about Plato. In many ways indeed the literary atmosphere of the *Harper's* of half a century ago is superior to that of the *Harper's* of to-day. There is an intellectual charm and repose about that old *Harper's*, a poise of judgment and an imaginative breadth which are lacking in its more modern representative. The imaginative quality of the illustrations in the latter; Elizabethan mansions and gardens, old Italian cities, and the ruined battlements of Chateau Galliard, with the rooks flying about them, does not quite make up for the want of a similar quality in the text.

The popular magazines have to adapt themselves, of course, to the taste of the greatest number of their readers. Perhaps they have largely absorbed the public which once gave popularity and vogue to the Beatties and Youngs of a past generation. They have absorbed it on one side while the interest in scientific and economic philosophy has absorbed it on the other. It requires a very solid habit of mind, indeed, to resist the fascinating variety of the popular magazine of our day. No form of the popular taste but is admirably studied and catered for there. You get the latest economic estimates and the latest wonders of science, storiettes in five pages, interviews with statesmen (which do not as a rule amount to much), and with actresses (which amount to more, sociologically at least), the history of Rockefeller or of the Amalgamated Copper Company, and such piquant specialties as Professor Simon Newcomb's vision of the end of the world, or Professor Boyesen of Harvard's studies of types of beauty amongst chorus girls, with illustrations. If the reader has a craving for something more ideal, something in the higher regions of art and literature,

the able editor knows how to administer an opiate in the form of a four-page article on Velasquez or the Barbizon school, or it may be on the frescoes of the Pisan Campo Santo, or on Peire Vidal, the Troubadour, the atmosphere of the age in such cases being given, not by the text, which is generally very poor in this respect, but by clever illustrations in three-colour prints. A critical interest in literature may be represented by a gossipy account of Tolstoi with a picture of him at work in the fields in his peasant's blouse, or perhaps by an interview with Sudermann, accompanied by a translation of a page or two of *Die Ehre* or *Im Zweilicht*.

And there is much in the way of information in the popular magazine that we cannot do without. Where else should we learn about the iniquities of American municipalities and the Standard Oil Company, unless the magazine editors endowed such research? How is the minor poet who once held the ear of his generation with his epic or ode, even if it was unread by the next, to compete with all that in our time? He loses faith in his art and begins to think it is an archaic tradition, and he probably ends by seeking the protection of some art coterie or taking shelter in that grand haven of refuge for distressed literary craft, journalism. If he has a ready pen for prose work he can keep himself comfortably afloat there, and achieve a bye-reputation in one or the other department of literature. What may happen to the poet within him is another question. He may grow, as Henley did, into a wild Villon-like grace and defiant candour of utterance (with a touch of Alsatian swagger in it too, the Bilbo trailing conspicuously at his heels); or he, the poet, may die in the very opulence of modern Grub Street, or because of the over-mastering spell of Vagabondia, while the man is still alive and publishing quatrains in praise of Omar or *vers libre* in praise of life.

But whatever position the minor poet may occupy in the varied intellectual activity of our time, when he has produced such a notable quantity of work as Roberts has, work representing a strenuous and singularly varied effort at the poetic interpretation of life, his career can hardly fail to be an interesting document in the history of his country and his age. It is not always in the great master that you can read most clearly the character of the time. The great master has a way of sublimating into greatness all the intellectual tendencies of the age, and even its conceits and affectations, as Shakespeare, for example, can make the euphuism and exaggerated emphasis of the Elizabethan period pass muster with us. But in the minor poet you can examine characteristic modes of thought and forms of art with a steadier and less dazzled eye. If you want to understand the standards of the eighteenth century in verse you should look at the poetry of Garth and Addison as well as at that of Pope and Goldsmith.

II.—EARLY POEMS—THE SCHOOL OF KEATS. ACTÆON.

IT is natural for a young poet to begin by following some established tradition in his art, and Roberts started with one of the highest. The direct influence of Keats had almost ceased to be felt in English poetry when the Canadian poet revived it in its purest form for his countrymen. His early poems hardly disguise the fact that they are imitations of Keats, and belong to that new world of Arcadia which the English poet had created. That poetic world which Crabbe and Wordsworth, with their naturalism, thought they had banished; that land where the departed gods and heroes of Hellas still live, where the steps of Pan are still heard in the forest, and Thetis glides with silvery feet over the waves, had been revived for us by the poet of Endymion, and its green bowers had allured a good many poetic aspirants into them, amongst whom Roberts may be

counted as the latest, perhaps the last. For the poetry of to-day is looking for its material in another region where the forms of life are more robust and actual and the atmosphere more electrical than they are in the old legendary world of Arcadia.

From a philosophic point of view, there was nothing very complete in Keats' reconstruction of the Greek mythology. But he gave it all that poetry needs to make a new world of, a new sky, a new earth and new seas enchanting as those of fairyland; he filled its landscape with green wealth and aerial minstrelsy and every harmonious form of beauty in shape or sound or colour. But, more than all, he created the language in which alone this new world could be fitly described, a new language of idyllic description, a language of the subtlest, impressionistic power which could render the shapes of things seen in this dreamland with a visionary distinctness altogether unique. Its movement and cadence, too, were unique, natural as those of a man talking to himself, yet quaint and captivating as voices from the cave of the Sibyl:

> 'Twas a lay
> More subtle-cadenced, more forest wild
> Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;
> And nothing since has floated on the air
> So mournful strange.

If Southey had been able to discover a similar language for his Domdaniels and Padalons his grandiose epics would not be where they now are, but that would be saying that Southey had a poetic genius which he had not. The line of Keats was a marvellous creation, and made him the indispensable master for all the idyllic poets who came after him. He had the master's secret of making everything which he touched new. His Apollos and Naiads had nothing to do with the fossilised mythology of the eighteenth century poets; you never thought of comparing them; you never thought of his "leaden-eyed despairs" in connection with the deliberate personifications of Collins or Gray, no more than you thought of the stiff framework of the eighteenth century couplet in reading his fluent verse.

Of course there was something in his style which remains inimitable and his own. The imaginative felicity of his phrase, the passionate simplicity of his cry, the entire naturalness of his movement, no one could repeat these. But there was also something which could be more or less easily imitated, and this became the possession of a whole school, and even part of the universal language of poetry. That large, elusive epithet, that new reach of synecdoche, those novel compounds, that richly blazoned phrase in general, with delicate luxury and efflorescence, were readily appropriated by the æsthetic schools of poetry. Phrases like "argent revelry," "warm-cloistered hours," "tall oaks branch-charmed by the earnest stars," set the mould for a new and finely sensuous impressionism in descriptive poetry. The critics of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* might sniff at first at the new poesy as the sickly affectation of the Cockney School, but it could not long be neglected by young poets seeking to learn the secrets of colour and rhythm in their art. The youthful Tennyson quietly drew some of his finest threads for his own loom, and Rossetti, with the whole æsthetic school, shows everywhere the influence of Keats' line. To most of them he was more even than Shelley, for he taught them more, though the other, with the star-domed grandeur of his universe, and his Titanic passion and conflict might be the greater inspiration to them. William Rossetti says of his famous brother that he "truly preferred" Keats to Shelley, "though not without some compunctious visitings now and then."

As to Wordsworth's influence, it is not surprising that there is little or no trace of it in the early work of Roberts, though it was just the time when the reputation of the sage and singer of Rydal Mount was in its second bloom with the public, owing mainly to the fine and discriminating criticism of Arnold. But the young poets of

the æsthetic school disliked Wordsworth. They hated the plain texture of his style and its want of colour. It might, however, have been well for Roberts if he had come under the influence of Wordsworth's simplicity and candour at this formative period of his life.

But, for better or worse, the school of Keats was that in which Mr. Roberts received his training. He simply lives at this period in that green world of neo-classical idyllism which Keats had created. The style of the master, his colour, his rhythmical movement, his manner of treating his subject, are reproduced with the interesting, but somewhat deceptive similitude which a copy always gives of a great original. In the *Ode to Drowsihood* we hear the well-known lyrical cry:

Ah! fetch thy poppy baths, juices exprest
  In fervid sunshine, where the Javan palm
  Stirs, scarce awakened from its odorous
      calm
By the enervate wind,

and in the stanzas of the *Ariadne* almost every epithet and every verb recall something which is familiar to us in the manner of the master:

Hung like a rich pomegranate o'er the sea
  The ripened moon; along the tranced sand
The feather-shadowed ferns drooped dreamfully,
The solitude's evading harmony
  Mingled remotely over sea and land;
A light wind woke and whispered warily,
  And myriad ripples tinkled on the strand.

That poetry is steeped in the rich Tyrian dye of Keats' fancy, and the luxury of sense impression which is so marked in the work of the master is the too exclusive quality of the disciple's. For after all there is an ethical element in the poetry of Keats which Roberts does not reproduce so well, an insistence on the spirituality and the healthfulness of beauty which runs through all the work of the English poet and gives its special flavour to many of his finest passages. It is the ascetic element needed to complete the chord in Keats, without which his poetry would be rather overpowering in its sensuous richness. Every one knows the opening lines of Endymion and the fine outburst in *The Ode to a Grecian Urn*:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play
    on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

The epic of *Orion*, Mr. Roberts' most ambitious effort, though he preserves only a fragment of it in the one volume edition of his poems, also belongs to this early period. The material is still that of the Keatsian idyll, a romantic treatment of mythical Greek figures, sylvan deities, Arcadian shepherd kings, with a luxurious impressionistic treatment of Arcadian landscape as its background. The style is often highly affected:

And now it was about the set of sun,
And the west sea-line with its quivering rim
Had hid the sun-god's curls.

In the descriptive parts the line is too often burdened with epithets, the search for æsthetic picturesque material taking up the energy which might go into deeper forms of characterisation:

For there the deep-eyed night
Looked down on me; unflagging voices called
From unpent waters falling; tireless wings
Of long winds bare me tongueless messages
From star-consulting, silent pinnacles;
And breadth, and depth, and stillness fathered me.

So *Orion* discourses. Allow for the remote legendary atmosphere of the tale and the manner in which the mysterious converse of a demi-god with the ancient elemental voices of mother earth must be communicated, that style is still a hollow and overwrought form; it depends almost entirely on a vague impressionism which does not succeed in fixing truly the imaginative shape of the things swimming in its vision. This inchoate, formless character of the imaginative power is easily felt in the epithets which are so pretentious and yet express so little intimate or real experience.

It could hardly be otherwise. The poem of *Orion* is grandiose and empty because the young poet is moving in a world at once too vast and too attenuated in the forms of its life to be

treated on this epic scale. It needed the overflowing imagination of a Keats to fill that world with the contours and colours of life suitable to it, with deities and piping fauns, with naiads and shepherds, rural festivals and choral hymns, and all the legendary motley of Arcadia. It needed all the magic of his style and his exquisite touch in nature description to overcome its huge artificiality. Even in him its main interest and only underlying reality was the idyllic representation of nature which he could blend so happily with that old Greek symbolism. His Arcadian personages, although there are brilliant traits in their make-up, stand for nothing.

After *Orion* Roberts seems to have felt some decay of the impulse towards classical mythological themes. He had celebrated his entry into the region of Arcadian song in a characteristically high and jubilant strain:

> Surely I have seen the majesty and wonder
> Beauty, might and splendour of the soul of song;
> Surely I have felt the spell that lifts asunder
> Soul from body, when lips faint and thought is strong.

Anche io son poeta! But now, in *Iterumne*, he seems to breathe a mournful farewell to Arcadian legend. The breeze, he complains, is no longer blowing from Thessalian Tempe and the swift Peneus, no vision of goddess or Dryad comes to him any more:

> Ah me! No wind from golden Thessaly
> Blows in on me as in the golden days;
> No morning music from its dew-sweet ways,
> No pipings, such as came so clear to me
> Out of green meadows by the sparkling sea;
> No goddess any more, no Dryad strays,
> And glorifies with songs the laurel maze;
> Or else I hear not and I cannot see.
>
> For out of weary hands is fallen the lyre,
> And sobs in falling; all the purple glow
> From weary eyes is faded, which before
> Saw bright Apollo and the blissful choir
> In every mountain grove. Nor can I know
> If I shall surely see them any more.

Very weary, surely, are the hands and eyes of one-and-twenty! But some reaction from the first ecstasy of young inspiration was natural, and the poet may already have begun to feel some shrinking and fading in that Arcadian world of his fancy. Probably also he was beginning to suspect that the temper of the age was not so favourable to that remote visionary treatment of life as it once had been. Besides, although the character of Mr. Roberts' talent is decidedly of the high traditional literary kind, he has also, as one may see from his later career, strong popular instincts, and he would soon realise that to reach any wide public in Canada he must choose themes with more of the actual life and interests of to-day in them.

But though Mr. Roberts after this period began to seek a less remote kind of subject for his song, he has never altogether deserted the old fields of Greek legend. From time to time the wind blows again from Thessalian Tempe and brings us a strain or two of the old music. Indeed, *Actæon*, which was published in 1887 in the volume *In Divers Tones*, is Roberts' most successful achievement in the region of classical idyll. But the manner in which he treats his subject is no longer that of Keats and his school, not purely at least. He combines it with a dramatic monologue in that psychological style which Browning has made so familiar to us. The subject of the poem is the story of Actæon's death, but it is told by "a woman of Platæa," who is supposed to have witnessed the tragedy, and is converted by it from scepticism to fear the gods. The first part of the poem, in which the Platæan woman tells the story of her own life, is modelled in some extent on the close, tense, psychological movement of Browning, and his realistic manner of presenting his personages in dramatic monologue. Even the style at times has familiar touches, a curt emphasis and rough, dramatic cuts in the verse, which remind us of Browning; though, on the whole, it is Tennysonian, spun out of the mingled simplicity and ornateness of Tennyson's diction. The second part of the poem, in which the woman tells the story of Actæon's death, is wholly descriptive, the material being legendary idyllic, and treated

in the smooth, remote manner natural to the Arcadian idyll.

Here are some lines from the introductory part, in which the Platæan woman discourses on the nature of the gods. You can see the brusque jets of Browning's manner mingling with the more languid and musical phrase of Tennyson. The psychology is very simple, but there is a certain piquancy in this presentation of scepticism in a Greek dress:

I have lived long and served the god, and drawn
Small joy and liberal sorrow—scorned the gods,
And drawn no less my little meed of good,
Suffered my ill in no more grievous measure.

. . . .

Ay, have I sung, and dreamed that they would hear,
And worshipped, and made offerings—it may be
They heard, and did perceive, and were well pleased—
A little music in their ears, perchance,
A grain more savor to their nostrils, sweet
Tho' scarce accounted of. But when for me
The mists of Acheron have striven up,
And horror was shed round me; when my knees
Relaxed, my tongue clave speechless, they forgot.
And when my sharp cry cut the moveless night,
And days and nights my wailings clamoured up
And beat about their golden homes, perchance
They shut their ears. No happy music this,
Eddying through their nectar cups and calm!
Then I cried out against them, and died not;
And rose and set me to my daily tasks.
So all day long, with bare, uplift right arm,
Drew out the strong thread from the carded wool,
Or wrought strange figures, lotus-buds and serpents,
In purple on the himation's saffron fold;
Nor uttered praise with the slim-wristed girls
To any god, nor uttered any prayer.

There are some fine natural traits in the picture of the Platæan woman, and, on the whole, she is the most life-like of the few human figures, mythical or modern, that appear in Roberts' poems. But she is strangely out of place in the atmosphere of a mythus. Her personality and speech have the realistic accent of a historic time, and refuse absolutely to blend with the figures of a mythopoetic age which witnessed the metamorphosis of Actæon and saw the gods of Olympus walking on the earth. There are two different atmospheres in the poem fundamentally discordant with each other, and the manner in which the poet connects the two is at best an ingenious artifice without psychological truth or significance. But though the psychological basis of the poem is weak, it has its merits as a tale told fluently and with a certain subtlety of art. It has, too, in the latter part a fine background of descriptive impressionism such as the legendary idyll requires:

Cithæron, bosomed deep in soundless hills,
Its fountained vales, its nights of starry calm,
Its high, chill dawns, its long-drawn, golden days.

The description of the "homeless pack" is good, and that closing touch about the wind that blows down on them and dies away in the dark—an æsthetic consonance of nature covering her huge, elemental indifference towards human fate—shows the delicate sensibility of the poet in this direction.

Off Pelorus is another excursion into the region of classical legend, and illustrates the artistic variety of Mr. Roberts' experiments in moulds and metres. It tells the old tale of Ulysses and the Sirens in a manner which combines the characteristic qualities of two or three of the great poets of the æsthetic and impressionistic schools, the romantic and almost effeminate treatment which Tennyson gives classical legend, the luxurious warmth of phrase and the fulness of picturesque detail which one finds in some poems of Keats's, and the passionate, lyrical movement, heightened by alliterative emphasis, which is characteristic of Swinburne.

Crimson swims the sunset over far Pelorus:
Burning crimson tops its frowning crest of pine.
Purple sleeps the shore and floats the wave before us,
Eachwhere from the oar-stroke eddying warm like wine.

The measure actually used, however, is that of Browning in the *Epilogue to Ferishstah's Fancies*, with the omis-

sion of a foot in the second and fourth lines of the stanza, which shortens its majestic stride and lowers the heroic cadences slightly. That "eachwhere" represents a certain recklessness characteristic of Roberts, and so does, in a still deeper way, the violent expedient by which he manages to introduce the Siren's song. He makes the sailors *guess* its words from the expressive struggle of Ulysses to free himself from his bonds.

On the whole, we cannot rate very highly this Greek legendary element in the poetry of Roberts. It needs an utter perfection of style and a fancy of exquisite delicacy to wake these old and very decayed chords in the history of our civilisation into life again. The highly cultivated interest in literature which welcomes such productions as the *Endymion*, or Aubrey de Vere's *Lycius* and Swinburne's *Atalanta*, is confined to a comparatively small class, and it must be a masterpiece in this species of poetry that a busy world is not very willing to let die. It takes the supreme art of a Virgil and a Milton to repeat the cry of the Daphnis song, "O Pan, Pan," with anything like success, and only the imaginative power of a Keats can charm us into thinking that we feel once more the underlying realities of that old Arcadian nature-worship. For it had a certain reality as a mode of interpreting the vague voices that come from nature to man, and poetry like that of Keats had a power of putting us into some vital contact with its ancient pieties. But anything less genuine is apt to be a mere academic exercise which gives us only an artificial and obsolete framework to look at. The *Lycidas* and the *Lamia* do not grow old or out of fashion, but who speaks of the *Lycius* or the *Search After Proserpine* now? Mr. Roberts plays sweetly enough on his "shepherd's pipe of Arcady." His melodies were learned in the finest school of that art and he shows a wonderful facility in absorbing the finest tones and hues of the school and giving them forth again in moulds which have a certain novelty, yet just lack the stamp of true originality. There is a strain of medley, too, in his song which old Palæmon should have detected and checked. But he, I think, is drowsing in these times, and has fallen into his old fashion of lazily bestowing the heifer on all comers: *Et vitula tu dignus, et hic, et quisquis* . . . . .

TO BE CONTINUED

AN EMPTY COT

BY WINIFRED ARMSTRONG

WHEN the sun sets in the cold grey sky,
   And I call the children to rest,
And tuck each one with a kiss, and a sigh,
   In their cosy little nest.

As I whisper soft in their sleepy ears—
   "God keep you safe all night,"
I find my eyes are full of tears
   Though I try to keep them bright.

For away in a corner I seem to see,
   In a quiet, darkened spot—
A little form that is gone from me,
   And a little empty cot.

I pray God lessen the endless pain,
   To comfort the one, whose lot
It has been to know the loneliness
   Of a little, empty cot.

SIR JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON

By THE EDITOR

LOOKING over the lives of the prominent men of the country, there is abundant evidence of a similarity of influences which combined to make them famous. In the first place, there are the influences of boyhood, which instil into them the notion that they may some day play a prominent part in the affairs of the nation. This particular set of influences may come through ancestral traditions, school connections, or some other early conditions. In the second place, there must be a certain confidence in their own abilities. The man who mistrusts himself seldom rises high. Timidity will do much to bring defeat. In the third place, there must be great tenacity of purpose, a refusal to see possible defeat. To such men defeat means only the occasion for the exercise of greater effort. In the fourth place, there must be an unlimited power of gathering, classifying and retaining knowledge. Knowledge is power, and the ability to use knowledge to the best advantage is genius.

An excellent example of a career which was made by a fortunate combination of such influences is that of Sir John Beverley Robinson.

BOYHOOD INFLUENCES

Christopher Robinson was born in Virginia, and at the time of the Revolutionary War was at College in Williamsburg. He did not favour that movement, and made his way to Beverley House, on the Hudson, the home of his uncle, Colonel Beverley Robinson. Though only eighteen years of age, he received a commission in Colonel Simcoe's Legion and served during the war.

When peace was concluded he went with other Loyalists to New Brunswick. In 1788 he removed to Lower Canada, and four years later to Kingston. In Lower Canada, at Berthier, was born the son known to fame as Sir John Beverley Robinson, one of the most conspicuous figures in Canadian history.

This boy moved with his father, who in the meantime had become a Bencher of the Law Society and a Member of the House of Assembly, to York (Toronto) in 1798. Three weeks after their arrival there the father died, and the son was thus early vested with responsibility. He was sent to Kingston to the Grammar School kept by Mr. Strachan, and afterwards went to Cornwall with the school. Later on, John Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, became almost a guardian as well as friend and tutor to him, ready always to assist him by his advice and example, and also with his purse.*

It will be seen that these boyhood influences were exceptional. He must have been affected by the knowledge that his father had served His Majesty in a lost cause, and had been driven from the United States because of his loyalty to the British flag. It is reasonable to assume that this had something to do with making him one of the most persistent advocates of the preservation of the Royal prerogatives and of British connection with Upper Canada. He was affected, too, by the man John Strachan, staunch, stern and partisan in every fibre of his body; a zealous and vigorous upholder of church and royalty. The boy's opinions were formed by the master. The boy and the master stood together in defence of the Family Compact, in defence of autocratic government, in defence of a religious State university, in defence of the clergy reserves. Neither ever yielded a jot in the opin-

*Life of Sir John Beverley Robinson, Bart., C.B., D.C.L., Chief Justice of Upper Canada, by Major-General C. W. Robinson, C.B. Toronto: Morang & Co.

SIR JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON

From a sketch by George Richmond, made from life in 1855 in London, preparatory to painting a portrait in oils. The latter hung in the Royal Academy of that year. This sketch was recently brought to Canada, and is now reproduced for the first time by permission of Dr. James Bain, Librarian of the Toronto Public Library.

ions which had early become common, and together they went through life resisting to the last every inevitable, popular reform, and dying with the respect and the almost love of the very men whom they fought most bitterly.

John Beverley Robinson had returned to York, had become a law-student in the office of Hon. D'Arcy Boulton, and a private in the York Militia, when the War of 1812 occurred. He was at once given a commission, was present at the capture of Detroit, and at the Battle of Queenston when the beloved and heroic Brock and his aide (Attorney-General) Macdonell gave their lives in the defence of their country.

THE CORNWALL GRAMMAR SCHOOL

John Strachan's first church was at Cornwall and, as his clerical duties were light, he commenced taking pupils, and soon built up a school which afterwards became justly celebrated. It was here John Beverley Robinson was educated.—From an old lithograph published in 1845 by Hugh Scobie, Toronto.

Then occurred one of the most peculiar incidents in his career. A few weeks after the battle, though only twenty-one years of age, and though only just completing his five years as a law-student, he was made Attorney-General of Upper Canada in succession to Mr. Macdonell. The Hon. D'Arcy Boulton should have had the office, but he had started for England, had been captured by the French, and was then languishing in a French prison. When this gentleman returned to Canada in 1815, young Robinson resigned the office, and it was given into Mr. Boulton's hands. Yet his holding of that position for two years marked him out as a coming man, one who might rise as high as his abilities could carry him. On his resignation, he was made Solicitor-General, and during the remainder of his life was an official personage. There is probably no other example in Canadian history of a young man attaining to official distinction at so early a date, and holding it throughout so long and so active a life.

SELF-CONFIDENCE

Almost immediately after this he went to England to study law, bearing with him a letter of recommendation from Sir Gordon Drummond, then Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, to Sir George Murray. His position as Solicitor-General and his introductions enabled the young man to see much of English life and society, and he made the most of his opportunities. His dignified confidence in his own abilities is evidenced by the fact that in 1816, at the request of Dr. Strachan, then a member of the Executive of Upper Canada, he presented a memorandum to Lord Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonies, protesting against the removal of the capital from York to Kingston. Soon afterwards this confidence must have been strengthened by letters from Dr. Strachan urging him to try his fortune at the British Bar, but assuring him that, if he returned to Canada, an attempt would be made to place Mr. Boulton on the Bench and make him (Robinson) Attorney-General.

According to his London diary, he dined at a great Covent Garden Theatrical Fund Dinner, at which the Duke of York presided, and there were present the Duke of Kent and the Duke of Sussex, besides many other notable people. He wrote in his book:

"*I was much pleased with the personal appearance of the three dukes.* In fact, they were, beyond all question, the three men of most noble appearance at the table.

The Duke of Sussex has a countenance and manner very prepossessing, full of benignity and cheerful and lively good humour. The Duke of Kent looks and speaks like a soldier; the Duke of York is a fine, commanding person, and has more regular symmetry of features than his brothers, but no particular expression that pleases or strikes.

The Duke of York made a short speech in a very hesitating and confused manner . . ."

This confident young Canadian thus wrote of two future sovereigns and of the father of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. Canadians are noted for their unobtrusive self-confidence, and perhaps some of it has been inherited from this famous Chief Justice, who at twenty-four years of age ventured to analyse freely the chief royal persons of the time.

Mr. Robinson, after his marriage, returned to Canada, and in 1821 became the first representative of the town of York in the Assembly. The next year he was appointed by the Government to proceed to England as Commissioner on behalf of Upper Canada in the dispute between that colony and Lower Canada over a division of the customs duties collected at the port of Quebec. On this occasion he completed his terms at Lincoln's Inn and was called to the Bar. He was also consulted by the Colonial Office on several matters, and the Under-Secretary of State informed him that an instruction would be sent to the Colonial Government to make him a grant of waste lands to the extent of 6,000 or 10,000 acres. Of this he himself wrote in his diary:

"On reflection, I declined it, from an impression that, being a member of the Legislature, it would be better for me to accept nothing which, from the jealousy it might create, or on any ground, might lessen my

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE," PETERBOROUGH

In 1825-6 the Hon. Peter Robinson, elder brother of Sir John Beverley Robinson, brought out 2,000 Irish settlers, who were located in what is now the County of Peterborough. On the site of the present town of Peterborough Mr. Robinson erected five log buildings, the largest of which was long known as "Government House," and was for a time the residence of Mr. Robinson and of Col. McDonell. See Poole's "Sketch of the Early Settlement of the Town of Peterborough," 1867, p. 15, et seq. In 1826 Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, visited the new town and was lodged in this house. With him were Col. Talbot, Hon. (Sir) John Beverley Robinson, George G. Bethune and Hon. Zaccheus Burnham. This visit probably gave rise to the name "Government House."—From a pencil sketch in the possession of James F. Smith, Esq., K.C., Toronto.

weight in the Assembly, and disable me from serving the Government as efficiently as I otherwise might."

This shows that his confidence in himself was of a superior sort. It was in decided contrast to the self-conceit so often met with in ambitious young men. Another incident confirms this. Before he left England, in August, 1823, he was informed that he might have the post of Chief Judge of Mauritius at a salary of £3,500, with house allowance. He declined this also, as he felt confident that he had before him a field of sufficient usefulness in Canada.

There is a touch of humility also in his refusal of a D.C.L. from Oxford in the same year because "I did not feel that I had sufficient pretensions to the distinction." Later in life he did accept the honour.

Writing of him, with special reference to this part of his career, Mr. Dent gives a severer view:

"Young John Beverley Robinson had more than a moderate degree of intellect, and his educational training was, for those times, exceptionally liberal. He early came to be looked upon as the rising hope of the Tories, and it cannot be denied that he realised their expectations. We believe him to have been thoroughly well-meaning and conscientious. Real greatness or genuine statesmanship, however, cannot be claimed for him. A statesman would have had a clearer insight into the requirements of his country, and would have endeavoured to promote its best interests. He would not have been so blinded by party prejudice as to throw the whole weight of his influence into the scale against those clear-sighted spirits who advocated responsible government. He would have known that the fiat had gone forth; and that any attempts to prevent the inevitable consummation would be as ineffectual as were Mrs. Partington's exertions to stem back the resistless tide of the Atlantic with her broom. . . . . A great man, on the other hand, would not have lent himself to a series of State prosecutions, which form an ignominious chapter in the history of Upper Canadian jurisprudence. . . . . A man who conscientiously permits himself to be the instrument of tyranny and selfish misgovernment may be scrupulously honest according to his lights; but his lights are none of the brightest, and his admirers must not complain if history refuses to accord him a place on the same pedestal with Robert Baldwin."*

*Canadian Portrait Gallery, Vol. IV, p. 115.

The writings of Mr. Dent and other historians give one the impression that the Chief Justice was arrogant and self-opinionated. The view of him presented by this newly published "Life" is quite the reverse. He opposed the granting of responsible government apparently because he felt that the country was not ripe for it, not because he did not believe that it would eventually be the best thing for the colony. Sir Francis Hincks, on the other hand, writes of his "modesty of mind," and another person has described him as possessed of "a blend of ability and modesty."

TENACITY OF PURPOSE

Young Robinson had early been called to prominence, and every act of his life shows that he was tenacious in his willingness to be a leader among his fellow Canadians. He refused to try his fortune at the English Bar; he refused a judgeship in Mauritius; he refused to swerve one hair's-breadth from the course on which he had so early embarked.

He was either permanently under the influence of Dr. Strachan, or was possessed of the same tenacity of purpose in regard to the Clergy Reserves. In 1825 he again went to England to protest against the sale of these Reserves to the Canada Company. He did so well on this mission that the proposed sale was cancelled, and the Canada Company received in lieu of them a quantity of land in the Huron tract. Six years later, when the House of Assembly passed a Bill to apply these Reserves to the purposes of education, the Legislative Council, led by Mr. Robinson, rejected it, and passed an address to the King, asking him to preserve these assets for the support of "a Protestant Clergy." It was only in 1840 that the long struggle was ended and the Reserves secularised.

Yet, amid all his zeal for the Church of England, he was not without sympathy with the work of the dissenting preachers. A letter written by him in 1842, and reprinted in his biography,

BEVERLEY HOUSE, TORONTO

This house was built previous to the War of 1812 by Mr. D'Arcy Boulton. When John Beverley Robinson brought his bride from London in 1817 he settled down at this house. It was subsequently enlarged by him and by Mr. Christopher Robinson, his son, who still occupies it. Here were born (Sir) James Lukin, (Hon.) John Beverley, Emily Merry, Augusta Anne, Louisa Matilda, Christopher, Mary Amelia, (Maj.-Gen.) Charles Walker. Only the two sons, Christopher and Charles Walker, survive.

is evidence of this. He admits that, if it had not been for the ministrations of these men, there were districts where during that thirty years there would have been no preaching of Christian doctrine. Nevertheless, he believed that the time would come when all dissenters would, of their own accord, "return under her shelter."

In 1829 he was for the third time offered the position of Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and he accepted it. With this position he became President of the Executive and Speaker of the Legislative Council—three offices which went together in those days. From that date, however, he concerned himself less and less with political matters.

In the Rebellion period he was active, because it was a time when everybody had work to do. He had ceased to be a member of the Executive, but remained Speaker of the Council. At that time it was suggested that he be knighted for his services. He declined, and records his reason for so doing. It had not been customary to knight judges, and Mr. Sewell, for many years Chief Justice in Lower Canada, had not been so honoured; therefore, "it seemed to me rather absurd to allow myself to be knighted for merely doing my duty, as everybody around me had done in a period of trouble and danger to all."

On the 27th of August, 1838, he wrote to the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Arthur, asking for a respite from work. In it he says:

> "I beg to add further that during the nine years and upwards that I have been Chief Justice I have not, for any private purpose either of business or pleasure, been absent, that I can remember, a single day from my duty in the Courts or in the Legislature."

Writing a little later to his sister, Mrs. Boulton, he remarks:

"I have worried myself too much through life from anxiety that in public matters all things should go as they ought. However, I would not exchange the satisfaction I feel in having done what I believed to be my duty for any consideration."

KNOWLEDGE

The fourth influence in determining the usefulness of a man is his power over knowledge. Such power was amply shown by Mr. Robinson before 1840, when he was a political jurist, and also after that date, when his duties were entirely judicial. His brilliancy as a student, his wonderful, if useless, paper on the merits of the Fur Company controversy, his pamphlets proposing a general federation of the four provinces, his drafting of bills and judgments, all indicated an exceptional mind. His son, in this biography, speaking of his later life, says: "My recollection of him is that hour after hour, and for days together, he was at his library desk when not at Court or on circuit." A writer in the Toronto *Courier* of 1835 speaks of "his laborious research, his swiftness of despatch."

The *Law Journal* of Upper Canada, for March, 1863, contains the following paragraph:

"In full Court Sir John Robinson was always the pride and favourite of the Bar. The reputation he enjoyed, and the weight of his opinion, greatly increased the business of the Court in which he presided. He was always distinguished for his readiness and acuteness, and he had seldom any difficulty in grasping the most intricate cases. In his hands the business of the Court was never in arrear. . . . . Few opinions will ever command more respect or carry more weight than those delivered by Sir John Robinson. They are remarkable for their lucid argument, deep learning, strict impartiality, and pure justice; they are untainted by fanciful theories, prejudice, or political bias; and they bear evidence of that careful research, that deep thought, that unwearied application and untiring patience which he brought to bear on every subject that came under his consideration. In whatever branch of jurisprudence we examine his judgments, we find evidence of intense study. Equity or common law, civil or criminal law, pleading, practice and evidence—all exhibit the same copiousness of research, and the profound comprehensiveness of his legal attainments."

MEB-BE

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, M.D.

A QUIET boy was Joe Bedotte,
  An' no sign anyw'ere
Of anyt'ing at all he got
  Was up to ordinaire.
An' w'en de teacher tell heem go
  An' tak' a holiday
For wake heem up, becos he's slow,
  Poor Joe would only say—
      "Wall! meb-be."

Don't bodder no wan on de school
  Unless dey bodder heem,
But all de scholar t'ink he's fool,
  Or walkin' on a dream;
So w'en dey're closin' on de spring,
  Of course dey're moche surprise
Dat Joe is takin' ev'ryt'ing
  Of w'at you call de prize.

An' den de teacher say: "Jo-seph,
  I know you're workin' hard,
Becos w'en I am pass mese'f
  I see you on de yard
A splittin' wood—now you mus' stay
  An' study half de night?"
An' Joe he spik de sam' ole way
  So quiet an' polite—
          "Wall! meb-be."

Hees fader an' hees moder die,
  An' lef' heem dere alone
Wit' chil'ren small enough to cry,
  An' farm all rock an' stone.
But Joe is fader, moder too—
  An' work bote day an' night
An' clear de place, dat's w'at he do,
  An' bring dem up all right.

De Curé say: "Jo-seph, you know
  Le bon Dieu's very good;
He feed de small bird on de snow,
  De caribou on de wood;
But you deserve some credit too,
  I spik of dis before—"
So Joe he dunno w'at to do
  An' only say wance more—
          "Wall! meb-be."

An' Joe he leev' for many year,
  An' helpin' ev'ry wan
Upon de parish, far an' near,
  Till all hees money's gone.
An' den de Curé come again
  Wit' tear drop on hees eye;
He know for sure poor Joe hees frien'
  Is well prepare to die.

"Wall, Joe! de work you done will tell
  W'en you get up above;
De good God he will treat you well,
  An' geev' you all hees love.
De poor an' sick down here below
  I'm sure dey'll not forget—"
An' w'at you t'ink he say, poor Joe,
  Drawin' hees only breat'?
          "Wall! meb-be."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

By B. J. THOMPSON

UEEN ALEXANDRA was sixty years old the first day of December, and marvellously youthful in appearance is she even yet. The anniversary was joyously celebrated by a family gathering at Sandringham palace, and many messages of congratulation and many presents were received. The German Emperor, the Czar and Czarina, the King of Portugal, the King of Italy and the Danish Royal Family were among those who made gifts to the Queen. Not content, however, to receive all and give nothing, the Queen in the afternoon gave a feast to the school children of the parishes of Sandringham, Wolferton, Newton and Dersingham, and in the evening she and the King gave a dinner party.

In honour of the day all public buildings, as well as the West End clubs, were draped with flags. Salutes were fired by the Royal Artillery in St. James' Park and at the Tower, the ships at Portsmouth were dressed, the royal standard flew from all the stations and the town hall, and royal salutes were fired at Malta, Gibraltar and other places throughout the Empire. A royal salute of twenty-one guns was also fired in Windsor Great Park, the bells of St. George's Chapel and those of the parish church at Windsor were rung, and a spirit of festivity seemed to pervade the very atmosphere.

Through all this Queen Alexandra was her own unspoiled, lovable, gracious self. Born in the Gûle Palais, a modest, old-fashioned house in the Amaleigade, a pleasant street of Copenhagen, the first day of December, 1844, the little Princess Alexandra began life in a modest way. The second child but first daughter of the poor but handsome young Dane, Prince Christian of Glücksburg, and his cousin-wife, Princess Louise, the blue-eyed babe was destined to occupy the throne of the greatest power in the world. Of the six children born to her royal parents, four succeeded to thrones, and the old Gûle Palais is now one of the most interesting of places for sight-seers.

"Little Alix," as she was called in the home, was the beauty of the family. She was christened in the splendid silver-gilt font of the Danish house with the burdensome names Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie; but, thanks to the sensible views held by her soldier-father, later to become King Christian IX of Denmark, the little princess was always an unaffected, modest child, while the great influence of her clever mother moulded the child's mind into even fairer shape. The death of the Princess Louise, which occurred in 1898, has been the Queen's greatest grief of late years.

Until she was sixteen years old the princess was a child, with a child's life. At that time, however, she was confirmed, her dresses were lengthened, her hair was turned up, and she became suddenly a woman.

The first meeting of the princess with the Prince of Wales occurred on September 24th, 1861, in the cathedral at Speier. A mutual liking sprang up, the prince, who had seen a miniature of the lovely princess before, falling in love at first sight. It was not until the 9th of September, 1862, however, that the formal betrothal took place, the Prince Consort having gone to his last rest the 14th of December, 1861. The wedding took place the 10th of March, 1863, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It was the first royal wedding celebrated there since that of Henry I, in 1122, and was conducted with magnificent pageantry.

"The wedding was the most moving sight I ever saw," Bishop Wilberforce wrote. "The Queen above, looking down, added such a wonder-

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

WHO CELEBRATED HER SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY ON THE 1st OF DECEMBER

ful chord of deep feeling to all the lighter notes of joyfulness and show. The Princess of Wa'es, calm, feeling, self-possessed. The Prince, with more depth of manner than ever before."

Dr. Norman McLeod, another prominent divine, said of the marriage service: "Two things struck me much. One was, the whole of the royal princesses weeping, though concealing their tears with their bouquets, as they saw their brother, who was to them but their 'Bertie' and their dead father's son, standing alone waiting for his bride. The other was the Queen's expression as she raised her eyes to heaven while her husband's chorale was sung. She seemed to be with him alone before the Throne of God."

With such surroundings and environments as these the Princess Alexandra could not have been any less a woman, any less a daughter, wife and mother than the years have shown her to be. Six children were born to the royal pair—three daughters and three sons—the elder son, the Duke of Clarence, dying at Sandringham in January, 1892, during the epidemic of influenza. This was a deep sorrow and a lasting one to the now King and Queen of England, and was a great blow to the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, to whom the Duke of Clarence was to have been married one month later. The little Prince John, born the 6th of April, 1871, died the day after his birth.

Since her husband's accession to the throne Queen Alexandra has been continually before the public, and her works of charity and philanthropy, as her many official and social duties, have been discharged with love and understanding. Well may the nation sing, as did the Laureate, Tennyson, on her arrival, at her marriage, to the country of her adoption:

"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street,
Welcome her all things youthful and sweet;
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers,
Make music, O birds, in the new-budded bowers;
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer:
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
O, joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own:
For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman, we,
Teuton, or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of Thee,
Alexandra!"

DOG EAT DOG

By CY WARMAN, Author of "The Story of The Railroad"

The eagle builds where'er he wills,
And laughs at those who grieve;
The piping jay builds where he may,
And asks the eagle's leave.

The big fish eats the little fish
And rules the running stream;
The bull moose beats the lesser bulls,
And roams the range supreme.

SINCE the Hudson's Bay Company gave up its empire to the Dominion Government and went out of the monopoly business, those who seem to count themselves commissioned to curse all corporations have been swearing their afflictions on to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Whatever of calamity that has come to the country, the drought of twenty years ago, the soar and slump of Winnipeg in 1882, forest fires that are and famine to come, can be laid at the door of this gigantic corporation, if only one has the imagination; without it all men are colourless and of little consequence.

The president of the above mentioned railway is represented at Winnipeg by a stout-necked "Moose," who is of a surety monarch of the

Manitoba plains. A strange feature of his reign is the fact that many of the plains people take a sort of local pride in his prowess and in his pluck.

And he, too, it seems to me, glories in his great strength with a modest and becoming glory. When he horns in under his big game and tosses it over the telegraph wires and out of the right-of-way, he swings back to the range with the air and ease of a reigning monarch. With the cotton-tails, who are homesteading on his preserves, he is extremely friendly, guarding them jealously.

It came to pass that early in the present prosperous year of his reign divers cotton-tails, who burrow in bunches and build Boards of Trade, came to complain that certain of their big brothers, who hunt in packs, and whom they call "timber wolves," were after their brushes. Under the combined pressure of these the cotton-tails complained the retail price of pine had gone above the tops of the tallest trees. It was, according to the committee, keeping other desirable rabbits from coming up over the border and so delaying the development of the Northwest. Also, it caused others, less desirable, of the aforesaid wolf family to come in from Washington with their wares over a seven dollar fence which had been built for the protection of the northern timber wolf.

Whereupon the bull moose snorted and called a council of the timber folk.

"Squaty-vois," said the Monarch in Yanko-French-Canadian, when the timber folk had assembled.

When the Monarch turned to face the bush band he almost staggered. Instead of a look of fear he saw in their glances a gleam of defiance.

The spokesman spake thus:

"Thou has skinned these rabbits mercilessly for several snows, and now when we, who are good hunters but late in the field, reach for their Puffs, presume to say, 'Thou shalt not! Bah! Cut it out.'"

"Bully-bien," roared the bull moose, clinging to that Bohemian brand of language he always uses on a mixed audience; "Bien—bi-en."

Then he swung his great head, looking them over and under and through and through. "Dead game," said he, half aloud, the which is, after all, ambiguous.

Then he swung his back on them, which was taken by the visitors as equivalent to Adious, Bojure, Aufveidersein, t'll wid yez, or good-bye Dolly, according to one's nationality.

Whereupon the timber folk gave the Monarch the merry ha-ha! and trooped away.

"Bully-bien," said the Monarch, as they split and scattered for their favourite hunting grounds.

. . . .

That night the great moose slept the sleep of the virtuous. So did the timber folk, for they were not really and truly wolves, but were called wolves by the bunnies (who are weak and unorganised) because they dwell in the bush and hunt in packs.

That night, also, the boss moose caused to be posted on the door posts of all lodges along his trail, at the various stops where he puts off tourists and tinned goods, the right and lawful price of pine, spruce and cedar poles, shingles and other finished and unfinished products of the forest.

A sort of P.S. at the bottom said to the rabbits, "If any timber wolf shall charge more than this—write to your Uncle Dudly, and he will supply you."

And thus did the wily old moose hobble the helpless bunnies and fetter them with friendship that he hopes may abide.

"Well, what do you think?" asked the eagle on the rock of the owl in the bush.

"I don't think," answered the owl, turning his short neck and rolling his round eye toward the forest. "The first battle does not always end a war. Our bush friends hunt in packs."

A NEW SERIAL

THE BUILDERS

By *ERIC BOHN*, *Author of "How Hartman Won," etc.*

Ye Builders, true on land and lake
To name and nation's glory,
Though time has left you in its wake,
Your stress must tell its story.

CHAPTER I

"HAROLD MANNING: Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her as long as ye both shall live?" rang out in clear, solemn tones throughout the little Chapel of the Abbey on that still November morning.

"I will," came the answer, in a voice that was strong and true.

The few who were present heard the words with a thrill, for they knew in this case how much they meant.

"Helen Brandon: Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honour and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him so long as ye both shall live?"

"I will," was again the response, this time issuing sweetly but firmly from lips that would not tremble, although the tone brought tears to more than one pair of eyes that were fixed upon her.

The ceremony and congratulations were soon over. Then the bride on the arm of her husband led the way down the aisle, while the tones of the Wedding March filled grand old Westminster to its furthest limits.

November days in London have not changed much in a century of years, though perhaps the opacity of the air was a little more penetrating in 1813 than it is to-day; for when the bridal party passed through the Abbey archway to the street, the mist of the early morning had developed into a dense fog, which was rapidly closing over the city. Hence the coachmen had to pilot the way to almost invisible carriages, and then lead their horses in a tramp of several miles over the return journey, through almost deserted streets.

"My darling, mine at last!" whispered the young man as he clasped his bride in his arms, under cover of the closed carriage and dense atmosphere.

"Yes, Harold, yours forever," was the response; and with their first long kiss they sealed their marriage vows.

"Too bad to need such a wedding-day as this," he exclaimed, looking fondly into her eyes, and then through the carriage window into the opaque street.

"And yet how fortunate that it is so," she answered with a little ripple of laughter.

"My sweet philosopher! Once in the Abbey, I never thought of it again."

"But I did. I looked all around and there was not a single visitor, only our own party, the clergyman, the organist, and the little old-fashioned clerk."

"'Pon my word, Helen, I don't believe I saw anyone but you from the moment we went in until we came out again."

"You dear boy. I suppose it was love that kept my eyes open to other things. Do you know, I was actually glad to see the mist to-day, much as I dislike it."

"Yes, and after all it has been our

friend. Everything seems to have favoured us. Even the fog helped us to keep our secret."

"Where did you say you had the banns published, Harold?" she asked, leaning her head against his shoulder.

"At a quiet little village ten miles out of London, a place I never heard of before."

"All the better for us. But now that we are actually married, you won't need to keep the secret much longer, will you dearest?" she asked, casting a glance from her big brown eyes up to his face.

"Not a moment longer than I can help, darling. You know Sir George Head is my new commanding officer; and I want him to hear the news first from me."

"And what will he say?"

"As I told you before, Helen, he won't like it. There may be no written law, but there's an unwritten one in the army, that no officer may marry without his superior officer's consent—particularly if he has been off duty as long as I have. Still, that terrible wound I got at Badajos is in my favour; and he can't turn me off, whatever else he does."

"But he might make it very uncomfortable for you, Harold."

"Yes, and he can refuse to sanction your going with me to Canada."

"That's the worst part of it, dearest! How can a wife love, honour and serve her husband and keep him in sickness and in health, if she can't live with him?" she exclaimed, while blushes danced playfully over the dark beauty of her face.

"You are the dearest girl that ever lived," he cried, throwing his arms around her and pressing her again to his heart. "I shall do my very best with the Colonel, and will see him as soon as I can. Perhaps I should have spoken to him first; but if I had, he would have forbidden our wedding, and to have married after that would have been direct insubordination."

"Won't he think so as it is?"

"Perhaps. Still, I am willing to run the risk; and I wanted to have you as my wife, whether I could take you or not. I'm afraid I'm a selfish fellow, Helen, and not by any means worthy of you."

"Why, Harold! What a way of speaking—just after our marriage, too!"

"Forgive me, dearest! I didn't mean anything, but that I love you so much that I almost tremble at the responsibility we have undertaken."

"Is that a brave front for a soldier?" exclaimed Helen with flashing eye.

"I would dare anything for myself, Helen; but it is of you I was thinking. To leave you behind with no one but your uncle and aunt to care for you, when we sail, and perhaps not come back for years, seems more than I can bear."

"If we have to we must, though," she exclaimed, cuddling closer. "Then I will stay home and wait and watch and pray for the dearest one in all the world to me, and think of Penetang—isn't that the name of the place?—and long for the day that I can be with my husband again."

"What a noble girl you are!"

"I am a soldier's daughter," and she looked up proudly, although a tear was in her eye.

"Yes, and your brave father was shot in the heart while leading his men to victory."

"And come what will, his daughter shall never disgrace his name. Victory will yet be ours," she said, courageously.

"Heaven grant it," was his response.

For some moments both had solemn faces, while with gentle pressure they held each other's hands.

"I am not without hope," Harold continued at last. "Sir George may be angry at first, and I can't blame him for that. Will raise a row, of course—perhaps send me to Hades—but he may give in before the ship sails. It will be jolly happy for us if he does."

While he was speaking a critical look came into Helen's face.

"Do you know," she exclaimed with sudden earnestness, "I really believe I can help you."

"My darling! How in the world can you? You do not even know Sir George or one of the officers."

"That may be," she replied, holding his hand in both of hers. "But see, the carriage is stopping. I cannot tell you now. Just leave it to me." And at once the expression upon her face inspired him with renewed confidence.

Just then they arrived at a little villa on G——e street, and the whole party alighted.

CHAPTER II

TWO days later Lieutenant Manning was at the officers' mess at the quarters of the 100th regiment. The fact that he had only recently been transferred, and that he was still on the convalescent list, made his temporary absence unnoticed. His eye ran quickly over the faces of the men, who greeted him pleasantly by nod or word, for he was already a favourite, but he saw nothing unusual. The secret evidently was not out. They had not heard; of this he was glad, for the Colonel could now receive the news directly from himself and not from officers' gossip.

They were talking of the prospective trip, and, in the absence of Sir George, with more freedom than usual.

"Will you be ready, Manning?" Lieutenant Smith asked across the table. "The Colonel says we start in twelve days."

"So soon as that!" the young man exclaimed with a start. A lump had suddenly jumped into his throat. Pulling himself together before anyone could observe, he went on: "Yes; but I thought we were to sail by the *Challenger*, which does not leave port until a week later."

"That was the first order," said Captain Cummings from the other end of the room; "but it had to be changed yesterday, for the *Challenger* on examination was found unseaworthy."

"And by what ship do we sail now?"

"By the *North King*, one of the best men-of-war in the navy. It is large, too, and leaves port a week earlier."

How Lieutenant Manning got through mess and the next two hours' official duties, before he could see the Colonel, he did not know. Never did minutes appear so much like hours before. Even when he lay in the trenches at Badajos, with a slice out of his leg from a ball, and could hear his comrades cheer amid the din of cannonading, time seemed to pass away more quickly.

At last Sir George, accompanied by an orderly, crossed the barrack yard and entered his office. But there were other visitors ahead of Manning, and the day was well advanced before his opportunity came. Finally the last one departed, a soldier opened the door, and Harold entered.

"Lieutenant Manning, glad to see you," said Sir George, in answer to Harold's salute. "I suppose you are as strong as ever and ready for another march?"

There was a tone of inquiry in his voice; for it was unusual for the younger officers to visit him except on special business.

"Yes, sir," replied Harold, colouring. "A soldier should always be ready for orders."

"There's not much time to lose," was the next comment. Our men of the 100th go aboard the *North King* not many days hence, and sail from the London docks on the 24th. What's the matter, lad? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I came to make a confession, sir," stammered the Lieutenant, his face remaining red in spite of himself.

"What? Been gambling? You young fellows are always at it."

"No, sir! It is not that," replied the young man, indignantly, while at the same time the utterance of the calumny seemed to relieve the mental pressure. "The fact is, Colonel, I've been getting married."

"Getting married, you idiot!" and Sir George fairly jumped off his seat in his amazement. "Are you mad?"

and his eyes glared fiercely at Harold. "Do you know what that means? Rank insubordination—complete separation for years from the silly woman who has taken you for a husband—zounds, man, I thought you had more sense!"

By this time Harold's excitement had subsided. He was getting cool again.

"I am prepared to take the consequences, sir, whatever they may be. I only ask for the liberty of explanation."

"Explanation, indeed! That should have come before, not after," and with another angry growl, Sir George settled himself in his chair again.

"My wife," said Harold—the Colonel winced—"is willing to endure any length of separation that is necessary. But I want to say about her that her father and mother are dead. She is provided for, however, and lives with her uncle and aunt. What's more, she's a beautiful woman, and is just as brave as she is good."

"That's all very well, sir, but why did you bluster along at this infernal speed?"

"For two reasons, sir." Harold had prepared himself for the fight. "First, because I understood my stay in Canada would be a long one; and, second, because you said I might have the command of a fort there some day."

"Yet you tell me when too late to stop a silly move that will upset the whole business."

"It would have been too late, sir, if I had spoken. A soldier never disobeys orders."

"Humph! If I were to report this to headquarters it would check at once your chances of promotion, and probably your march to Penetang as well."

"That is the very point, sir, I was going to ask. I wish you to report me, together with the request that my wife be allowed to accompany us to Canada. It need be no expense to the War Department. She is able personally to defray all the cost."

"This scheme is just as mad a one as getting married. Do you know what you ask, sir? We are going out there in the winter-time, when the frost is often 25 degrees below zero; and on landing start at once on a tramp of a thousand miles. Not over the prairies and along the roads, but through the woods and swamps, and over the lakes covered with ice and snow two feet thick or more. Then, on account of the war with the United States, our roads will be straight through the northern country, away from all towns and settlements. It will be like a trip through Siberia in winter. No lady could stand it, sir."

"She will have to remain at home, then," returned Harold, dejectedly. "But it will be a severe disappointment to her. She says she can stand anything and will give no trouble if you will permit her to go. She would not be the only woman with us, either. The officers at mess were saying today that the wives of Corporals Bond and Jenkins and Private Hardman have all received orders to be ready."

"That's true," replied the Colonel, angrily. "But these women are not ladies. They are used to roughing it, and will do the charing for the men while the fort is being built. They've been through camp life in the European wars for years. There's no use talking; the thing can't be tolerated for a moment. You will have to leave your wife behind you. I look upon the whole thing as a breach of discipline. Still, as your dead father's friend, and more for his sake than yours, I shall keep silent upon the subject so as not not to check your promotion. Give this despatch to Captain Payne as you go out. Strict discipline will be required from all now until we sail. So remember you can only be absent from quarters during authorised hours."

"Very well, sir." Lieutenant Manning saluted and withdrew.

The young wife waited the return of her husband that night with much anxiety. She had often heard that Sir George was a stern man, and whether he would condone a junior officer's marriage without his knowledge or consent was a very doubtful question.

"We must guard and keep that wife of yours and take her right through to the end."
Drawn by F. H. Brigden

As for the journey with the troops to Canada, she was determined to go with them if she could; but to do so the Colonel's consent must be obtained, and she was prepared to leave no stone unturned in order to accompany her husband. Harold had told her it would be three years at least before he could return to England again; and rather than remain that length of time away from him she was willing to endure whatever vicissitudes an overland military journey in midwinter might bring. How little she knew what such an undertaking involved!

"What news, Harold?" was her first question, as he stooped to kiss her upon his arrival.

"Several things," was his reply, as he tried to smile serenely. "First, we sail on the 24th."

"So soon as that! What else?"

"Sir George was angry at our marriage without consent."

"And he will not let me go?"

"I fear not, dearest."

"Oh, do not give up hope yet," was her passionate response, as with pale face and quivering lip she led the way to their own room.

CHAPTER III

AN evening or two later, a carriage containing Sir George and Lady Head drew up at a little mansion in the West End, the residence of the retired General, Sir Charles Menzies. The house was not brilliantly illuminated, a subdued light gleaming only in a few of the windows. Evidently there would not be many guests that night. As they alighted, the wide door in the deep archway was thrown open, and they were ushered into the drawing-room, where the General and his wife awaited their arrival.

"Just ourselves," exclaimed their host gaily, "a lonely old couple who have the selfishness to desire you to dine with them *en famille*, before they send you to the wars again."

"It is very kind of you," was the cordial response. "We are both of us delighted to come. But about the wars, General, I am afraid there are no more wars for me. It is just crossing the ocean to establish a garrison; and I assure you that I would rather command a troop and fight the enemy than perform my allotted task."

"Still, it is all in your country's service, Colonel; and I assure you it sometimes needs greater courage to build a rampart than to fight a battle."

"You may well say that, General. Don't know but what my own case is an instance. It is a cut through the back country with only a couple of companies for a following, as though one were sneaking through the bush to escape the foe. After all, that is what it really is—for we could not in safety carry our garrison stores by the lakes."

"Yet you may have more than one brush with the enemy before you get there."

"If we do it will be all the merrier," returned Sir George with a laugh. "These Yankees are giving us as much as we can carry just now, and possibly there may be fighting on Georgian Bay before it ends."

"How soon do you sail, Sir George?" Lady Menzies asked.

"In eight days. Fortunately, my wife is more contented over it than ever she was when I went to fight the armies of the Little Corporal. She always used to vow that I would never come back. Now she believes that I will."

"I think he has done fighting enough," was that lady's quick response. "To march a few hundred miles through the woods, to build a garrison, and then to return home, is all they ask of him; a much better prospect—to his wife at least—than to have another fight with the French."

Dinner was announced, and the host led the way with the Colonel's wife upon his arm.

"That husband of yours is a brave fellow," was his comment; "and, my lady, you need not be nervous about him. He's an able officer, a good disciplinarian, yet one of the kindest men that ever lived."

"Perhaps you are thinking of Talavera," she answered, her face flushing with pleasure. "You know he helped some of the wounded French out of the ditch after the battle was over."

"Yes, but he made two of his own men stand in the stocks all night for letting another Frenchman run away," was his laughing answer.

When seated at the table the conversation became general, but soon drifted back to Sir George Head's prospective trip.

"It will be a new experience," exclaimed Sir Charles, "snowshoeing through Canada in January instead of marching through Spain in July."

"I have ordered my men a double supply of under flannels as a safeguard," said the Colonel.

"What about night quarters on the road?" queried the hostess.

"That is where the rub will come," was his answer. "I believe there are no stopping places after leaving Montreal. But habitants and half-breeds are numerous. They are accustomed to the woods, and I intend to take a picked gang to help the men put up temporary shanties each night on the road. What is more, abundance of dead timber can be had for the cutting; and with good fires I have no doubt that we can stand the journey."

The ladies were rising from the table when the rap of the knocker announced the arrival of other guests.

"Oh! my dear!" exclaimed Lady Menzies to the Colonel's wife. "I want to introduce my sweet grand-niece to you. She has only just become a bride, and has promised with her husband to come in for an hour this evening."

"We shall be delighted," was the reply. "You know Sir George still becomes enraptured over a pretty face. He always did."

The Colonel placed his hand over his heart and bowed.

"If the eyes have soul and the mouth character," he exclaimed, gallantly, "I hope I'm not too old a dog even yet to lose my heart."

"Bravo!" cried Sir Charles, "our little girl is very dear to us, but I am sorry to say we have seen too little of her of late."

The two ladies left the room, while the gentlemen, over another glass of wine, continued to talk over the war and the apparently dim prospect of peace.

When they entered the drawing-room, a quarter of an hour later, Lieutenant Manning and his bride were there. A flash of astonishment swept over Sir George's face as he took in the situation. But it was only for a moment. Gravely, but not unkindly, he offered his greetings as Lady Menzies introduced Helen to him.

Her appearance was striking. With broad forehead, dark hair and lustrous eyes, she carried her two and twenty years very gracefully. She was not a bashful girl, just out of her teens, but a large-souled woman, who knew much of the experiences of life; and had made her choice, determined, by all that was holy, to be a help-meet for the man she had married. Though scarcely at ease, she looked up into Sir George's face with a frank smile as she received his greeting.

"I am glad to have the opportunity of meeting you," he said, looking steadily into her eyes. "Lieutenant Manning informed me that he was married; though I assure you it is a surprise to find that his wife is a relative of my old friend, the General."

"Harold did not tell you, then, who I was?"

"Unfortunately, he did not; but perhaps it was my own fault. I was so astonished that I fear I did not ask him. And how are you, Mr. Manning? I think you have been stealing a march on me all round."

"Is not marching a soldier's duty?" returned Harry, with a merry glance at his wife.

"Yes, but countermarching is a different thing." There was a twinkle in the gallant Colonel's eye, as he gravely shook his head, that was not discouraging.

In a veiled way Sir George watched every movement that she made. Her self-control surprised him, knowing as she must that her own future as well as that of her husband were in his hands. Soon an opportunity for a personal talk presented itself.

Sir Charles had been adding to his collection of paintings, and was particularly proud of a Reynold's Beauty that he had recently purchased, as well as a French landscape by Turner, who at that time was winning fame as an artist. While the others were looking intently at the delicate colouring and divine symmetry exhibited in the portrait by the master, Helen had lingered by Turner's picture. It was one of his "Rivers of France," and an

illustration of the parting of lovers beneath stately trees on the banks of the Seine.

"That is a remarkable picture," said Sir George over her shoulder, "and said to be an incident in the artist's own life. I did not know that Menzies had it, though I have seen it more than once in Turner's studio."

"I have heard of it," returned Helen gravely. "He was, as he seems, passionately in love. Pity it came to such a sad ending."

"It was her villainous stepmother's fault," said the Colonel. "She intercepted all his letters, and, when the maiden believed herself forsaken, she took a woman's revenge, and made herself miserable by marrying another man."

"A miserable revenge it was," returned Helen warmly, "and one that few women would take advantage of."

"I am not so sure about that," was Sir George's grave response. "I am sorry to say I have known women do that very thing, though I acknowledge they must have been vastly foolish."

"If they had married before that long tour of his," said Helen earnestly, "when they were both in love, the letters would not have been intercepted; and, of course, they would have been happy ever afterwards."

"Marriage is always a serious business," said Sir George, looking gravely into her eyes.

"Yes, I know it is." There was a little tremor in her voice this time, "but when one does it bravely and with open eyes, it is not too serious to be borne."

"And are you sure you can bear it, Mrs. Manning, whatever comes?" he asked with almost a touch of sternness in his voice.

"Yes—I believe I can."

"I, too, believe it, since I have seen you. Still, for your sake I am sorry it has happened. It would have been much better to have waited."

"For myself I believe I shall never regret it," said Helen, "whatever happens. It is only the future of my husband that I fear."

"I am glad to be able to relieve your mind on that score;" but there was sternness still in his voice. "Lieutenant Manning has always been a brave officer, and his future is certain."

"Thank you, Colonel, for the word. I know his record, and I assure you as a soldier's daughter, as well as a soldier's wife, I shall never stand in his way."

She stood very erect, but she dashed a tear away as the words flashed from her lips.

"Nobly said," was Sir George's comment, as the General and the other ladies joined them. Harold had purposely wandered off to the far end of the room to inspect some ancient weapons, of which Sir Charles had a valuable collection; but he returned in time to hear their hostess ask her niece to sing.

"I cannot sing to-night as the linnets sing," she replied, with a half sad, half mischievous glance at Harold, "but as my heart tells me."

"That is what we want, dearest," he whispered.

Seating herself at the piano, her fingers ran lightly over the keys. Then, in a rich contralto voice, she poured out Goethe's favourite: "To the chosen one." There was the beauty of passion in every line of her first verse:

"'Hand in hand! and lip to lip!
  Oh, be faithful, maiden dear!
Fare-thee-well! thy lover's ship
  Past full many a rock must steer;
But should he the haven see
  When the storm has ceased to break,
And be happy, reft of thee—
  May the gods fierce vengeance take!'"

There was exultation as she sang the second stanza:

"'Boldly dared, is well nigh won,
  Half my task is solved aright,
Every star's to me a sun,
  Only cowards deem it night.
Strode I idly by thy side,
  Sorrow still would sadden me,
But when seas our paths divide,
  Gladly toil I—toil for thee.'"

Then, with all the tenderness of her impassioned soul, she breathed out the last lines:

"'Now the valley I perceive
  Where together we will go,
And the streamlet watch each eve
  Gliding peacefully below.
Oh, the poplars on yon spot!
  Oh, the beech trees in yon grove!
And behind we'll build a cot
  Where to taste the joys of love.'"

"You are a brave girl," cried the Colonel, as she finished the song, "and you well merit everything that the gods can give you; Lieutenant Manning should be proud to have you for his wife—whatever happens."

Saying which he turned and asked Lady Menzies to be his partner at a rubber of whist, for which Sir Charles and Lady Head were waiting. Hence, the four elderly people were soon interested in the game; while the bride and groom, ostensibly examining curios, were in reality taxing their souls with a thousand questions relative to the future.

CHAPTER IV

THE European war was drawing to a close, or rather to an intense lull before the final conflict. Napoleon's arrogance, in declining to yield a jot of German territory to Austria's demand, culminated eventually in his crushing defeat at Leipzic, in the "Battle of the Nations." The British forces, too, were successful wherever they turned their arms and, at Vittoria, Wellington completely routed the legions of Joseph Bonaparte. Before the close of the year disasters were even more complete, and the remains of Napoleon's armies were driven out of Germany as well as Spain.

British veterans, inured by the discipline and fatigues of campaign life, were fast returning to their own shores, and it was from these that Sir George Head's companies were chosen. Already they had spent months in the rest of barrack life and, tired of inactivity, they welcomed the call to duty again.

There was something alluring to the soldier in the thought of service in America, whether engaged in active warfare or not. The Western continent was an El Dorado toward which all eyes were turned. It offered a different prospect to camp life in Europe, where prospective and actual battles were looked upon as the be-all and end-all of the soldier's career. Of emigration to Europe there was none, but of emigration to America, save for the brief interruption caused by the war with the States, there was a never ending stream.

Hence, when the seared soldiers of Wellington's brigades were told to prepare to cross the Atlantic, either to fight the Americans or to guard the British frontier from invasion, hats went up, cheers echoed through the air, and every man became an enthusiast.

For many days the *North King*, one of the largest war vessels of the period, had been undergoing repairs. Her keel was repainted, her hold thoroughly cleansed, and additional iron girders put in to strengthen her bulwarks. Her gun-carriages were rearranged and, to meet any possible contingency, new guns were added. Then vast and unusual stores were loaded upon her, not for the use of the troops only, but for the building and maintenance of the new fort as well.

In direct preparation for the prospective voyage, perhaps no man was so actively engaged as Captain Payne of the Royal Engineers. To him was assigned the erection of the new fort at Penetang, together with whatever barracks might be required for the accommodation of the men, when the journey's end was reached. What added much to his difficulties was the selection and packing of materials suitable for transmission over a thousand miles of territory, and this in midwinter, with three-fourths of the journey directly through the woods.

But Captain Payne was equal to the occasion, and days before the time of sailing the holds of the ship were packed with an abundance of stores.

In completing and carrying out the arrangements, Harold's time was largely occupied, so that it was late each evening before he could have leave of absence to see his wife. These brief interviews were very precious to them; but to their amazement days passed without a single word from the Colonel. Apparently he had not relented. Still Helen hoped on, while she devoted all her time to preparation for a possible future. At last a message came.

"Colonel Head desires an interview with Lieutenant Manning ten minutes before parade."

This was the contents of a note handed to Harold in the early morning three days before sailing.

With a convulsive leap the young man's heart seemed to bound into his throat. What could it mean? Would his wife, after all, be allowed to go? Then, perhaps for the first time, something like an adequate conception of the magnitude and danger of the journey, particularly to a lady unaccustomed to physical privation of any kind, forced itself upon him. Was he right to yield to their mutual desire, and carry her off with the troops in midwinter, and while war was still raging? Could it possibly be his duty to transfer his bride from the comforts of home and the social world to the complexity of adverse conditions which the trip must inevitably bring?' He knew that her desire to go was just as keen as ever. It had also been his own passionate wish during the week that had elapsed since their marriage; but as he neared the Colonel's quarters he found himself actually hoping that the final edict would forbid his wife to undertake the journey.

With many conflicting thoughts, Harold joined his fellow-officers at mess that morning. All were there. Even Sir George had walked over from his private residence to breakfast with them. From his manner, however, he could surmise nothing. Neither by word nor look did the Colonel indicate what was passing through his mind; still, at the appointed time, Harold presented himself at the Colonel's office.

"I intended my first reply to your request to be the decisive one," said Sir George, without any prelude whatever. "But my mind may have changed somewhat. Do I understand that your wife still desires to go with us?"

"Yes, sir," was Harold's quick response.

"Has she thought the matter out in all its bearings? And does she appreciate how much of hardships and privations the trip will involve; to say nothing of the vicissitudes she will be obliged to endure after we get to our destination?"

"She has considered all these, Sir George, and her mind has remained unchanged," said Harold.

"It is a big undertaking," muttered the Colonel, and for a minute he walked up and down the room with his hands behind his back.

"I know it is; but fortunately she has means of her own, and can amply pay for whatever extra expenditure may be incurred on her account."

"That is satisfactory," said the Colonel, "and, after all, the objections may not be insuperable. I have, I must confess, a strong admiration for your wife, and if we succeed in establishing a fort at Penetang, she will, if she goes, be its brightest ornament."

"Thank you very much for saying so," exclaimed Harold, his face flushing with undisguised pleasure. "And am I to take this as equivalent to your consent?"

"Well, yes, if she is as firmly convinced as ever that it is the wisest and best thing for her to do."

For some moments Harold stood still with his hands pressed upon the desk in front of him. The old questions were coming back again: Was it wisest? was it best?

"What is it, lad?" said the Colonel in a kindly tone, although he observed him keenly.

"I was just thinking," stammered Harold, "what a terrible thing it would be, when too late, if it should prove to be a mistake."

"That is possible," returned the Colonel, again walking up and down the floor. "But remember, if faint heart never won fair lady, neither did timid soldier ever win a battle. If you go into the thing at all you go in to win. Every obstacle must be overthrown. We must guard and keep that wife of yours—take her right through to the end—and crown her Queen of the little fortress of Penetang—yet to be built."

"It is very good of you, Colonel," was all Harold could say.

"Well, we'll leave it all to the lady herself. Explain everything to her; but tell her from me that our officers are fine fellows, and from the Colonel to the last of them will do what they can to make the journey comfortable, if she decides to undertake it."

"I thank you, Colonel, from the bottom of my heart," said Harold, warmly, grasping his chief by the hand.

"That is all right," was the smiling response. "One more point—as your wife may need every remaining moment for preparation, you are relieved from duty from now out, so that you can give her the news and aid her in preparation."

Harold saluted, and in another minute was speeding along the street to give his wife the message.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DREAMER

BY EMILY MCMANUS

STAY not to pity the dreamer;
  What needs he lands or gold—
The lord of a kingdom fairer
  Than ever in story told?

If the world grows dark and joyless
  He mounts by a golden stair,
A brother of gods at the summit,
  For the dreams of his heart are there.

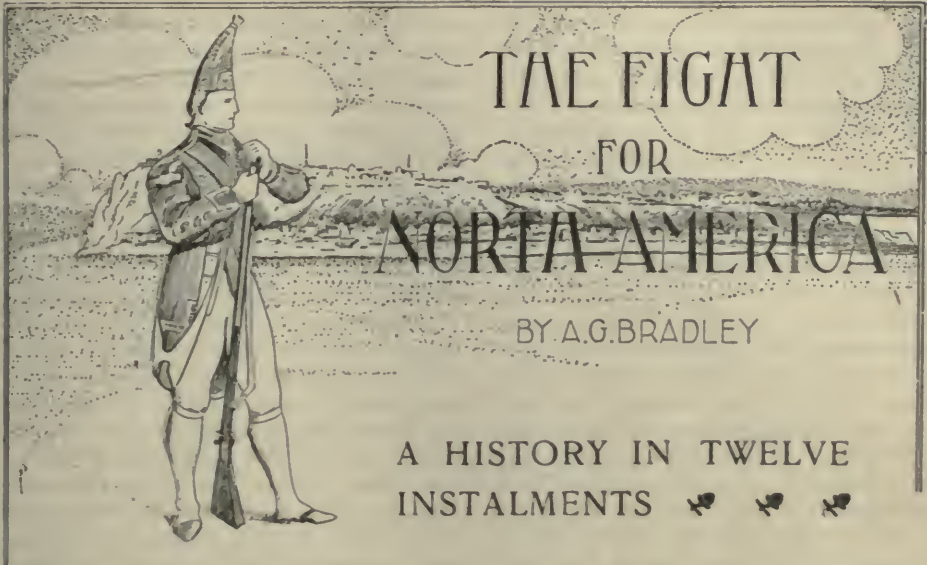
No longer an endless endeavour
  To perfect the wonders planned;
No window remains unfinished
  In the towers of that shining land.

Lo! the winds give up their secrets;
  And the blush of the rose is a word
Attuned to the nuptial music
  The bowers of Eden heard;

For she comes in the hush of the sunset,
  For whom his spirit cries,
The glory of youth on her forehead
  And love in her shining eyes.

What matters the cry of the markets,
  The glitter, the hurry, the hate?
They stay in the world with the worldlings,
  Nor enter this golden gate.

Then why should ye pity the dreamer?
  He feasts with the chosen few,
He dies—and there, in the dawning,
  Who knows but his dreams come true?



LAST INSTALMENT—MURRAY ASCENDS THE ST. LAWRENCE TO MONTREAL—AMHERST DESCENDS THE RIVER FROM LAKE ONTARIO—HAVILAND, WITH THIRD ARMY, JOINS THEM FROM THE SOUTH—SURRENDER OF MONTREAL AND THE FRENCH POSSESSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN—1760.

ONCE more, and for the last time, three movements were planned on Canada, and it was hardly possible that what was left her could escape being crushed between them as in a vice. Murray, his small veteran army increasing daily in strength from returning health, carried and supported along an open waterway by an excellent fleet, had the easiest task of all. Amherst himself, with nearly 11,000 men, was mustering at Oswego, and he was to descend the St. Lawrence to Montreal, the general rendezvous, where the heart of Canada still beat defiantly, if with waning vigour. The physical difficulties here were more formidable than any which Lévis was likely to contrive. Amherst had no full knowledge of the rapids of the St. Lawrence. He counted them as an obstacle, but he hardly realised their fury. As for the third attack, it is needless to say it was from Lake Champlain, whose forts at Crown Point and Ticonderoga now made an admirable base for the forcing of the passage of the Richelieu at Ile aux Noix. Colonel and Brigadier Haviland was given the command of this enterprise, and a force of only 3,500 men, so greatly had the events of the last year altered the scheme of Canadian defence and reduced the strength of its resistance. Lévis had now about 8,000 troops of various sorts at his disposal, besides Indians, with a base at Montreal. Roughly speaking, this city represented the point where the two lines meet which form the letter T, the three arms spreading from it being the approaching routes of the three English armies, mustering between them not far off 20,000 men. I do not propose to deal at any length with the details of these three advances, not because there was no fighting, as Amherst and Haviland were both opposed, so far as Lévis' scattered forces could oppose them. But the resistance was necessarily feeble, and it was a question of good organisation and energy, rather

than military force, which brought to a happy termination a summer's campaigning which, on paper, at any rate, looked a foregone conclusion.

It will be enough to say that Murray crept steadily on, giving those districts which submitted every testimony of present and future clemency, and making a stern example, though with a sore heart, of the few who did not. At the mouth of the Richelieu, where Haviland was expected by the Champlain route, they found large bodies of the main French army, under Bourlamaque and Dumas, waiting for both English attacks, who followed them upon either shore as they forged along the winding river, even then lined with farms and villages, towards the island of Montreal. At the island of St. Thérèse, a few miles below the city, Murray halted, and awaited the arrival of Haviland and Amherst. The former, in the meanwhile, had been pushing the French steadily before him, and arrived below Montreal soon after Murray, where both waited at their leisure for Amherst, who was descending the St. Lawrence upon the other side of the city, and was even now close at hand. On the 6th of September Amherst arrived, and the triple movement was completed with an accuracy that did credit to all concerned.

The situation of the French, in this their last stronghold, was quite hopeless. Montreal was not a natural fortress like Quebec, and, even if it had been, the inevitable could not have been materially deferred. The Swedish professor, whose memories of Lake Champlain have been quoted in a former chapter, came on to Montreal, and gives us a vivid picture of what it looked like ten years or so before this, the year of its surrender. It had, of course, the St. Lawrence on one side of it, and on the three others a deep ditch full of water. It was surrounded by a high and thick wall, but covered too much ground, from the scattered nature of the houses, to be defended by a small force. Unlike Quebec, too, most of the private houses were of wood, though admirably built. There were several churches and convents and seminaries—fine buildings of stone mostly surrounded by spacious gardens—while the streets were broad and straight, and some of them paved. In the background rose "the Mountain," then clad in virgin forests, which, upon this fateful 7th of September, had not as yet been touched by autumn's fiery hand. Before the city flowed the noble river, not long calmed down from the fury of the La Chine rapids, and at this point little less than two miles broad. Knox more than endorses Kalm's eulogies, and thinks Montreal the most delightful place he has seen. The fortifications were contemptible, but "the excellence of the private houses, the magnificence of the public buildings, the pleasant country seats and villas scattered about amid gardens and plantations outside the walls, and, above all, the charm of the situation," enchants the gallant captain,* in a mood, no doubt, just then to be easily pleased. To see the gay crowd in the streets, too, the silk cloaks and laced coats and powdered heads, one would have supposed, he says, that these people, instead of being the victims of a long and disastrous war, were all in the enjoyment of ample and unimpaired fortunes. But this is anticipating a little, for Knox and his friends were not yet actually inside.

Here, within or around the city, if importance in lieu of population can justify the term, were gathered all the civil and military chiefs of Canada, for once, at least, united in the conviction that all hope had fled. The thoughts of the civilians had by far the most cause to be gloomy. The Intendant Bigot, Cadet and their band of parasites saw with despair the bone they had so long picked, passing from their grasp—the goose that for them alone had lain so many golden eggs at length on the point of extinction, a fate in part due to their former imprudences. But worse than all they

*Knox would seem to have got his majority about this time.

saw an outraged king and government beyond the ocean, who, maddened with their loss, would welcome with joy the poor consolation of demanding an account of a stewardship so infamously outraged. As for the military leaders, however bitter their feelings, they were those of brave and honourable men, suffering the chagrin of defeat which they had for some time become accustomed to regard as inevitable. Lévis, Bourlamaque and Bougainville had little cause for self-reproach, for they had done all that men could do. Since the near approach of the British a rapid dissolution of the French army had set in. The Indians had entirely repudiated their ancient allies and patrons, while the militia had gone home to a man. The married soldiers of the colony regulars had in great part deserted, while many of the French linesmen who had married in the country had done the same. Only 2,500 troops, mostly French regulars, now remained with Lévis and his officers. They had provisions for a fortnight, and represented the entire resisting force of the colony. Amherst, Murray and Haviland lay outside the town with seventeen or eighteen thousand men, mostly veterans. It was, indeed, the end of all things. Vaudreuil held a council of war on the 6th, which was naturally unanimous, on the necessity of an immediate capitulation. Bougainville, however, was sent early on the following day to Amherst with a proposal to suspend hostilities for a month—which reads like a very poor joke. Vaudreuil perhaps felt ashamed of it as he quickly followed with an offer of capitulation, specifying terms which had been approved by his council. There were forty-five clauses, most of which Amherst agreed to, though a few were summarily rejected. Lévis and his officers had fully counted on being allowed to march out with their arms and the honours of war. Amherst bluntly insisted that the troops should lay down their arms unconditionally as prisoners, and undertake not to serve in Europe during the present war. Lévis bitterly resented this, and himself sent de la Pause, his quartermaster-general, to plead with the English general against this rigorous condition. Amherst, however, not only refused, but, according to Knox, who was on the ground, sternly silenced Lévis' envoy, and told him that he was "fully resolved, for the infamous part the troops of France had acted in exciting the savages to perpetrate the most horrid and unheard-of barbarities in the whole progress of the war, and for other open treacheries, as well as flagrant breaches of faith, to manifest to all the world by this capitulation his detestation of such ungenerous practices and disapprobation of their conduct, therefore insisted he must decline any remonstrance on the subject."

Upon this Lévis demanded of Vaudreuil that the negotiations should be broken off, or if not, that the troops should retire to St. Helen's island upon their own responsibility, and resist to the utmost rather than accept such terms. One does not, of course, feel quite convinced of the sincerity of a suggestion that was so superfluous, and not perhaps palatable, and certainly unfair, to the rank and file, but in any case Vaudreuil remained firm, and on the 8th of September the capitulation as amended by Amherst was formally signed. Thus, by a stroke of the pen, Canada was transferred to the British crown, and, save for the small settlement of New Orleans, far away in the remote South, on the Gulf of Mexico, the French power, recently so potent and so threatening, disappeared forever from North America. Among some of de Vaudreuil's stipulations was one that the British Indians should be sent away. Amherst refused it, proudly replying that no Frenchman surrendering under treaty had yet ever suffered from outrage by Indians co-operating with a British army. The gist of the articles of capitulation may be briefly summed up. All the regular troops in Canada, not only at Montreal, but the small isolated garrisons together with the officials, civil and

military, were to be conveyed to France in British ships. Whoever wished to leave the country was permitted to do so, a period of grace being given for the winding up of necessary business matters, such as the collections of debts or sale of property. Entire religious freedom was wisely granted, though a clause reserving a power of clerical appointments to the French throne was as wisely rejected, while some minor clauses, though not rejected, were reserved for the King of England's pleasure.

It was a well-seasoned and a war-worn group, too, that gathered round the victorious Amherst in the Place d'Armes at Montreal, when he paraded his troops for the formal submission of the Marquis de Vaudreuil. Some of the chief actors in the past seven years of war, Monckton, Bouquet and Washington, were absent with good cause. Wolfe and Prideaux, the elder Howe and Braddock, Forbes and many others, were in the grave. Two or three had laid their reputations there, but were themselves still among the living, though beyond the sea.

But at that ceremony, whose infinite significance is more apparent to our eyes now than to those of the purblind and preoccupied Europe of that day, there was a goodly throng of warriors who had well earned the exultation that was theirs. Some of them lived to win far greater fame, others to bury such as they had won in a still distant struggle upon the same familiar scenes.

Murray and Haviland led their brigades. Burton and Gage, who had seen the whole war through from the commencement, and Fraser, the gallant Highlander, headed their respective regiments. Carleton, who was to become a famous Viceroy of Canada and to die Lord Dorchester, was here; and Howe, too, whose leadership up the cliffs at the Anse du Foulon was to be unhappily forgotten in his failure against the Americans in after days. The Swiss soldier and scholar, Haldimand, who was also to govern Canada wisely and well, was in the group. Sir William Johnson, the baronet of the Mohawk valley, the master spirit of the Six Nations, the only white man on the continent the Indians really bowed to, was here, tall and muscular, cheery and unceremonious. No such picture would be complete without Rogers. No man had faced death so often—Rogers with a hundred lives, that prince of backwoods fighters, and his two brothers, each commanders of companies, and only inferior to himself. Dalling and Hazen, too, though but captains, as leaders of light infantry, it would be ill forgetting. Schuyler and Lyman, the New York and Massachusetts colonels, in blue uniforms and three-cornered hats, were conspicuous among their fellows, and were to be heard of again in still more conspicuous fashion. Nor should we forget in what is, after all, but a partial, and, perhaps, even invidious retrospect, the gallant naval captain Loring, who handled Amherst's improvised fleets on Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence with unwearied energy; nor yet Patrick Mackellar, whose forts and ramparts and redoubts were strewn over the whole range of conflict, and may yet be traced by the curious under forest leaves, or amid bustling towns, or in track of the farmer's plough. Jealousies between redcoats and bluecoats and men in hunting shirts, we may well believe, were now, at any rate, for the moment, laid to rest. Within a few days ship after ship bearing the remnants of the French army had dropped down the river. All that remained was to carry Vaudreuil's orders of submission to the small French posts upon the St. Lawrence and in the West, and to hoist the British flag in a score of lonely spots where the lilies of France had floated since the first white men broke upon their solitude.

CONCLUSION

SINCE brevity is the plea upon which this narrative chiefly relies for its justification, I shall make no apology

for having kept almost wholly aloof from the contemporary events in Europe during the Seven Years' War. For the same reason, I had fully intended to let the surrender of Vaudreuil and Lévis at Montreal be the final word of this volume, and to resist all temptation to touch upon the great questions that the war gave rise to.

Now, however, that I have come to the end of my allotted tether, I feel that the word *finis*, written where I had intended to write it, would lay me open to a charge of somewhat inartistic abruptness, both in a literary and historical sense, and that a story so suddenly closed would exhibit a lack of finish and completeness that three or four pages more would go far, I trust, to rectify.

Now Vaudreuil signed those ever memorable articles of capitulation on September 9th, 1760, within a few days of the first anniversary of Wolfe's death, and in due course, in accordance with the terms of the document, the remains of the French army, the entire body of officials, and a certain number of the leading gentry, by their own wish, were carried to France in British ships.

Pending the peace a military government was set up in the Colony, which was divided for this purpose into three districts—Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal—respectively assigned to Murray, Burton and Gage. The precise forms of this government do not concern us. It will be enough to say that it was conducted with the utmost possible consideration for the people, for their religion, their language, and their laws. One must not undervalue the strength of racial sentiment, but, with that exception, the people found themselves in every respect better off than they had ever before been, and did not hesitate to proclaim the fact in loud and grateful tones. If the ignorant mobs who, in various parts of Europe and America, screech their pitiable stuff about British tyranny, and the more enlightened few, who, for motives base and of deliberation, thus bear false witness against their neighbour, desired light or truth, which is not in the least likely, the epoch in question would be an admirable point for them to commence their investigations.

It has been well said by historians, neither English nor French, that, throughout the whole hundred and fifty years of French rule in Canada, there is no evidence that the well-being, the happiness or the comfort of the people was ever for a single moment taken into consideration. They had been, in fact, slaves—slaves to the corvées and unpaid military service—debarred from education and crammed with gross fictions and superstitions as an aid to their docility and their value as food for powder. It is no wonder that they were as gratified as they were astonished when they found the Englishmen of reality bore no resemblance whatever to the Englishman of priestly fiction. The common people were, to their surprise, officially informed of all public events, and the gentry class, who had hitherto had no share whatever in the government, were enrolled in various capacities as the custodians of law and order. When King George died, a few weeks only after the surrender of the Colony, the people of Montreal went of their own accord into mourning, and presented an address, declaring he had treated them as a father would treat his own children rather than as a conquered people. And all this was under military government, for two years yet remained before the peace and the Treaty of Paris, which was to formally annex Canada to the British crown; when, as everyone knows, the same policy was continued under a civil administration.

For more than twenty years there were practically no English-speaking settlers in Canada, and but a few thousand in Nova Scotia and the adjoining coasts. It was not till the close of the War of Independence that the stream of American loyalists set in for the Maritime Provinces and the virgin forests of Ontario and laid the

foundations of the Dominion of Canada as we now know it.

In the meantime a Nemesis awaited the Canadian civil officials who had so betrayed their trust and their country. The very seas rose up against them as they beat their way homewards through danger, misery and tempest; upon landing, ten of them, headed by Vaudreuil, Bigot and Cadet, were at once arrested and thrown into the Bastile. Twenty-one in all were put on trial, and so severe were the punishments in the shape of fine and banishment that most of them only survived as broken and ruined men.

Though North America had peace, the war dragged on in Europe and elsewhere for over two years. In the month following the surrender of Canada to Amherst, King George, as I have mentioned, died, thus closing a long reign that he had, at any rate, done nothing to prevent being for the most part a glorious one, while he had proved himself to be at least a brave, an honest, and a constitutional monarch.

The pitiable *debût* of his youthful grandson at this exalted period is a familiar picture. That he was an ardent Englishman, and meant well; that he was fond of agriculture, and above reproach in morals, may be of abstract interest, but is of slight importance in history when weighed against his pernicious actions, and more particularly when it is remembered that his domestic virtues had small effect on the country, but were rather objects of ridicule. It is the failings of George III that matter, and constitute him, in the opinion of many, the most mischievous monarch that ever sat upon the throne of England. Personally pure and patriotic, he practised corruption at home and courted disaster abroad with tireless industry in the pursuit of that dream of absolutism which had been so religiously installed into his obstinate nature by a narrow-minded mother.

He began almost at once to show his hand, and make it evident that the glory of England was quite a secondary matter to the pursuit of his mischievous and narrow ideal. Pitt, with his proud spirit and imperial convictions, was impossible in the atmosphere that soon surrounded the new king, and his very eminence had gained him powerful enemies. Happily his work was done, when, to the discontent of the people, who pelted his successor with mud and stones, he was forced to resign the leadership he had used with such unparalleled effect. But the machinery he had set in motion ran on with the impetus he had given it till its work was accomplished and a glorious peace secured.

Never, probably, in our political history has there been such a drop as that from Pitt to the obscure and incapable coxcomb who almost immediately succeeded him, pitchforked by the young King into the highest office of state. Even Newcastle, who trimmed again to get office, lent moral weight to Bute. But of what object to criticise the ministers of a king whose settled policy it was to retain such men, and through their means to suborn and degrade Parliament!

Frederick of Prussia, who, with Pitt's help and the indomitable courage of himself and his soldiers, was still holding his own against a legion of foes, may well have despaired at the fall of his great ally, and the advent of ministers who had shown him of late but little sympathy. The timely withdrawal of Russia, and the increasing difficulties of France, however, enabled him to hold out till the peace, preserve his dominion inviolate, and hand down a priceless legacy of glory to the great empire, whose foundations he had laid.

The spirit of Pitt lived on in his soldiers and sailors, and the French were beaten at every point and in every hemisphere, by land and sea. Spain was induced to range herself with England's enemies, and paid for it by the speedy loss of Manila, the Philippines, and Havannah; the latter stormed in the teeth of infinite difficulties and with great loss of life. All nations, except perhaps the English,

were anxious for peace, and the King of England, for reasons of his own, was of the same mind. So the Seven Years' War was brought to an end in the autumn of 1762, and the Treaty of Paris was signed early in the following year.* Never before or since has the glory of England been written so large upon any document of the kind. Pitt and a majority of the nation, however, thought it was not glorious enough, and with some reason from the standpoint of their day. It was France who had thrown herself across the path of British Colonial expansion, had provoked the struggle, and incited her Indian allies to the commission of continuous and fiendish barbarities on the English settlements. This rankled deeply in men's minds, and the more so as England was in a position to dictate terms and still full of fight, while France, crippled, demoralised, and financially ruined, was practically powerless outside her own borders. It was the French, too, who had essayed to drive the British out of India, with what result needs no telling. The sentiment embodied in the brief phrase, *never again*, current at this moment in another hemisphere, was the watchword of a majority who had already been tricked by the young King out of their power, and Pitt was, of course, their spokesman.

Great as were the concessions to Britain in Asia and America, they did not seem to Pitt the full measure of her supreme position and of the blood and treasure she had lavished to attain it. Above all, the gift of those two rocky islands off Newfoundland to France, which have been ever since such a fruitful cause of friction and danger, stirred Pitt's prophetic mind to wrath. Swathed in flannels he was carried into the House, and there in eloquent and impassioned tones, while denouncing the treaty, predicted to an unbelieving and largely bribed audience those future troubles with which we are only too familiar. But he spoke to deaf ears; the terms of the treaty were approved, and if the King bribed the House of Commons, it is almost equally certain that France bribed Bute with a most princely fee for his services on her behalf.

The question of Canada stood on a different basis. Many were against retaining it on grounds purely patriotic, and they will be obvious at once. The exaltation of the hour, and a very natural ignorance of colonial feeling, alone prevented those who opposed retention from being more numerous. Many of England's enemies chuckled and have left written testimonies to their foresight. Many of England's friends, and some of her own people shook their heads. There was no mawkish sentiment about this: it was a purely practical question. There are, no doubt, even yet, numbers of people in England who, so far as they think about the subject at all, believe that the infatuation of George III alone drove into rebellion a people hitherto wholly contented with their lot and pathetically devoted to the Crown and the British connection. Among those who knew the American Colonies at that time there was much difference of opinion as to their drift in certain eventualities, which is in itself significant enough. While the French were in Canada such speculations had no practical interest, for it must be remembered that the expulsion of the French was an eventuality not taken into consideration till Pitt's time. It was impossible that there should not have been discontent at the trade restrictions under which the colonists lay. Such discontent may have been illogical, and even ungrateful, as this was the price paid for the protection of England against dangers which were then very real, but that it existed is beyond dispute, though little enough of it, doubtless, was heard amid the triumphs of this particular moment.

*Havannah was exchanged with Spain for Florida. New Orleans alone was left to France on the North American mainland, and as Louisiana was afterwards made over to the United States, the dismantling of the fortifications of Dunkirk under English engineers is of all the clauses of this treaty, perhaps, the most significant of the position of England at the moment.

It had been said by a great many people hitherto that nothing but fear of the French kept the Colonies so docile. The notion that they would seek independence was scouted, it is true, by some of their own foremost men, Franklin among them. But then it is significant that the reason usually assigned for this is their incapacity for combination, not their unconquerable affection for the mother country. Yet, the greatest pessimist of that day would hardly have hazarded the opinion that this vital question would be put to the test in less than two decades, and upon provocation that to many of their generation would have seemed mild indeed. As a great English historian has truly said, and a scarcely less distinguished American has truly echoed, "the death of Wolfe upon the Plains of Abraham meant not only the conquest of Canada but the birth of the United States."

THE END

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By N. de BERTRAND LUGRIN

IT is not always winter in the Yukon. For three months out of the year the sun shines brightly, day and night alike, all over the hills and valleys. After that for two months more there is pleasant autumn weather, and then the old sun begins to grow less friendly, showing his face for fewer hours above the mountains every day, and sinking in the early afternoon, until by and by it is always dark save for the wonderful aurora that shakes her gleaming fringe of rainbow hair across the midnight sky, sending out sharp shafts of dazzling light, like shining swords, that encircle the arch of the heavens and seems to guard the great, white, sleeping North. The Spring is a maiden, the Yukon Indians tell us, a beautiful, shiny-eyed, flower-decked maiden, and the great spirit of winter cannot withstand the sweetness and warmth of her smiles. So he gives her the key to the rivers and lakes and creeks, and she flies over the land and the water, and all the earth wakens to life. Down tumble the mad cataracts into the sea, the ice breaks on the lakes and the blue waters smile back to the sky. The rivers sing a springtime song, the pink clover covers all the hillsides, and the feathery birch-trees whisper in the valleys.

Three miles up the Klondike river from Dawson, Elise la Freniere had a little garden of her own. Sweet peas grew against the cabin, mauve and pink, red and white. In a round bed at the left purple pansies blossomed, and at the right was a flaming crowd of gaudy dahlias. Elise was very proud of her garden. She was a little French girl; her father had been three years on the creeks and had made "beaucoup d'argent." This autumn he and Elise and her mother were going home to France to stay. Most of his wealth Mr. la Freniere kept in two old canvas bags under the bed. It would have been much safer in the bank in Dawson, but the old man—he was forty years older than Elise's mamma—had peculiar ideas of his own, and loved to take his gold dust out now and then, lifting the shining stuff to watch it trickle through his fingers and see it reflect back the light, burying his hands in it, or holding it against his old withered face. At such times Elise was troubled. She would go up to her father and imperiously close the bags. "Mon pere," she would say, "which do you love best, the gold or my mother and me?"

And her father would hold his little girl close to him for answer. A long, long time ago he had been the master of a grand old chateau in France. He was straight and tall and young then, and a soldier. But trouble had come suddenly, and before he could realise it everything was gone, home and wealth and friends. He had worked hard, and it was only now at the close of life that fortune had smiled upon him. Elise could not be expected to understand what the gold dust meant to the old man. But her mother knew, and that was quite enough after all, for Mr. la Freniere worshipped his little, soft-eyed, low-voiced wife.

Elise was ten, but she was too far from Dawson to go to school, so every day she weeded in her garden, while her mother washed and sewed in the cabin, and her father worked feverishly at the sluice boxes, down at the creek a mile away. Elise had no friends among the children, for their home was a mile from the next cabin. Sometimes she met boys and girls in Dawson, where she went every Saturday to get provisions for the week, but she was a shy little girl and her mother and father and the flowers quite satisfied her.

Some distance back on the hill there had been a great hole blasted, and every day now since the beginning of the summer a convict had worked there with his pick, a Northwest Mounted Policeman standing guard behind him, looking very tall and picturesque in his khaki coat and brown hat and his dark trousers with the gold stripe down the leg. The convict did not look at all like a picture. His coat and trousers were brown on the left side and yellow on the right, and he had a great number, "851," painted in white letters on his back. His hair was shaven close, his face was very thin and white, and his eyes were wistful; Elise said "as though he did not want to be naughty, but could not help it." There had been a great many convicts working at odd times on the roads or on the hills near the cabins, but Elise had not taken much interest in any of the others. For the most part their faces were very hard and wicked, and the child would look very quickly away from them as they passed the house and gaze hard at the sweet faces of her flowers. But it was very different with "851." In the first place he was young, and in the next place, the first day that he had seen Elise outside among the sweet peas he had hung his head and his pale face had grown the colour of the red dahlias, so that, young as she was, she had felt a great wave of pity sweep over her, and her own eyes had grown suddenly wet.

After that, several times during every day she would go out behind the cabin and look up the hill to where the convict and the policeman were. Sometimes she would walk up the path a little way, apparently very busy examining the clover or the fern, but in reality watching earnestly the stooped, grotesquely clothed figure of "851." Had he any little girl, she wondered, or was he somebody's son, somebody whose heart would break if that somebody could see him now. Day by day she grew bolder, until one afternoon she went quite to the end of the path and began to gather some ferns a few yards from where the policeman was standing. The latter moved near her. He was a very big man, with nice blue eyes, and when he smiled at her she saw his teeth were as white as her kitten's.

"Aren't you afraid to come so near a wicked man like that?" he asked in a low voice, indicating the convict.

Elise looked at him gravely. Her pale little face did not flush.

"Je n'ai pas peur," she said quietly, which meant that she was not at all afraid. The policeman smiled. He spoke to her in her own language, and asked her a great many questions, all of which Elise answered readily, moving all the time a little nearer the bent form of the convict. At last, catching the latter's glance, she smiled, and the man's face flushed as it had that first day, and he looked quite piteously from the policeman to the little girl and back again.

"It is very sad, n'est-ce pas?" Elise whispered to the policeman as she went away, and the big man, making quite sure the convict was not looking, nodded gravely.

The next day Elise picked two bunches of flowers, one of sweet peas and one of pansies. It was very hot, and her pale little face was damp with perspiration when at last she reached the great hole where the two men were. She held her flowers in either hand and made no pretence of picking ferns or clover, but went straight over to the policeman, who welcomed her smilingly.

"I have brought you some flowers," she said softly, handing him the sweet peas. "The pansies are for him," she added, still more softly.

"Give them to him yourself, petite," the big man told her, and she went quickly towards the convict and spoke timidly.

"Monsieur!" "851" stood up quickly, nervously. He looked at the child, and at the flowers in the tiny hand, his young face very white and his eyes more wistful than ever.

"I have brought you some pansies," she said gently in English. "Mother calls them 'heart's ease,'" and she laid them in his grimy palm.

The convict could not speak. He tried to thank her, but his lips only worked tremulously, and he turned quickly away.

"Was he very wicked?" Elise asked the policeman as she was going. He looked at her gravely.

"He broke the law," he replied, and she nodded and went down the hill, wondering why people made laws that other people had to break.

The summer wore away, and every fine day except Saturday and Sunday Elise went up to visit with the policeman and "851." She never spoke to the convict except to say "How do you do?" and "Good-bye," but she talked a great deal to the policeman, who told her a little about the other man, speaking in French, which the latter did not understand. "851" was not married, but he had a mother and a father on the "Outside," and a little sister like Elise. The child told him all her own history in return, about going home to France in October and about the two old bags full of nuggets under the bed. It was very odd, but the two afternoons when Elise was giving the policeman her most secret confidences, an ugly, black-browed, stooped little man was hiding in the brush behind them listening to every word, quite unnoticed by any of the three.

And now it was late September. Last Saturday in Dawson a man had been walking the street all day, shouting through a great megaphone:

"The S.S. *Dolphin*, the fastest and most commodious boat on the Yukon, leaves on Wednesday for the outside. Only two more trips before navigation closes. Secure your passage now." And Mr. la Freniere had bought the tickets then and there, and Elise and her mother had been very busy ever since packing and cleaning out the cabin.

Late on Monday afternoon Elise went up the hill to say "good-bye" to her two friends. She had gathered two little nosegays of bachelor buttons, all the flowers left in her garden, and though she was very happy to be going home, her little heart was heavy just now at the thought of leaving the policeman and the convict, both of whom she had grown to love with all the warmth of her tender nature.

"If only you could set him free before I go!" she said wistfully to the policeman, handing him the bachelor buttons; "I know he can't be any sorrier if you keep him in prison for a hundred years."

"His time is up in six months more," said the policeman kindly.

The little girl shook her head. "Ah, but, you see, that will be after Christmas, and he can't be home with his mamma and papa just when they want him most."

She sighed very deeply. She had never been able to make the policeman express any opinion as to the justice or injustice of things, though she had tried many times. She made one more attempt.

"Don't you think the Commissioner might pardon him if you asked him? Do you really believe he is such a bad man?"

"He broke the law," the policeman replied very gravely.

Again the child sighed. Then she went up to the convict.

"I have come to say 'good-bye,'" she said gently, "and to give you these," tendering the flowers, "and this," handing him a beautiful little Testament with a silver clasp.

The convict took the gifts half stupidly, staring at her.

"To say 'good-bye,'" he repeated.

"We are going on Wednesday," she told him, "all the way home to France;" then she drew very close to him. "I wish you were going too—home to your mamma and your little sister."

"851" coughed sharply. His mouth twitched. He thrust the flowers and the Testament into his coat.

"I will never forget you," said Elise. "I know you are sorry, and that you will never be naughty again."

"God bless you!" said the convict brokenly. And as the child held out her hand, he looked first at the broad back of the policeman and then, taking the little fingers in his, he bent his shaven head and kissed them, while Elise felt a tear fall from his eyes.

She shook hands gravely with the policeman after that, and went down the hill without a backward glance.

The next day Mr. la Freniere went early to town. He was to come back for Elise and her mother about four o'clock, with a waggon to carry their luggage. They would have dinner in Dawson, and unusual excitement, and would leave at eight o'clock for the outside and home.

Everything in the little cabin was packed—the bags of gold-dust underneath the other bundles. Elise was dressed in a neat little frock of blue, and her fur coat and gloves and hat were on the table.

"Petite," said her mother, as she lit the lamp, for it was twilight now at half-past three, "Petite, I am going to say good-bye to Mrs. Richards, and I shall call papa to pick me up as he passes her house. Do not leave the cabin, dear."

"No, mamma," said Elise, and she watched her mother up the long, dusky road, until the sound of her footsteps mingled with the noise of the rushing Klondyke river, and then the little girl went back into the house and closed the door.

She was very happy and excited, until, all of a sudden, she thought about her friends up on the hill, and she went out the back door of the cabin and looked above. Yes, she could see them both—the convict working, and the policeman pacing slowly up and down. It would be the same for them day after day until the cold became too intense; while she was going away to warmth and comfort and happiness. Her father had told her that the convict's punishment was the result of breaking a law to help a friend, and Elise could not justify things, exactly, though Mr. la Freniere had said it was quite right, and that the authorities could not be too severe in a mining camp like Dawson. She went back slowly into the cabin, and then, as she closed the door, stood quite still with astonishment. A stooped, black-browed, ugly little man was over near the other door, pulling and dragging at the bags and bundles, evidently in a great hurry and very nervous and excited. He sprang upright, as he heard the little girl, but a look of relief came across his face as he saw her.

"You are just the person I wanted," he told her, speaking very rapidly in French; "your father sent me to get the bags of gold-dust. He wants me to take them in to Dawson for him."

For just a second the little girl believed him. But looking hard at the ugly face, and seeing the shining barrel of a revolver in his pocket, she hesitated before answering him.

"He told me where to find it," the man went on, "but I think you will have to help me. Be quick about it, too, won't you? The bank is staying

open on purpose to exchange the dust before your father goes away."

"That is very funny," Elise replied; "father did not say anything about it to mother or me."

"Well, you know what a man your papa is for changing his mind," the ugly man said, beginning to uncord a big box in a feverish hurry.

Now, Elise knew nothing of the sort, and she looked at the intruder gravely, and said:

"You are not telling the truth; I think you want to take the gold-dust for yourself.

The man looked at her and laughed.

"You are a bright little girl," he said, quietly, and went on with his search.

And now Elise was quite sure, for she suddenly remembered how a man answering this ugly little intruder's description had broken into the cold-storage warehouses three years ago and robbed the safe. He was arrested, and served his sentence, and he had been at liberty now for some months. She went to the back door very suddenly, and before he could prevent her she had screamed at the top of her youthful lungs—

"Help! help!—'851'—help! help!" for she did not know the policeman's name, but she remembered the convict's number.

She was pulled inside and the door banged to, but not before she had caught a glimpse of two forms running down the hill—the convict ahead, the policeman in the rear.

"You're a silly little girl," the ugly man said, but he was still smiling. "Don't you know the policeman has gone to the barracks?" Then he went to the other side of the room and Elise saw that he had found one of the bags. He lifted it with some effort, for it was very heavy. "I won't bother about the other one just now," he said to the child, "and the next time you confide in people on the open hill-side, and think you are very safe because you speak French, remember me, little girl, remember me." He was walking to the door with a great show of good humour, when it very suddenly opened and two men entered, the first in a grotesque suit of yellow and brown, the second in a khaki coat, with gold stripes down the legs of his trousers. The nice eyes of the policeman were hard and cold as ice; he spoke tersely, sharply:

"Put down that bag, le Blanc," and his hand sought his hip pocket, while his gaze never moved from the Frenchman's sly face. But the little black-browed man was quick as a snake. There was a flash and a report, and the big policeman fell back heavily.

The Frenchman laughed—

"Luck is ours, Harris," he said in English. "Fancy meeting you under such happy auspices. But we must hurry. Get the Johnny's gun, will you? It's share and share alike with you and me."

Elise's little heart almost stopped beating, for the convict was stooping over the unconscious form on the floor. Would he do as the wicked man told him? Had she been mistaken in her friend all the time, and was "851" no better than the rest of the numbered men who lived in the low, grey stone houses with the high, grated windows? She watched him, her eyes wide with fear and sorrow. But the convict stood up, the policeman's gun in his hand, and he was straighter and taller than she had ever seen him. He gave her a quick little smiling glance, and then walked cautiously up to the other man.

"It's a heavy load, le Blanc," he said, but I think it can be managed, eh?"

In a second he had knocked the revolver from the unsuspecting le Blanc's hand and kicked it across the room; then, holding his own revolver at his side, he spoke quickly and softly:

"Put down that bag, please!"

The Frenchman's face turned very white. He muttered something about "honour among thieves," and turned to go out of the back door. But again he had made a mistake in thinking that the other man wanted all the gold for himself. How could he under-

stand? But Elise did, and her little face grew hot and her heart beat fast.

"Stop where you are," sharply the convict's voice rang out, "turn to the right, walk to the other door." The Frenchman tried to speak, but the convict held the revolver threateningly.

As they reached the policeman's side, the latter raised himself weakly. In a moment he saw and realised everything. He had always secretly believed in "851." With a great deal of pain, and very slowly, he pulled a pair of handcuffs from his breast.

"Put them on, le Blanc," he said authoritatively, and under the convict's revolver the Frenchman obeyed.

"Take him to the Sergeant," the policeman went on feebly, "and report in my name.'

"Yes, sir," "851" replied respectfully, and the two men moved out into the twilight.

Elise sprang to the door and watched them, the stooped dark figure in front, the straight form of the convict behind, his number "851" white and clear in the dusky shadows. Then she returned to the policeman, kneeling beside him.

"Are you much hurt?" she asked him gravely, anxiously.

"No," he returned smiling, "and help will be here soon." He pressed the hand that touched his own. "Our friend has proved himself," he began, "has proved himself—" and then he fainted quite away.

It was a week later, and down at the wharf a little steamer was lying all brilliantly alight, and puffing and blowing, impatient to be off. There was ice in the river close to the shore, and the snow was deep on the streets of Dawson. Up on the deck, wrapt in her fur coat, Elise was standing, her little face wreathed in smiles, as a tall policeman, limping a little, came toward her with outstretched hand.

"I have come to say good-bye," he told her, a smile in his nice blue eyes, but looking a little sorry around his mouth, for the child had endeared herself to him in the long months of their comradeship. "And I have brought you a message from our friend."

Elise's eyes were shining. She put both her little hands in his.

"Is it true that the Commissioner gives him his discharge?" she asked eagerly.

"Quite true," the policeman replied. "He is leaving us to-morrow, and next week he is going home. He says you are the best friend he ever had, and he will never forget you."

The whistle of the steamer blew shrilly. Last good-byes were said, and Elise's eyes were dim as she kissed the big policeman "au revoir." And while the little boat fought against the heavy current, and the clouds of golden sparks flew from the smoke-stack like millions of tiny dancing fairies, she watched with wistful eyes as one by one the twinkling lights of Dawson were lost in the distance, and the unbroken shadows of night settled over the hurrying, singing river.

AN UNREQUITED VIGIL

A STORY OF OLD PORT ROYAL

By WILLIAM HOLLOWAY

THE February dusk fell over famine-stricken Port Royal with a certain sombre menace. That morning, Father Biard, standing at the altar-steps of the simple chapel, had divided the last food among the famishing garrison, and commended them to their Maker; and now, as the grim bastion and snow-clad houses, crouched about the tattered flag of France, grew indistinct against the darkening sky, there was no one in the tiny colony but knew its time was come.

It was five by the clock, and the great hall of the seigneurie, which looked through latticed windows upon the fortress square, was already a prey to shadows. The candles had not yet been lit, and the delicate carvings on the oaken mantel were nebulous in the dim light of the smouldering fire; the faces of the men lounging about the room—members of the Order of the Good Time, the club Champlain had founded a few years before—showed like blurs of shapeless white against the dark background of the wainscoted walls. From the tall brass candlesticks on the long oaken table faint reflections from the embers filtered palely through the gloom.

As the dusk grew deeper, Imbert, the old soldier of fortune, best swordsman in all France, who sat near the head of the table, roused himself with a jerk and clatter of his scabbard on the polished floor. He was a short, squat figure of a man, with enormous shoulders, half-hidden in the shadows. "If I had died twenty odd years ago at Ivry," he said regretfully, "with trumpets blowing, and Henry of Navarre himself looking on—peste! it would have been worth while."

The members of the Order of the Good Time, now gathering for their last meeting, drew their ruffles closer over their thin white hands, shivered and were silent. Imbert settled frowningly into his high-backed chair. "But to die in this wilderness called Acadie," he went on with savage disdain; "to starve to death like a rat in a trap—what end is that for a man who wears a sword?"

There was an impatient stir in the rear of the hall, and Biencourt, the young seigneur of Port Royal, tall and smooth of face, came forward to the fire. He had been sitting, biting his nails at fate, in the velvet-covered chair of state, whence the rulers of Port Royal were wont to judge their vassals. "To die like this—watching the end come slowly and mocking it all the while—is worth twenty deaths at Ivry," he declared with a quick wave of his hand; and as he smoked he kicked the smouldering logs into a sudden flame.

In the bright upspringing the Order of the Good Time presented a sorry spectacle. Gay doublets flapped over shrunken shoulders; silken hose hung loosely upon wasted limbs; the dozen faces were like death-masks in the flaring light. From Imbert to the youngest gallant fresh from Paris and the Court, all bore traces of the famine. Their cheeks were sunken, deep circles showed beneath their eyes, the hands that twitched nervously at their long lace ruffles were bloodless and fleshless as the hands of the dead.

"A lot of ghosts," cried Imbert on a sudden, eyeing them as they watched the leaping flames. "Alot of ghosts," he repeated, pushing his grizzled black hair back from his scarred forehead with one monstrous hand, while with the other he rattled his useless sword—a sword given him in his wilder days by the famous pirate, Pierre Euston. "And this is better than Ivry," he went

on derisively, "this sitting still and starving in a colony forgotten by God and man?" He stamped furiously on the floor. "And a fête night at Fontainebleau, no doubt?" he added with a savage grimace.

Biencourt slowly took up one of the quaint lobster-claw Indian pipes that lay upon the mantel. The firelight played upon his doublet and hose of soft blue satin, and threw his high cheek-bones into bold relief against his light brown hair. "A little touch of famine and we whine like women," he cried scornfully, as he lit his pipe with a splinter from the fire. "Is there a beggarly fur-trader from Havre de Grace who would whimper if famine pinched him?"

A murmur of approval ran through the hall, and died away among the antlered moose-heads on the walls. The Order of the Good Time had scant liking for the thievish traders of St. Malo and La Havre. "Besides," went on Biencourt, confidently, as though the argument were not long since worn thread-bare, "when my father left for France last autumn he promised to send a supply-ship for the new year. Eh bien! the supply-ship must be close at hand."

In the great hall there was a silence broken only by the crackling of the flames—the tolerant silence of men who do not care to quarrel uselessly. Imbert rested his chin upon his hands and stared thoughtfully into the fire; but for a moment no one spoke, till little Gervais, the cripple, best chanson-singer in Port Royal, leaned forward in his chair.

"Let us be happy, gentlemen," he broke in brightly. "If the worst come, it is a goodly company we go to join. I remember we lost thirty-five that dreary winter on the island in the Passamaquoddy Bay. How it all comes back to one!—the circling pines, the frozen ground, and the curé saying his prayers beside the open grave, under the dull, grey sky."

Jean de Plessis, who sat close up to the fire, warming his shrivelled hands, looked up smiling, despite his years. He was a snowy-haired old man of seventy, worn with illness and starvation, yet his smile was childlike and sweet. "And the comrades lying in the cemetery yonder," he said brightly, "are they not waiting to give us a welcome? There is poor Pierre, with whom I used to play at dice the winter Champlain was with us, and to whom I owe revenge. Then there is little Aubel, who wrote ballads to his mistress in Paris about the snow, and who perished that winter night just beyond the bend of the river. Oh, I tell you," he went on, his face lighting up, "there will be old comrades to greet us!"

Biencourt laid his pipe upon the mantel with a nod to Imbert. The latter shrugged his broad shoulders as he rose to his feet. It was time he should accompany Biencourt on their evening round. "A very disagreeable idea!" he observed, addressing himself to a dark figure that had just appeared in the doorway. "Must a man face his enemies together, and he alone? Besides, there may be men we do not want to meet—eh, M. de Garets?"

The new-comer, who was clad entirely in black, even to his ruffles, came slowly into the glare of the fire, which gave to his pointed beard, black eyebrows and deep-set, smouldering eyes an expression sinister and equivocal. "So much the better to have them precede us!" he said grimly, stretching out his hands toward the blaze.

The Order of the Good Time watched his black-robed figure as if fascinated. Indeed, they never wearied of the story of this silent, morose man, who, worsted by Fortune in France, had fled to Acadie, only to receive fresh buffets at her hands. All knew of the enmity between him and Biencourt—an enmity gendered of trifles, but growing bitter by degrees—and of the duel the two had fought the previous summer on the bastion. As for the duel itself, brief and bloodless as it was, it would soon have been forgotten but for a curious circumstance. As Biencourt, after disarming his opponent,

handed him back his sword, de Garets had been seen to turn pale and shiver. Next instant he had caught up his gorgeous yellow doublet that lay upon the bastion, and flung it with a curse into the miry reek outside the walls. "I will wear black till my grief passes," he said in explanation; and from that hour he had worn nothing else, dressing always in a sombre black velvet that matched his sombre face.

Imbert's shaggy eyebrows were drawn down in a frown as he watched the newcomer warming his hands. "You have been walking in the snow," he observed shortly.

"Not I," was the cool reply.

"You have forgotten it then," broke in Gervais, with his hearty laugh. "Your boots are wet."

All looked down. De Garets' boots were certainly making wet marks on the polished floor. An angry denial leaped from his lips. "I have not been walking in the snow," he repeated sharply.

Imbert shrugged his shoulders while he followed Biencourt from the room. "Then you must have been walking somewhere else," he said politely, as he closed the door.

The square of the fortress—hemmed in on two sides by living rooms, on a third by magazines and storehouses, and on the fourth by the bastion—loomed spectrally through the twilight, its sheeted houses seeming very grave and silent. A gusty wind blew in from sea, and tossed the fleur-de-lis of France that flew in the centre of the square noisily against its staff. The four cannon on the bastion were indistinguishable beneath a covering of snow; the paths across the square had become mere ill-defined and half-obliterated hollows in the drifts.

Imbert paused in the middle of their useless round. "If it snows again," he said reflectively, "we are too weak to shovel the pathways clear, and then—"

"And then?"

The old soldier pointed to an Indian camp-fire, flaring on a tongue of land not far away. "The deer are leagues deep in the forest, and the savages are hungry too. Remember the tale Champlain told of the Penobscots years ago."

Biencourt shuddered. He remembered the gruesome story of that nameless crime only too well. Imbert paused before the door of the empty storehouse. "Where did that knave, de Garets, get his boots wet?" he asked suddenly.

Biencourt started at the question. "How should I know?" he said, after a moment's reflection.

"If I only knew," went on Imbert, with a frown; "but, peste! what good would it do? The accursed colony is bewitched. I have heard the red gods of Acadie at their work, and I tell you Port Royal is doomed."

The young seigneur of Port Royal gazed absently at the black bulk of the storehouse extending downward to the bastion. "The red gods," he repeated indifferently, stepping into the shelter of the wall, for the air was biting cold. "What of them?"

"For years our priests have mocked them," went on Imbert moodily; "the cross has been flaunted over their holy places, and now"—he waved his hand toward the evergreen forest, which, like some beast in ambush, lay about the little fort, its dark mass black against the sky-line—"now the red gods have come from the wilderness to their revenge. Port Royal is bewitched. I have known it these three weeks."

There was something so absurd in the older man's angry attitude, something so very childish in his fears, that Biencourt burst into a hearty laugh, leaning for support against the storehouse door. Imbert's superstitious fears of Indian gods had been the subject of many of his jests. He was about to deliver himself of yet another, despite the tragic position of affairs, when suddenly, and without the slightest warning, a faint sound of footsteps became audible from the empty storehouse behind.

It was an age when men believed in charms and diabolical visitations, and

when a certain glamour of mystery still hung over the banished gods of the Indians. Strange tales of their cruelty, of their caprices, of their crimes, passed from lip to lip around dying camp-fires; tales to laugh at by daylight, as Biencourt had often laughed, but which now, in the shadowy gloom, began to take on an air of menacing and unwelcome truth. These sinister steps in the empty storehouse, as he admitted to himself, struck cold upon his heart; so cold that it was with a perceptible effort that he bent forward to listen.

With his head against the door he found it possible to hear a faint muffled sound, as of some one walking to and fro on tiptoe, followed at intervals by the subdued clang of a scabbard, as though the invisible walker faced quickly on his heel whenever he reached the limit of his walk; the whole indistinct and far away as though coming from a distance. For a moment Biencourt listened; then he drew back irresolutely. Imbert's contention no longer seemed ridiculous.

The storehouse was empty; he had locked the door that morning after the last food had been removed. The brass key itself lay in his pocket; he could feel it as he stood there. That a man could be in the storehouse was in itself impossible; that he could march to and fro and make no more noise than the faint echoes to which they had been listening was manifestly absurd. The young seigneur, mindful of many curious happenings in Acadie, felt a thrill of wonder and apprehension pass over him. He turned toward his companion, and just at that instant caught a glint of light from the guard-room at the gate of the fort. "I will get a torch from the sentry," he whispered on a sudden impulse, "and we will go in."

Beside the great stone gateway, carven above with the lilies of France, was the guard-room, lit by a roaring fire that threw fantastic shadows on the walls, and flung a lonely shaft of light into the wilderness without. As Biencourt entered, the sentry—a gaunt, bloodless fellow with high cheek-bones—was in a reverie; his arquebuse had fallen to the floor, and he sat with clasped hands staring blankly at the wall.

"A torch, Pierre," said his master kindly; "and have you had your rations yet?"

The soldier staggered to his feet as he saluted, and pointed to a scant handful of dried pease that lay upon the table. "The good Father Biard gave them to me this morning," said he, lighting a huge pine-knot at the fire; "but I keep them till the famine bites deeper."

Within the square were formless masses of frozen snow, which, as Biencourt, torch in hand, retraced his steps, loomed suddenly upon his near approach like foes from ambush. But near the storehouse the snow had been swept clean, and there the flickering light fell fitfully upon the iron-studded door, and threw Imbert's elongated shadow in wavering outlines half across it. Both men drew their swords in silence. Then Biencourt, inserting the key, flung the door wide open, and they entered.

There was absolutely nothing in the long, empty room. Not a single package of stores lay on the empty shelves; the wreckage of boxes and barrels had been taken away earlier in the day, and only stains and discolorations showed where it had lain. In such an utterly bare space nothing could possibly be hidden; and Biencourt, who had been vaguely expectant of some solution to the mystery, shook his head with disappointment. "The place is bewitched," he cried angrily.

A moment later as the two stood staring blankly at each other, the silence was broken by a faint creaking sound, as though an invisible door was being slowly opened; and then, without further warning, the noise they had before heard recommenced, this time somewhat more distinctly. To and fro went the steps, five and then a pause, as though the unseen walker were parading up and down the empty

storehouse on tiptoe. Imbert, who held the torch, flung its light upon the cobwebs in the corner as though the secret lurked there, then he lowered it again.

"No Indian walks that way," he said slowly. "It is a white man's stride. And of all the white men who have died in Acadie, never one had walk like this. And of living men," he went on frowningly—

"Yes," interjected the other impatiently, "what of them?"

For answer Imbert stamped his foot on the wooden floor and a faint, impalpable dust rose ceilingward in a wan cloud. The sound rang hollowly through the empty room, then the echoes died and all was silent as the grave. The mysterious steps had ceased as if by magic.

Nor were they renewed, though the two waited some minutes in a tense silence. Finally Imbert sheathed his sword with a gesture of relief and turned toward the door. "I need time to think, lad," he said with decision, "and I need to look at the old plan of the fort in my room. Besides the members of the Order must be growing impatient for their supper."

Biencourt nodded assent. "No doubt," he admitted, as he closed and locked the door behind them. "But I wonder what those sounds portend."

The older man quenched the torch in a mound of snow. "Who knows? A death—a sudden death—in the Order, maybe," he said reflectively.

They were very merry that evening in the great hall of the seigneurie. Candles had been lit in the tall brass candlesticks on the oaken table, and in sconces above the doorway, and in their mellow light the weapons and strange Indian relics on the walls showed in bold relief against the dark wainscoting. On a settle near the fire Imbert sat absorbed in a small leather-bound volume he had brought from his room, while the rest of the Order of the Good Time watched the famished lackeys as they set the wine cups on the table. Then presently Raoul de Garets entered, and lackeys and wine were both forgotten.

He had thrown aside his dress of sombre black, and now appeared in a green doublet slashed with pink; a smile was on his lips as he glanced about the room. "I am happy once more," said he brightly, "or at all events I will try to be happy for the last meeting."

The members of the Order nodded their approval. It was, indeed, the club's last meeting ere they should sup with that grim clubman, Death. Biencourt, who was president for the week, and therefore giver of the evening's feast, began donning his embroidered collar of office. "The curé says life is like a flame," he observed. "Surely it is better it should blaze, even if it burns the sooner to the ember."

"And I," said Jean de Plessis, with an air of consideration, "have no objection if the embers flicker up once more ere the fire goes black out, and the night comes."

Imbert rose to his feet, keeping his place in the book with one finger. "Fine speeches but foolish ones," was his comment, as the club gathered around the table. "Who wants to die? Not you and I, eh, M. de Garets?"

De Garets started and shivered. "Not I, certainly," he agreed. "Port Royal would be a dull place to die in." He took his seat at the table. "The dullest place in the world," he added.

One of the cherished rules of the society was that relating to the supply of the table. Upon the president of the evening rested the responsibility of furnishing the weekly dinner, a matter of no great hardship generally, for the Order of the Good Time wisely chose its president a week in advance, to give him time enough for preparation. But of late the dinners had been growing astonishingly meagre. The previous week Jean de Plessis had been able to provide nothing better than dried pease and broken biscuits. And now as the Order settled into their high-backed chairs, not a few wagers depended on the question, What had

Biencourt obtained for their last meeting?

They were soon to know. Jean de Plessis, who by virtue of age sat next to Biencourt, removed the cover from his dish with a flourish, and revealed the contents. There was nothing within but a few spruce twigs, interspersed with pieces of melting ice. With one impulse the others removed the covers from the dishes before them, disclosing in all spruce twigs and ice. A riotous laugh burst from the assembled clubmen. This was indeed the finest jest Port Royal had ever known.

Old Jean de Plessis laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. "Ah, it is a rare jest," he cried admiringly. "The pity is that it will die with us."

"And that is a pity," observed de Garets grimly.

Gervais touched the keynote and gave expression to the irony beneath the laughter. "It is all so droll, is it not, Messieurs? Twigs and ice. The lonely forests and the limitless ice to watch our graves."

De Garets lifted his wine-cup slowly to his lips, smiling the while a curious smile. The mellow candle-light touched his dark face lightly and played like gleams of flame across his brooding eyes. "It will be very lonely lying out on the hillsides," said he, "very lonely."

"The king may build a town here some day," observed Biencourt, "and strangers may chance upon our bones and wonder who we were."

"If there are kings in that time to come," interjected de Garets. "Perchance the future holds little for kings."

Imbert, who had been sitting immersed in his book, turned toward the speaker with a frown. "A poor dinner, what say you, M. de Garets?" he cried in gruff tones, lifting one of the spruce twigs from the dish before him, and holding it poised between thumb and forefinger. "I wager you and I can find a better one without such silly jokes."

De Garets lifted his eyebrows in enquiry, as he refilled his wine-cup. "The joke is by no means silly; and and where should we find a better dinner?"

Imbert closed his book with precision. Then he stepped back from the table and drew his sword. "In the secret chamber you have just come from, underneath the storehouse," he said with a futile attempt to mock de Garets' langour.

There was a roar from the club like the roar of caged and angry lions. Swords were drawn and chairs flung aside as the members started to their feet, and drew together in a wall of steel around de Garets, who, regardless of the demonstration, sat sipping his wine without a tremor.

"Your Gascon manners weary me," he cried, addressing himself to Imbert; "always the same—theatrical and silly—as if this were a scene from one of Master Shakespeare's stupid English plays. I have but to close my eyes to fancy myself in a London theatre, listening again to Hamlet's weary mouthings." He sat back in his chair with a little sigh. Imbert pointed at him.

"The rogue had not been out, yet his shoes were wet; therefore I suspected. An hour ago in the storehouse I heard his footsteps beneath plainly enough to detect his curious stride; the old plan of the fort showed me the rest, an excavation beneath the storehouse once made for a magazine. Then I knew the wet feet came from the damp underground road he had been treading—a road he must tread for the club again before he dies."

The members of the Order of the Good Time were no longer men. The gay mask they had been wearing had dropped suddenly and completely, and the primitive savage love of existence now spoke eloquently from their faces. As the light of the candles in the great hall played athwart them they seemed incarnate appetites standing there.

Raoul de Garets laughed mirthlessly as he set his wine-cup down on the table. "And I imagined my run of ill-luck was over," he said with bit-

ter scorn. "One life in Paris, and now the other here. It was the old seigneur's secret, not mine," he went on composedly; "he gave me a note to Biencourt the day he went away—"

"I remember," broke in Gervais eagerly. "We two were the last to speak to him, as his vessel passed our canoe in the lower bay. It was then he gave de Garets the note."

Biencourt shivered violently, as though the treachery had been his own. "And that very day," said he, "though he gave me no letter, he did ask me something—the privilege of occupying my father's private room—the gloomy one to the right; and as he claimed a promise from my father, I let him have it."

Imbert stamped his foot upon the floor. "Ay, the room that must hold the door to the secret passage," he cried. "Oh, be sure this wretch will pay for our sufferings, drop by drop, with his life-blood. He shall die—"

"Who shall die, son?" said a gentle voice, and Father Biard, who had been a silent witness, stepped in from the doorway. The good priest's once stout form was now much shrunken, and his face, before round and smiling, was now worn and haggard, though his dark eyes still gleamed brightly from beneath his coal-black hair. In his right hand he lifted aloft his silver crucifix and held it above de Garets, who, with one elbow on the table, toyed thoughtfully with his ruffles. "He has done enough for death, yet I claim him even in the valley of the shadow. What, shall men snatched by God's mercy and one man's wit from a cruel death dare vent their rage in such a manner? Messieurs of the club and Seigneur of Port Royal, I claim this man's life for God."

Father Biard spoke earnestly, his deep tones filling the great hall; and, as he spoke, a hush fell upon his hearers, their sword-points drooped, and even old Imbert, who had scant enough liking for priests, was somewhat touched.

"Ay, we are all in the valley of the shadow, father," he said soberly. "If you hold him you may have him; but if you loose your hold I swear I will run him through."

Therefore it chanced that night that there was a strange procession. Father Biard and de Garets led the way, arm in arm; the former crucifix in hand, the latter smiling in his sombre fashion. And behind, with drawn swords, came the members of the club, Biencourt and Imbert leading, Jean de Plessis and Gervais bringing up the rear.

The hidden door in de Garets' room was soon opened, and then, torch in hand, the procession descended a flight of rude stone steps into a roughly paved stone passage. Here the scene became fantastic as the light of the pine-knots glanced from the damp pavements and frozen walls, and touched the unsheathed swords. But always it flamed brightest on the silver crucifix in Father Biard's hands, and on Imbert's mighty sword, poised ready to strike if the priest should even for an instant lose his hold.

But this he never did, holding de Garets tenderly as a child, despite his scornful protests; and in this fashion they passed through an open door into the secret storehouse beyond.

It was a small, rough-hewn chamber, piled high with boxes and barrels—provisions enough for several months to come. In one corner were broken packages, showing where de Garets had made inroads on the stores; and, fastened before a tall candle (rifled from a large boxful), was the most curious thing of all—a letter to Biencourt from his father, sent through de Garets himself, telling of the secret storehouse, and how, during an absence of the garrison the previous summer, he had, assisted by three of his personal attendants, prepared it for an emergency. "I had not intended to tell you the secret," the letter went on, "but since leaving Port Royal an hour ago I have begun to fear lest the supply-ship may be delayed; so send this by a trusty hand."

All gathered around as Biencourt read the letter aloud. The paper was wagging slowly in a draught, which

came, it was afterwards discovered, from an ingeniously-contrived ventilation hole leading outward beneath the bastion. On the floor, under the letter, were scattered fragments of biscuits, showing that the wretch had been there, gloating over his vengeance. The gruesome sight was almost too much for Imbert's self-possession, and he again lifted his sword. But Father Biard gently raised his crucifix and drew de Garets tighter, and Imbert fell back. "Only that your hand holds him, father," he cried angrily.

Ten minutes later the Order of the Good Time was again seated at table in the great hall of the seigneurie, eating and making merry; while on the deep settle skirting the room, in the kitchen, and in the hallway, Pierre the sentry and the other retainers of Port Royal were seated, all feasting bravely. Everyone gave a toast. Biencourt was in sparkling humour; Gervais surpassed himself with his merry jests. Only Imbert said little, contenting himself with sitting, sword in hand, beside the curé and de Garets.

All through the night the revelling went on, and still these three sat silent; Father Biard holding de Garets by the hand, and Imbert watching to see him lose his hold. It was morning when the club sang its last chanson and adjourned, and then de Garets turned upon Father Biard with a frown. "You weary me with your prayers, old meddler!" he cried angrily. "What is life to a man who has lost honour? May my curse go with you!" And he flung himself out of the room.

In the great hall, where the candles sputtered low amid a cloud of shadows, Father Biard remained alone upon his knees. His lips moved slowly as if in prayer, and as the grey light of dawn crept through the latticed windows, his hair, black the night before, showed grey about the temples, and the face itself was worn and old and lined with pain.

CANADIAN LITERATURE

From the Stratford Herald of December 5th.

"THE growing campaign to encourage 'Made in Canada' articles should extend to our literature. And our literature is improving. By degrees it is attaining worthy rank. The books of Ralph Connor have given Canadian literature a new impetus, and doubtless his new one just out, "The Prospector," will make another big record as a seller. Sir Gilbert Parker's books have also brought fame to Canada, and by the way a most informing illustrated article in the same number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is by that eminent Canadian member of the British House of Commons, describing his experiences as a new member of that august body. THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE itself is a splendid exemplar of Canadian progress in literature. We doubt if any of our manufacturers can show a higher percentage of advancement than has been exhibited by THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE in recent years. In attractiveness of contents as well as of printing and pictorial embellishment, it vies with the sumptuous American magazine, but it has the Canadian and national flavour that can be found nowhere else and that is grateful to a real Canadian's pride in his growing country. The best minds in Canada are among its contributors —men often of national repute. We should like to see THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE displace some tens of thousands of foreign magazines which find sale here. We don't hope this solely because the magazine is Canadian, but because of belief that satisfaction will result from applying to it the principle of home preference."

Current Events Abroad.

NEW YEAR FOR THE NATIONS

WHAT the year 1905 may have in store for the nations is a matter of absorbing speculation. It is doubtful if there ever was a time which exhibited more contradictory traits and tendencies. We have on the one hand the Hague Peace Tribunal and on the other two nations engaged in the most sanguinary war of modern times. To the initiative of one of these the Peace Tribunal owes its existence, the other is a subscriber to the principle. We have the President of the United States in his annual message to Congress relating that he has invited the nations to partake in another Peace Conference, and in subsequent paragraphs urging his countrymen to go on increasing the strength of the navy. "The strong arm of the government," he says, "in enforcing respect for its just rights in international matters is the navy of the United States....Our voice is now potent for peace, and is so potent because we are not afraid of war." In another paragraph he practically notifies the southern and central countries of this hemisphere that they must act in a manner pleasing to the United States or suffer their displeasure. "Chronic wrongdoing," he says, "or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilised society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilised nation, and in the western hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power."

WHY?

SKULL OF COMMON RUSSIAN SOLDIER—"I died for the glory of the Czar."

SKULL OF COMMON JAPANESE SOLDIER—"And I for the glory of the Mikado." —Boise *Statesman*.

There is another aspect of the time in which strong contrasts are presented. It will be remembered how sensitive the English-speaking world was with regard to the butcher bills of the South African war. The whole Empire grieved over the slaughter at Magersfontein. Yet there have been scores of Magersfonteins in the present struggle in the East, and still the butchery goes on. The two peoples whose children are being mown down by the scores of thousands do not appear

203 METRE HILL, AT PORT ARTHUR

This important position commands the new town of Port Arthur and the deeper portion of the Harbour. Its capture by the Japanese, though costly, enabled them to mount guns in such a position as to command the Russian ships. They then proceeded to sink them in order. The forts on the east side of the Railway are still in possession of the Russians.

to be stopped for a moment by the spectacle. Consider these sentences taken from an account of the fighting at Port Arthur: "For over thirty yards between the trenches there was a veritable shambles. The last fighting was over the slain....The ramparts were black with bodies....The defenders were annihilated.....Their artillery made the interior forts a seething cauldron of bursting shells....The struggle was absolutely hand-to-hand. The defenders of the greatest part of the bombproofs on the lower levels of the fort were annihilated, and the sections and cross-sections of the bombproofs were piled with corpses."

The question that arises is, Are the nations which curdle with horror over a Magersfontein made of stuff stern enough to sustain their places in the world against neighbours who sustain these infinite hecatombs of slaughter with almost unbroken equanimity. It is the barbarian's indifference to bloodshed and suffering. We are witnessing a conflict between Goths and Huns armed with the latest destructive inventions of the twentieth century. Are the advanced nations, steeped as they are in humanitarian sentiment, prepared to hold their own against nations which devote whole armies to destruction with grim serenity? It is a serious question. Our encounters with barbarism have hitherto been of the kind where a small, select, highly-trained and finely-armed force was pitted against hosts of brave but ill-disciplined and absurdly armed savages. It

ANDREW CARNEGIE WOULD HAVE A PEACE TRIBUNAL WITH POWER TO ENFORCE DECISIONS.—St. Paul *Dispatch.*

was the machine gun against the assegai or bolo. Exception may be taken to classing the Russians and Japanese with savages. There is no such intention, save to point out that the rulers of both retain the savage's contempt for death and the barbarian's callousness to carnage and its accompanying hideous misery and anguish. Are the leaders of the world's civilisation about to go down before the ruthless temper of barbarism, as the civilised Roman was submerged by the onset of the hardy natives of the German forests? We have the teachings of history for our guidance, and those of us who draw from its pages the lesson that humanity, in spite of all obstacles, staggers resolutely upwards, will believe that the better part will rescue itself from any such impending social or political cataclysm. The lesson we may have to learn may be that there is something else for the individual civilised man to do than studying how to prolong his days.

In the meantime one of the ogre nations is having as much trouble as the one-eyed giant who fell a victim to the wiles of Noman. His adventures in war are still of the disastrous kind. He seems to be doing everything too late. His European fleets are starting for the scene of conflict just at the juncture when they can neither aid, nor expect aid, from their brethren at Port Arthur or Vladivostock. Forty million dollars' worth of battleships, cruisers and Wasps and Hornets lie battered like old tin kettles at the bottom of Port Arthur harbour. Relieved of watching these, Admiral Togo is free to go forth and turn his attention to Vladivostock or the approaching Baltic fleet. The future that looms before the latter mailed argosy is epic in its possibilities. All sorts of mortuary ideas crowd the mind while thinking of it. The procession to the scaffold, the night before the fatal duel, and other similar mental pictures arise, but the uppermost thought is that Russia and the whole world feels that it is steaming around the globe to its doom. The unexpected may happen, but it is a safe species of prophecy to say that when the Baltic fleet has met the enemy the word "delenda" may be written.

In the meantime the Russian authorities have trouble at home. The representatives of the municipalities are pressing to be called together in a central gathering, which might be regarded as the germ of a Parliament or states-general. While this movement is progressing serious riots break out in St. Petersburg, giving rise to the fear that any disposition that the Czar might have had towards granting the wishes of the Zemstvos will be chilled by the inopportune outbreak of the populace of the capital. Alto-

gether the condition of the huge empire both at home and abroad is perilous, and King Richard's conclusion, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," was never more strikingly illustrated than in the case of Nicholas II, Czar of all the Russias.

So large a place is held by the problems to which the Russo-Japanese war has given rise that the affairs of other nations seem tame and almost insignificant in comparison. But it is a case where "happy is the nation whose annals are dull." France is able to look abroad on the New Year with confidence. In spite of all assaults of its enemies, the Combes Ministry maintains a firm hold on power, and proceeds with its secularising programme with a ruthlessness that one would think would eventually arouse sympathy with the excluded religious and teaching orders. Thanks to M. Delcassé, France's foreign relations were never on firmer ground. The only ominous thing is the staggering load of taxation which the country bears, from which there is no hope of relief while her armaments are maintained on their present scale. Some level-headed man may happen along one of these days and have the courage to propose retrenchments in the military expenditures, to give industry and energy a chance to breathe.

CHRIST AND BUDDHA ON THE SHAKIIE

"And they ask our aid for this!" —*Jugend* (Munich)

Germany is chiefly engaged in endeavouring to find a solution for its economic problems, and seems to be interesting itself so little in foreign problems that the campaign of the anti-German *National Review* and other English publications is beginning to look a little like a nightmare. It is true that the German Minister at Pekin is represented as making trouble there over the approval of the British-Thibet treaty, but, with or without the approval of Pekin, the Anglo-Indian authorities will insist that the relations between Delhi and Lhasa shall be on the basis of that treaty. The German Bogey has been overdone. The only real point of abrasion between Germany and Britain is the trade one. As both nations are pursuing fiscal policies diametrically opposite to each other, students of economics ought to have some valuable material for the enforcement or abandonment of their arguments within the next few years. In the meantime the great problem for the German statesman is to satisfy the agrarian interest with almost prohibitive duties on farm produce, while at the same time affording the masses of workingmen food at reasonable figures. It is not the first time that a solution has been sought for this, and it grows no simpler with the flight of years.

John A. Ewan

CHILD AND MOTHER

O mother-my-love, if you'll give me your hand
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in a sweet posy-garden out there,
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you;
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which our dreaming shall soften.
So, mother-my-love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander—
Away through the mist to the beautiful land,
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

—EUGENE FIELD.

WELCOMING HER EXCELLENCY

ON the arrival of their Excellencies Earl and Lady Grey at Government House, Halifax, on Saturday, Dec. 10th, the Countess was presented with an address by the National Council of Women of Canada. Mrs. R. L. Borden, in the absence of Mrs. Thomson, of St. John, president of the National Council, read the address, and Mrs. Archibald, on behalf of the local Council of Women of Halifax, presented a bouquet of carnations and pink roses. The bouquet was accompanied by a specially bound copy of the year book of the National Council.

After the graceful welcome and introduction, Mrs. Thomson said:

"'Essentially a union of women workers along all lines of philanthropic, charitable and educational effort, the National Council of Women knows no barriers of class, race or creed, imposes on its members no restrictions as to the nature of the tasks they shall undertake; but, recognising only the great need of an intelligent and united interest in whatever makes for the highest good of the community, it has set itself to study the best methods of work, and to help, if possible, to solve the many problems which present themselves in the building up of national character. We realise that the foundations must be well laid, that our outlook must be at once broad and comprehensive, and yet quick to note each detail that might either help or hinder. Thus, while each society or group of societies has its own special work, which from the very nature of things it prefers to do in its own special manner, the effect of the correlation of these societies is to compare methods, to broaden views, to deepen and quicken interest, while we seek to apply the golden rule: "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," to society, custom and law.

"Such, then, in brief, are the aims of the National Council of Women of Canada, and very gratefully do they acknowledge to-day a lasting debt of

A CURLING SCENE IN MONTREAL

gratitude to the noble women who have been your Excellency's predecessors: the Countess of Aberdeen, who, by her active and never-failing interest in Canadian women, inspired them by precept and example to this patriotic service; and also Lady Minto, whose valuable work in establishing cottage hospitals will be her lasting memorial.

"We hope that Your Excellency will befriend us in no less degree; we have heard much of your public spirit and valuable services in the motherland, and we welcome your coming among us, one to whom we may look with confidence as a leader in all that makes for the highest good of Canadian women. And, if we may say so, as a comrade who will work with us for our beloved country.

"We desire to extend a most sincere and respectful greeting to His Excellency the Governor-General, and to your daughters, and to bid you all a very hearty welcome."

The address was signed by Emma Jones, honorary vice-president of the National Council of Women for Canada; Laura Borden, vice-president of the National Council of Women for Nova Scotia; Joanna M. Daly, life member of the Council for Canada, and Edith J. Archibald, president of the Local Council of Halifax.

Lady Grey expressed her thanks for the cordial welcome extended her by the women of Canada. She said she had already heard a great deal of the work of the National Council, and now hoped to be able to see it for herself. She was anxious to co-operate with them in their endeavour for the greater well-being of the country, and would give her best work to them.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

THE National Council of Women for Canada has indeed a great work in hand. It has already accomplished much, but the greatest thing it has ever attempted it is just beginning now, in conjunction with the other eighteen National Councils of the world. This is an organised effort

to cope with the great organised white-slave traffic. "Its proportions are awful," said Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, the secretary of the International Council, "and our people—our mothers and fathers and daughters—are entirely ignorant of it. In Canada the trade has not reached such a height as it has on the continent, but it is bad even here. And the only thing we can do at present is to give warning to everybody. The 'white slave' dealers are organised as perfectly as any insurance company, and their methods are constantly changing. For instance, one of our own Toronto papers recently inserted an ordinary ad. for a governess. A well-educated, refined girl from near Guelph answered, was accepted, and received directions. On her arrival here she was met at the station, and has completely disappeared. Not a trace of her can be found, although the policemen have been working hard on the case. The clerk at the office who took in the want ad. remembers perfectly the well-dressed woman who brought it in in a businesslike way, but no trace of her can be found. The address given the unfortunate girl is a vacant lot here."

The national and local councils of these strong, earnest women are asking all girls who contemplate leaving home to write to them before taking any step. Any member will find out if the offer of a situation is genuine, and will report immediately. "We will not spare ourselves," Mrs. Cummings continued, "until we can down this awful work. A friend of mine has told me of two young ladies, acquaintances of hers, who were crossing the channel from France with their aunt and footman. On their trip they became naturally acquainted with an exceedingly gentle and well-bred woman, even the aunt admiring her and being drawn to her. Before taking the train at Dover the lady remarked casually: "My, I would like a cup of tea, but do not want to go into the eating-room alone. Would you come with me?" The two young ladies politely acquiesced. When the train began to move out the footman, who was waiting on the platform, decided he had missed his charges, and boarded the platform. The most untiring efforts of police and frantic relatives have failed to gain any clew of the whereabouts of the vanished girls.

These cases are out of many and many that the noble Council of Women have undertaken. Owing to their well-organised methods they can quickly communicate with each other, making a circuit of the whole globe. They are to be thanked for the passing of the anti-spitting by-law, and are now seeing some success in the enforcing of the clause. "It is not a small thing," the international secretary said, "for by expectoration alone consumption is spread." Inside of half an hour Mrs. Cummings had answered the telephone some fifteen times, interviewed a young Englishwoman who had carried her baby with her to find work, secured her a good place by 'phone, given her specific directions and matronly advice, and had, besides divulging a fund of information, helped a Salvation Army officer to locate a lost comrade.

"I am very much worried," she said, "over a woman I lost some weeks ago. She had come out from England through the Canadian Labour Agency, and, with her baby, had remained for the night at the Y.M.C.A. I found her a good place with a friend of mine, left word for her, and she completely disappeared, with the baby. Her name was Mrs. Punter. At last I have had to communicate with the police, although I was deterred for some time out of a fear of hurting her feelings if she had taken a little room anywhere. The police have not yet found her."

Any organisation may send a representative to the Local Councils; or, if a society have a membership comprising women or men and women living in different parts of the province, it may send a member and delegates to the National Council of Canada. The International Council, which met at Winnipeg last year, has been in-

vited to Canada for its next gathering, and will be held at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in July.

B. J. T.

CHURCH MARRIAGES

THERE is a great deal of significance in the adoption by the Anglican synod recently convened in Vancouver of a motion prohibiting marriages in private houses instead of in churches. Marriage, in Canada at least, is a sacred thing, and the churchmen have realised that it was befitting to sanctify the outward union of "whom God hath joined together" in the holy precincts of the church. There are exceptional cases, of course, where it seems necessary and best for the bride to enter her new sphere from the protecting walls of her maiden home, and these are not overlooked, but may be allowed by special permission of the bishop.

B. J. T.

A VALUABLE RING

COMBINED with a real fund of inexhaustible humour, Rev. J. E. Stackhouse, Baptist Missionary for the Northwest, possesses the feeling and magnetism that so often go with real humour. He was preaching recently in the Jarvis Street Baptist Church at Toronto. His subject was Consecration.

"A year ago, when I was in Aylmer," he said at the close, "I was speaking on the needs of missions in the Northwest, and met a motherless little deformed girl. Her father, in the West, was unable to support her, and, in spite of her deformity, she was making her own living. Moved by the appeal, she offered me her diamond ring—the gift of her dead mother. I refused to take it, but she insisted. Finally I took it, and went to a jeweller's with it. He offered me twenty dollars for the ring, but this I refused. No—" he broke in, suddenly, producing the ring in the pulpit and holding it up to the light, "I determined that, instead of selling this ring, I would raise $2,000 with it for Western Missions. Already I have raised over $1,900. Perhaps I shall get the balance of the $2,000 here to-night."

And when the service was over donors came forward by the score, and the total amount put in the plate held by Mr. Stackhouse was $288.

The ring was returned to the little girl the next day.

Verily, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth."

PRESENTATION TO LADY MINTO

IT was a nice thing—the giving of a diamond maple leaf to Lady Minto on her leaving Canada. The citizens of Ottawa could not have thought of a more befitting souvenir from "the land of the maple." Aside from its intrinsic value, the leaf is of beautiful form and emblematic. When her scheme for establishing lending libraries in the Northwest, a proposal which has been adopted and will be put into operation as soon as the details are perfected, is in working order, the people of Canada will have a very tangible and immense souvenir of Lady Minto. The libraries will be supplied by the Victoria League, through the Aberdeen Association. The Victoria League, of which Mrs. Drummond is the London president of the Canadian branch, is an English organisation for supplying good English literature to the sparsely-settled districts of the colonies, and it is the main source of the supply of the central branch of the Aberdeen Association.

Lead lives of love, that others who behold your lives may kindle, too, with love, and cast their lots with you.

—ROSETTI.

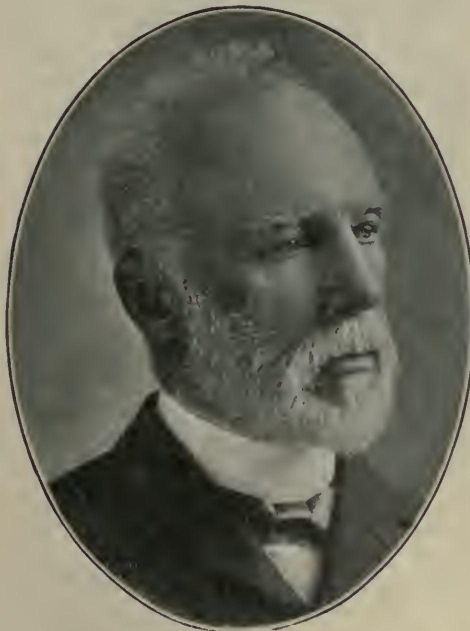
O give to us a finer ear
  Above the stormy din!
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
  Ring peace and freedom in.

—WHITTIER.

A kind word often does more good than a large gift.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

A NEW Governor-General may mean much to Canada, or he may mean little. There were days when the Governor was everything to a North American Colony. Governor Simcoe and Sir Isaac Brock were the men who made Ontario. There would have been a province here, and there would have been people here, had these two men never visited this part of America, but it would not have been the Province of Ontario, a part of His Majesty's world-wide Dominions. Later on, Lord Elgin meant much to the Province of Canada, Governor Douglas to the colony of British Columbia, and other governors to other colonies. These men were real leaders, active organisers, creative statesmen.



SIR HENRI TASCHEREAU
Chief-Justice of Canada, and acting Governor-General pending the arrival of Earl Grey.

To-day the governor-general is shorn of much of his power and of some of his influence. He has come to be little more than a link between the loyalty and royalty of Canada and Great Britain. His influence is indirect. He openly advocates no political policy except that which his Cabinet approve. Yet he may have an Imperial policy, not necessarily political, which he both advocates and supports. Lord Minto had, and he won a great victory at a critical period in the Empire's history.

That Earl Grey will prove to be any less an influence than Dufferin, Aberdeen or Minto, is not to be expected. A man who has been associated with great Imperial colonists, as Earl Grey was with the Cecil Rhodes group, and who has seen several examples of the successful extension of Imperial power, should be at least as potent as men with even less colonial experience.

Earl Grey arrived at Halifax on December 10th, and was duly installed in his office. He at once expressed the feeling that the loyalty of Canada was acknowledged throughout the world as one of the brightest jewels in the British Crown. To increase the lustre of that jewel would be his ambition while in Canada. In a word, he will follow the lines struck by his predecessors, and he will endeavour to gain the confidence of Canadians by courtesy, generosity and force of character, so that his influence may be used to forward what is thought to be the best interests of Canada, the great interests of the Empire, and—will it be too bold to say?—the highest interests of western civilisation.

Was there ever knight-errant of old charged with more magnificent, more

lofty commission? Was there ever a poet or philosopher with a mightier conception of patriotic service? Truly the steel-kings, the bankers, the monopoly-mongers of the world seem but as chattering school-boys compared with the men, such as governors and diplomats, who mould the destinies of races.

WORK FOR HIS EXCELLENCY

THERE is one point to which His Excellency's attention might reasonably be directed: the absence of British literature in this country. If he will visit the book-stores in Ottawa, glance over the reading-table in the Rideau Club, or visit the libraries of that city's prominent citizens, he will find an almost entire absence of British weeklies and monthlies. If he asks why these are not displayed or taken, the answer will be that they cannot be procured. The reason for this lies in the exorbitant rate levied by the British Post Office on all exports of British-made reading matter. In Canada sealed letters may be mailed for two cents an ounce, or eight cents a pound. This is exactly the rate charged by the British Post-office on magazines or weeklies mailed to outlying portions of the Empire. A pound of magazines means only one or two parcels; a pound of letters means eight or more parcels, and requires much more handling and greater speed in transportation. From this it is easy to see that the rate should vary in favour of the bulkier article.

Then, of course, there is the question of British sentiment. If that is to be maintained in this country, there must be British information. There must be a knowledge of what Great Britain is doing and aiming at, both at home and abroad. The younger generation must be kept interested in the affairs of the Empire.

The British authorities have been appealed to again and again; the subject has been discussed several times in a perfunctory manner in the British House of Commons, but nothing has been done. His Excellency's influence might be considerable in this most urgent of reforms.

HON. ARTHUR PETERS, K.C.
Premier of Prince Edward Island. The recent Election in that Province went in his favour.

A step in the right direction has recently been made by the Toronto News Co., which is now under the guidance of an energetic and broad-minded Canadian. This is the introduction of special Canadian editions of *The Windsor Magazine*, the *Pall Mall Magazine* and *Weldon's Journal*.

LOUD TALK

THERE is one point in the address presented to His Excellency Lord Grey by the Nova Scotian people to which exception might be taken. It says:

"We look forward confidently to the time when the development of our country, which is now proceeding so rapidly, will equal, if it does not surpass, that of the great country to the south."

HON. S. N. PARENT
Premier of Quebec, whose following were successful in the recent general election in that Province.

It is well for Canadians to be proud and confident, but there is an over-confidence to be avoided. There is no reason why we should wish the progress of the United States to cease. Let us rather wish them well in the grand work which they are doing. There is no need of comparing the two countries. Each has different ideals, different methods and different problems. Let us accept this difference and work out our own destiny without reference to theirs.

In his annual address to Congress, President Roosevelt was guilty of a similar over-stepping of the mark. The following paragraph contains a most objectionable principle, one to which Canada should decidedly object:

"It is not true that the United States feels any land hunger or entertains any projects as regards the other nations of the western hemisphere, save such as are for their welfare. All that this country desires is to see the neighbouring countries stable, orderly and prosperous. Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendship. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with reasonable efficiency and decency in social and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, it need fear no interference from the United States. Chronic wrong-doing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilised society may, in America as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilised nation, and in the western hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power."

If Canada were to say to the United States that if lynching and lawlessness were not immediately suppressed we would be compelled to ask Great Britain to interfere in our behalf, there would be a royal row.

THE Province of Ontario has been disgraced several times in recent years by interference with the sanctity of the ballot-box and by a general looseness of political methods. The people of the other provinces have been somewhat shocked by these proceedings in the premier province of the Dominion, and the provincial reputation has been rudely shattered at its political point.

These evils, however, are not general, and the recent exposures are likely to lead to a genuine reform in political methods. Political partisanship does little harm where the leaders of the parties are animated by unselfish and patriotic ambitions, but when the opposite occurs it is detrimental to the best interests of democratic institutions. There is less likely to be political partisanship in the voting at the general provincial election which is to be held on January 25th. The prospects are that the verdict ot the election will be that men with high political principles, men with clean, patriotic motives will alone be tolerated as members of a Legislature which should be among the best of the parliaments of the world. The only difficulty in the way of a clear rendering of that verdict is that it is often difficult to find political uprightness and constructive statesmanship in one and the same set of individuals.

John A. Cooper

THE PROSPECTOR

THE success of Ralph Connor's books has been pleasing to every lover of Canadian literature. No one begrudges him the fame to which he has come, or his share of the profits which follow in the wake of successful novels. He has thrown some light upon phases of our life which were waiting for the interpretation of the artist. He has given us pen-pictures which must henceforth be part of the national heritage, which must hereafter be reckoned with our historical documents, our archæological and ethnological specimens and relics, our memories of national struggles and national heroes, our crude art productions—with, in short, all the tangible and intangible records of our national history, development and progress. His pictures of Glengarry life and his pictures of missionary life in the foothills country are essentially characteristic. Both fields were practically virgin when he began his explorations. He is not called upon to share his credit with any other writer. "Pierre and His People" touched some phases of Western life, but Parker did not maintain his interest in that field. One or two of W. A. Fraser's short stories are strong Western pictures, but single pictures are not to be compared with a series. E. R. Young and John McDougall have given us chronicles of the West, but not interpretations. Ralph Connor's studies of the West have gone farther and deeper than any of his co-workers.

On the other hand, judged by such standards as have been erected for the guidance of novelists, Ralph Connor has fallen short. His pictures are overcoloured, just as those of Roberts are under-coloured. His contrasts are overdone, just as Roberts' are underdone. His dramatic scenes are spoiled by a supra-sentimentalism which cloys. He has attempted to paint manly men, but has stepped just over the line of common sense and reason, especially in his latest work, "The Prospector."* Shock McGregor is an Apollo, a John Wesley and a Livingstone all in one. He is great at too many points. There are sky-pilots, prospectors for the souls of men, who have been almost ideal in their self-sacrifice, devotion and single-mindedness. Father Mike is a much truer person so far as his character is shown. The "Superintendent" is quite a natural character; so are Ike, The Kid, and a dozen others. Only "Shock" is too good to be true.

In much the same way, Mrs. Fairbanks and Lloyd, the Park Church minister, are too brutally drawn. Surely it was not necessary to make the mother of Shock a saint, and the mother of Helen, Shock's fiancée, a pillar of stone. There is no reason for the excessive contrast. The white is too white and the black too black. The same is true in comparing Shock with Lloyd. Both are ministers of the Gospel, they have been educated at the same school, their early environment was much the same; why should one be whitest white, and one blackest black? Surely there is no "Lloyd" type in the priesthood of any Canadian Church! The difference between the two men is explained by a difference in ideal—yet surely Ralph Connor will not deny that a man's ideals must be affected by his college life. Shock's was—why not Lloyd's?

While the book seems open to criticism from this point of view, yet one

* "The Prospector," by Ralph Connor. Toronto: The Westminster Co. Cloth, 401 pp.

cannot say that it were better unwritten. Canada to-day needs many Prospectors, such as Shock McGregor, to go out upon the frontiers and search for the men who are continually drifting beyond the reach of civilisation and religious influence. For many years to come, the work will require such men, for the settlements are ever encroaching upon the wilderness. If the story impresses upon the people in the older districts the importance of this work, if it will enthuse a constant stream of young volunteers for the field, it will have done a grand work. If it is not a perfect work in its construction, it is nevertheless ideal in its intention.

Just here may be remarked the striking similarity of the appeal made by Norman Duncan in "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," and by Ralph Connor in "The Prospector." As a novelist, the one is easily superior to the other; as men, they are both to be loved and respected. Away to the East, they need doctors and clergymen; away to the Northwest, they need churches and hospitals and men who will voice the truth. Both writers are actuated by the highest motives. They have lived on the frontiers and felt the need. Their appeals for the brave people who are extending our boundaries should not fall on deaf ears.

THE MASQUERADER*

WHILE "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, was running in Blackwood's, it made quite a sensation. It aroused an almost breathless interest because of its seeming impossibility, and because of the strangeness of the problems with which it attempted to deal. Two men, looking very much alike, meet by accident in a London fog. The one is married, a member of Parliament, and prominent in society. The other is a bachelor whose life has not yet opened definitely. The former is addicted to the morphine habit, and is tired of the strong part he is compelled to play in life; the other would like to play a strong part, but has never had the chance. They meet again, and agree to exchange places. The bachelor plays his new rôle well, and falls in love with the other man's wife. The complications are exciting, entrancing. The sequel is dramatic.

There is nothing very elevating in the story, but it is certain to hold the interest of any one who is reading for amusement and excitement. The author's purpose is nothing more than this, and is wonderfully accomplished.

* "The Masquerader," by K. C. Thurston. Toronto: The Poole Publishing Co. New York: Harper and Brothers.

WHO DISCOVERED THE NORTH-WEST?

IN the latest Canadian history, that of Mr. Duncan, of Winnipeg, there is a paragraph entitled, "Marquette and Joliet discover the Mississippi, 1673." In Clement's school history the paragraph headed "Discovery of the Mississippi" deals only with the explorations of Marquette and Jolliet. Calkin's school history does the same; Roberts' history gives the same story, the same impression. Turning to the more authoritative works we find that Kingsford decides (Vol. I, p. 399) that Jolliet (he uses two l's) was the discoverer of that great river. He says the honour has been claimed for La Salle, but that he had seen only the Ohio and did not know that it was a tributary of the Mississippi. Kingsford here takes the same ground as Parkman did in his volume, "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West." Parkman, however, mentions that in 1658-59 Radisson and Groseilliers penetrated the regions west of Lake Superior and reached the Forked River, but passes over the occurrence either as not to be believed or as of little importance. Kingsford ignores these two explorers.

And now comes a slim-waisted woman, once a journalist in Winnipeg, now an author of note living near New York, who says that these historians are all a pack of fools; that they do not know their business; that Marquette

and Jolliet were *not* the pathfinders of the West (she herself puts the italics at this point). Truly this is startling. Must we all go to school again—and to a "schoolmarm?" Here is a quotation from the "Foreword" to her new book, "Pathfinders of the West."*

"The question will at once occur why no mention is made of Marquette and Jolliet [two l's, mark you!] and La Salle in a work on the Pathfinders of the West. The simple answer is—they were *not* pathfinders. Contrary to the notions imbibed at school, and repeated in all the histories of the West, Marquette, Jolliet and La Salle did *not* discover the vast region beyond the Great Lakes. Twelve years before these explorers had thought of visiting the land which the French hunter designated as the *Pays d'en Haut*, the West had already been discovered by the most intrepid *voyageurs* that France produced—men whose wide-ranging explorations exceeded the achievements of Cartier and Champlain and La Salle put together."

Was there ever a more startling paragraph?

For over two hundred years the English-speaking world and the French-speaking world have been betraying a dense ignorance, and it was left to a little slip of a woman to unravel the error of the centuries! What a wonderful woman she must be! Surely there will be large excursions of Canadians down to Wildwood Place, Wassaic, N.Y., to see this resourceful person! Surely there will soon be another monument on Parliament Hill!

In her dedication of the book, she says: "I assume *all* responsibility for upsetting the apple-cart of established opinions by this book"! This she says to Mr. Benjamin Sulte, President Royal Society, Ottawa, Canada. How relieved Mr. Sulte must be!

Just in passing, it may be mentioned that on p. 85, Miss Laut consents to leave Columbus in undisturbed possession of his laurels, being content to put Radisson second in her Hall of Fame.

*Pathfinders of the West, by Agnes C. Laut. Illustrated, cloth, 380 pp. Toronto: William Briggs.

RALPH CONNOR

THE BRETHREN

RIDER HAGGARD, whose romance of the crusades, "The Brethren," has just been brought out here by The Copp, Clark Co., will, of course, always be considered a romancist only, by the general public, because of the great popularity of his "King Solomon's Mines," "She," etc. But Mr. Haggard's activities are very wide indeed; and those who look at the list of his works catalogued opposite the title-page of his new book will find him credited with nearly thirty volumes, not all romances, by any manner of means. There is a volume of political history dealing with South Africa, two works on agriculture and country life, "Rural England" and "A Farmer's Year," a book of travel, and then the novels and the romances.

Mr. Haggard is carrying on a propa-

RIDER HAGGARD

ganda for small farm holdings, for village banks and for an agricultural parcels post, things which in his opinion and in the opinion of a great many of the economists of England will go far towards saving the country. Mr. Haggard is working not only in the interest of the farmer, but also in the interest of the city people. He is passionately keen in his endeavour to counteract what he calls the town fever, and to persuade people to live in the country rather than in the city. One of his strongest arguments is based on the hardships which children in England have to suffer because of the over population of the cities. It appears that in Birmingham there are six thousand children who go to school breakfastless, and there were thirty-nine proven cases of death by starvation in London last year.

NOTES

The municipal history of the various provinces has been a subject of special investigation for some time by S. Morley Wickett, Ph.D., lecturer in Political Economy in the University of Toronto. He has just issued in paper (50 cents) a volume dealing with the Municipal History of Quebec, Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, an admirable companion volume to his previous publications, which dealt with Ontario and the Maritime Provinces.

Messrs. Adam & Charles Black, of Soho Square, London, have just issued new editions of "Who's Who," "Who's Who Year Book," and "The Englishwoman's Year Book." "Who's Who" is a large volume of short biographies of the leading men in Great Britain and the colonies. It is invaluable as a work of reference. "Who's Who Year Book" is a smaller volume which merely gives lists of names and addresses of members of the Governments, professors, artists, judges, bishops and other prominent people (7s. 6d.) "The Englishwoman's Year Book" deals with Education, Employments and Professions, Medicine, Science, Literature, Art, Music, Sport, Philanthropy, and other public work in which women are taking more and more interest.

The latest number of *Acadiensis* (St. John, N.B.) contains much valuable material concerning Champlain and about the early judges of New Brunswick. This is an excellent quarterly.

The *New Brunswick Magazine* has been revived, and should be on fyle in all Canadian libraries.

Canadians who desire to keep in touch with British literature will be able to get *The Windsor Magazine* and *The Pall Mall Magazine* from their booksellers this year at fifteen cents a copy. The English editions are one shilling. *Weldon's Journal*, that excellent publication for women, is also available here at ten cents a copy, through the energy of the Toronto News Company. All these Canadian editions are uniform with the English editions, a compliment which cannot be paid to the Canadian edition of *Strand* and *Pearson's*. Among the London weeklies which should specially interest Canadians, the "Outlook" and "Public Opinion" may be specially mentioned.

Idle Moments.

ETIQUETTE

THEY are telling a good one on a certain aristocratic young Englishman who was taken to witness the joys of a social dance at one of the logging centres of British Columbia, the "assembly" proving something of a catch-as-catch-can affair. Yankee, Canuck, French-Canadian, Swede—all nations were represented among the gentlemen dancers. There would have been a woeful shortage of ladies but for the presence of a number of dusky damsels from the Reservation. Warming up to the spirit of the occasion, the Englishman onlooker finally approached one of the handkerchief-crowned maidens and inquired with cheerful condescension, "Suppose we dance this one?" The youthful klootchman shrank into her shawl as though to emphasise the intense frigidity of her reproof to the presumptuous. "Halo introduce," said she.—*Progress.*

■

CHRISTMAS SCIENCE

"Here's a scientist who says that for everything that goes out, there is always an equivalent to balance it exactly."

"Nonsense. For instance, everybody gives away more Christmas presents than he receives."—*N. Y. Life.*

■

THOUGHT HE WAS AT HOME

An Irishman somewhat under the influence of liquor, ambling toward home on a recent evening, happened to pass a church, and, being attracted by the sound of the music, paused for a while and then staggered toward the entrance.

With his natural bump of caution, however, he looked at the spire to see that the proper kind of cross was on it, for to the mind of most good Catholics it would be almost a sacrilege to go into a Protestant church. He saw the cross, which apparently satisfied his scruples, and he went in, sitting down in a pew near the door.

The heat being somewhat oppressive, he fell asleep.

After the service had ended the sexton began at the altar to turn out the lights.

Coming down the aisle he tripped over the foot of the sleeping man in the pew and, looking down, diagnosed the case in a moment.

He gave the sleeping man a shake and said: "See here, my good man, wake up and get out of here at once. You are in the wrong place, anyway—this is not your church."

The Irishman sat up, rubbed his eyes and, developing an argumentative strain, said in a rather thick guttural voice:

"It ain't my church? Whose church is it if it ain't mine?"

"This is the Protestant Episcopal church—"

"It's no such thing!"

"I tell you it is, and you must get out of here."

He straightened himself up, and pointing a wavering finger toward the altar, said:

"Isn't that the statue of St. Joseph up there on the right?"

The sexton was forced to reply in the affirmative.

"Ain't that the Virgin's statue on the left?"

"Yes," replied the sexton.

"What is that in the centre?"

"That is a statue of our Saviour."

The Irishman, with a look of min-

A FELLOW-FEELING

DISTRICT VISITOR—"I've just had a letter from my son Reggie, saying he has won a Scholarship. I can't tell you how delighted I am. [I——"]

RUSTIC PARTY—"I can understand yer feelings, Mum. I felt just the same when our Pig won a Medal at the Agricultural Show!"—*Punch.*

gled triumph and contempt, said, looking the sexton as nearly in the eye as he could:

"For Heaven's sake, whin did thim turn Protestants?"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S COMPLAINT

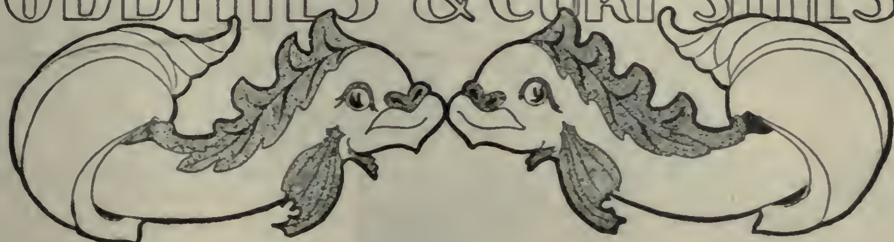
A popular author, who has lately turned to playwriting, has not succeeded in impressing managers with the availability of his productions. Not long ago, thinking to get some useful pointers from the current drama, he made an observation tour of the theatres.

"Well," he remarked to a friend at the end of the evening, "I seem to be the only man alive who can't get a poor play put on."—*Harper's Weekly.*

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman walking along a country road on a summer's day talked of their favourite flowers: "Give me the red rose of old England," said the Englishman. "Give me the shamrock of ould Ireland," said the Irishman. "Na, na," said the Scotchman, "the flower of my country is the best. Ye may sit on the rose and the shamrock, but ye'll no sit lang on the thistle."

Professor William James, of Harvard, is well-known as good in repartee as in a lecture. Not long ago a sophomore thought he was extremely wise and expressed some atheistical views before Professor James. "Ah," said the professor, "You are a free thinker, I perceive. You believe in nothing." "I only believe what I can understand," the sophomore replied. "It comes to the same thing, I suppose," said Professor James.

Lady: "Has your little sister got any teeth?" Little Girl: "I guess she's got 'em, but she ain't hatched 'em yet."



INDIAN LIFE IN LABRADOR

AN interesting sight to a tourist on the Labrador Coast is the originals of the accompanying photograph. It represents a group of squaws and children taken on their arrival from the interior. Though they look scantily clad for winter, they are dressed in deer skins under their outer clothing. Their livelihood is gained by hunting different furs. They start out in July generally, three or four families hunting together, taking provisions for part of the year. They paddle up the rivers in small canoes made from birch bark and camp along the banks, where they remain eating salmon until the snow falls. They then travel further north, carrying their provisions on toboggans. It is wonderful to see the loads some of the squaws and even the young children haul. They depend on deer meat for food, and frequently, when unable to find it, one or two families starve. There was a case only last winter. After having separated, one family at last found deer; they turned back to their comrades in distress to find them all dead of starvation, except one, who is now fully recovered. The next picture shows an Indian tent in the background and a camp, in front of which is seated a squaw watching with interest the actions of a graduate of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, who is feeling her little patient's pulse. The little sufferer has been seized with measles, an

A GROUP OF INDIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN LABRADOR

A NURSE WORKING AMONG THE INDIANS OF LABRADOR

almost always fatal disease with Indian children, but thanks to her faithful nurse soon recovered.

Elise Racey Viel.

A FISH STORY

A CONTRIBUTOR to a recent number of the *Educational Review* tells of seeing earth-worms by the hundred lying on the top of some inches of snow. They were frozen stiff when he first saw them, but it was a thawing day, and soon they were crawling on the snow. "Can you explain it?" the contributor asks. The *Review* does not attempt to account for it. But, even aside from the fact that worms border closely on to snakes, there may be an explanation. In a little town in which the writer lived for a number of years there was a new fence contemplated by a neighbour. The postholes were dug, but a steady rain set in and the workmen left. The next morning when the householder, a fine, dignified old man, went to look at his postholes, what was his surprise to find five or six small fish in each hole.

"Now, how," he asked every old friend to whom he told this puzzling incident, "did they get in? Did they rain down—an utter absurdity—or did they squeeze through the solid ground from the canal?"

Until the day of his death the old gentleman told of this phenomenon. Some months afterwards, however, one of his sons, a jolly, joking fellow, explained that he had been fishing the day of the rain, and had carried home a pail of fish quite too small for cooking. He realised this on reaching his home, and wondered what to do with them. Suddenly he espied the postholes, now half-filled with water, and divided up his perch in them.

"My father," he said in closing, "was so interested that I did not have the heart to undeceive him, and later, when he had theorised and analysed and 'sciencised' so much over the occurrence, I was actually afraid to tell him. So he never knew."

B. J. T.

A CURIOUS PROBLEM

THE following curious problem was propounded at a recent university dinner in Toronto:

"Two women are accustomed to sell apples on the streets, the one giving three apples for a cent and the other two for a cent. It chanced one day that one woman fell ill, and handed over thirty apples to the other to sell for her. The latter had thirty apples to start with, and sold the sixty apples at five for two cents, receiving 24 cents in all. If each woman had sold her thirty apples separately, the price received would have been 25 cents. How was the one cent lost?"

The best solution of this problem received will be published in this department next month. This is a chance for the mathematicians.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.
A Department For Business Men.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

THE latest journals from Australia give accounts of a campaign organised by the Victoria Chamber of Manufactures and other bodies in order to popularise goods "made in Australia." They are using the same arguments there that are being used in Canada. The speakers all say that there is "a prejudice against home-made goods," that Australian buyers prefer imported goods; and they proceed to urge people to ask for Australian brands and makes.

Australia has gone much farther than Canada in its protection of its home trade with much less excuse. In fact, the Canadian policy looks to be decidedly conservative in comparison. They are not near to any great advertisement-printing company as Canada is, yet they put a tax of six cents a pound on all periodicals containing more than fifteen per cent. of advertising. They also put a tax on trade catalogues and price-lists, even from Great Britain.

The day seems fast approaching when the British manufacturer will be able to get into the colonies only by colonial "treaties" or "special arrangements." The colonies, getting no preference for their products in Great Britain, are slowly moving towards "Canadian goods for Canada," "Australian goods for Australia," and "South African for the South Africans." Whether Mr. Chamberlain is right or wrong in his propaganda, there is no doubt that he and many other Englishmen see this rising tide of industrial independence. The majority of the people of Great Britain will not likely see it until Canada and Australia have asked for and obtained their independence.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS

THE system of appointing aged politicians and ex-members of parliament or legislature to important positions in the Civil Service is being carried far in this country. There are many protests against it, and this is the one hopeful sign. The following moderate article from the Montreal *Gazette* is a sample of this:

"Mr. H. S. Harwood will make as good a postmaster as Montreal has had in recent years. It is, however, hardly to be expected that at his age, and with no previous training, he will prove to be the official the post requires. It is, in a way, strange that a public service, in which the business public is so vitally interested as that of the post office, should be left practically to run itself, except for such directions as minor officials, limited in their powers, are able to give it. That the Montreal Post Office is efficient no one who has had much to do with it will pretend. This must not be taken as a reflection upon the staff generally. It has probably done as well as could be expected under the circumstances. The evidences of disorganisation and of inability to properly handle the mail matter entrusted to it are too plain to be ignored. It is, therefore, regrettable that in the present instance an appointment has not been made which would have infused new life into the institution, and given the commercial public some guarantee that it would be given the service its work demands."

NOVA SCOTIA COAL

IT is encouraging to note that coal shipments from Nova Scotia to Montreal by the St. Lawrence route are steadily increasing, says the *Maritime Merchant*. "Until a comparatively recent date our

mines were able to sell but a moderate quantity of coal to Upper Canada. This year (1904) the water shipments from Nova Scotia collieries to Montreal will be close on to one million and a half tons. Up to the end of October the shipments were 1,170,095 tons, and as the different companies will be able to send their steamers up the St. Lawrence until the beginning of December, this will be added to materially before the close of navigation. Of this amount over a million tons were shipped by the Dominion Coal Company to fill its large contracts with the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways, and the Montreal Heat, Light and Power Company. The next largest shipper was the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company. The Montreal shipments this year will be nearly half a million tons larger than in any previous year. The most pleasing feature from a Nova Scotia standpoint is the displacement of large shipments of Scotch and Welsh coal by the bituminous coal from our own province."

THE STEADY MARCH

THE ratepayers of the town of Westmount, Montreal's model suburb, have decided by an overwhelming majority to borrow $225,000 to instal a municipal electric light plant and an incinerator plant. The assessment of those who voted yea was two and a half times that of those who voted nay, showing a remarkable confidence among wealthy people in favour of municipal ownership.

The ratepayers of Toronto recently decided by vote that the City Council should buy $1,000,000 worth of Gas Stock in the discretion of the officials. This is the first move toward securing a voice in the management of the Gas Company, so as to prevent, if possible, any wasteful administration or excessive profits on the part of those who hold this valuable franchise. Since the vote, the city has purchased enough stock to give the Mayor a seat on the Board of the Consumer's Gas Company, as the franchise-holding corporation is called.

THE HOME MARKET

ONE of the great arguments of the protectionists is "the value of the home market." They explain and re-explain, illustrate and re-illustrate with a commendable resourcefulness. Here is a recent example from the Montreal *Gazette*, the most forceful of the "protection" journals:

"There were slaughtered in Montreal last week for local use 2,172 horned cattle, 792 calves, 4,354 sheep and 3,341 hogs, a total of over 10,600 animals. Multiplying these figures by 52 gives over 150,000 cattle and calves, 220,000 sheep, and the same number of hogs, or over 550,000 animals in all, as the consumption by one city of the live stock product of Canadian farms. The trade does not figure in the customs returns, but it is more important than any single item of the live stock business that does. It is a home market argument of the forcible kind."

TELEPHONE BARGAINS

The Bell Telephone Company is now making municipal bargains where compelled to do so. A five years' arrangement has been made with the City of Kingston, which accepted an offer that was as follows:—The company will erect a new building; instal metallic lines with the most approved instruments; pay the city $700 a year; allow the city free use of their poles for fire alarm wires; supply subscribers with the Blake instruments at $30 per annum for business premises and $25 for residences; for two party lines for residences, $18 each; for two and not more than four $15 each. The company will proceed at once with the erection of a building on Clarence street opposite the post office.

AN ESKIMO FAMILY

RESIDENTS OF THE NORTHLAND OF CANADA

Photograph by C. W. Mathers, Edmonton

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1905 No. 4

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN NORTHERN CANADA

By "REVIEWER"

N June, 1902, an adventurous Britisher set out from Edmonton to reach the Arctic circle, via Great Slave Lake and Chesterfield Inlet. He accomplished his self-appointed task, passed along the Northern Coast to the Coppermine, up that to the Dease, and up the Dease to Great Bear Lake, at which he arrived on August 20th, 1902. A paddle of 276 miles brought him to Fort Norman on August 30th—fourteen months without the comforts of civilisation. This is the greatest exploratory trip of modern times, so far as Canada is concerned. A splendid account of the trip has been published.*

The explorers who have succeeded in passing through that district are not numerous, though many have made the attempt. Samuel Hearne's attempts in 1769-71 finally carried him from Churchill to the Coppermine. His meagre information was supplemented in 1820-21 by the explorations of Captain (Sir John) Franklin who passed from Great Slave Lake to Great Bear Lake and descended the Coppermine to the Sea. He and his Canadian voyageurs then turned east, and after great privations some of them reached old Fort Providence on Great Slave Lake whence they had started. In 1832 Captain (Sir George) Back started from Great Slave Lake, and in two seasons had explored Great Fish River (Back's River) from Lake Aylmer to the Arctic Coast. Six years later the exploration of the Coast between the mouth of the Coppermine and the mouth of Back's River was undertaken by two H. B. Co. men, Warren Dease and Thomas Simpson. Their second attempt was successful.

Franklin's ill-fated expedition in 1850, when forty white men lost their lives in King William Land, was the last of the attempts to find a northern passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Since then the explorers have been less ambitious, but equally daring. Of these, Warburton Pike, the Tyrrells and David T. Hanbury are the only names that are really worth mentioning. Pike's explorations are well known, and the work of the Tyrrells is familiar to Canadians through their contributions to the CANADIAN MAGAZINE and their books. The work of Mr. Hanbury is now given to the public for the first time.

Mr. Hanbury is an Englishman of means, whose ambition is to add to the world's knowledge by means of explorations. He is well known to many Canadians, who report that his chief social characteristic is his delight in making fun of Canadian people, whom he regards as a race of egotists who are really less enterprising than they think they are. He has certainly done excellent work for the Dominion

*Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada, by David T. Hanbury. New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Edward Arnold.

A TYPICAL RAPID ON A RIVER IN THE NORTHLAND OF CANADA
It is such rapids as these which compel portages on the part of hunters, trappers and explorers and make travel difficult and tedious

in exploring that part of our territory which lies between Hudson Bay and Great Bear Lake and between the Arctic Ocean and Great Slave Lake. This district is generally known as the Barren Land, but Mr. Hanbury shows that it is neither barren nor uninhabited, though the conditions of life within its borders are too severe for the ordinary white man.

Leaving Winnipeg in February, 1899, he travelled leisurely overland via Berens River, Norway House, Oxford House and York Factory, reaching Fort Churchill in April. He left there on May the 12th with two half-breeds and two Huskies (or Eskimo), reaching Marble Island on June 5th and Chesterfield Inlet three days afterwards. A month later they were at the head of Baker Lake which is some sixty miles in length, east and west. Early in August they left the explored country and, without guides and without supplies of any kind, started into the unknown northern district, trusting to their rifle and fish nets to keep them in food. Proceeding west via the Ark-i-linik River they came to Great Slave Lake, landing at Fort Resolution on September 25th, a little over four months without seeing a white man.

THE PLANNING OF IT

Having been so successful, the author planned a greater trip. Perhaps this can be best explained in his own words:

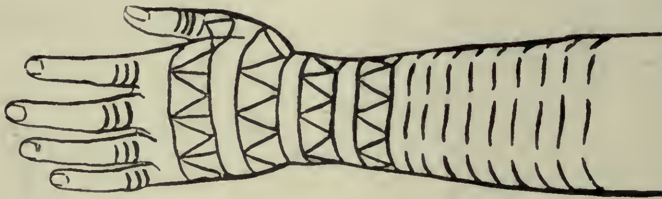
"The purpose of exploring the barren Northland, which has a wonderful fascination for those who have once penetrated its solitude, was not interrupted but rather confirmed by the vexatious canoe accident. There remained vast tracts still unknown, and it was my desire to traverse these as far as the Arctic Coast, where I would find a welcome among the natives, favourable specimens of whom I had

AN ESKIMO FAMILY
Photograph by C. W. Mathers, Edmonton

met on the Ark-i-linik River. These men, intelligent, able-bodied, contented and friendly, had given me much information concerning their country and their mode of life, and they had promised to assist and accompany me if I visited their coast. Their equipment of implements and arms of native copper, beaten into shape by their own hands, was of much interest, and they had offered to guide me to the localities where copper was to be found. Copper deposits on that coast would probably be of no commercial value, but I might at least see the beginnings of the metal industry among a primitive people. Thus the outline of a new journey was formed, and I decided to reach Hudson Bay near the mouth of Chesterfield Inlet in autumn, spend the winter among the Huskies of that region, and set out in spring with dogs and sleighs due north for the Arctic Coast. On reaching the ocean I should turn westwards across the divide separating the waters of the Coppermine River from those of Great Bear Lake, whence I should return to civilisation by way of Fort Norman and the Mackenzie River. On this journey I should make a survey of my route, take meteorological observations, collect geological, botanical, and entomological specimens, and, of course, take photographs of the country and of the Huskies.

"Various matters detained me in England but, at length, in May, 1901, I had reached Winnipeg and was ready to set out for the North. Here details as to the precise route were arranged, but as these will appear in the course of the narrative they need not now be given. My outfit was made as light as possible. The scientific equipment was limited to a sextant prismatic compass, two aneroids, hypsometer, maximum and minimum thermometers, and a patent log for measuring distances travelled by canoe. A solar compass and a theodolite were purposely left behind as they were not likely to stand the long journey on a sleigh, which we should have to make, without getting hopelessly out of adjustment. For photographic work I took three cameras and a large supply of both glass plates and films. Everything that was likely to be damaged by water or damp I packed in two of Silver's water-tight tin boxes. The films and glass plates were put up in separate tin cases, each containing one dozen, and hermetically sealed. I had determined, in the event of another canoe accident, to save some of my things if possible. My battery, which I considered complete, consisted of two Mannlicher carbines fitted with sporting sights, and a double-barrel, breechloading, 28 bore shot-gun. About three thousand rounds were taken for the carbines. For catching fish we took six nets of different-sized mesh. As the larger part of the journey would have to be made through a country where we should have to depend absolutely on deer, musk-oxen or fish, fire-arms, ammunition and nets formed the most important part of our outfit.

"I had ordered two cedar canoes, 19 feet and 19½ feet in length respectively, to be specially built for the journey by the Peterborough Canoe Company of Ontario, and to be forwarded to Edmonton. As these canoes would only hold a limited amount of stuff, arrangements were made with Messrs. Thos. Luce & Co., New Bedford, Mass., to ship up the balance of the outfit by their whaling schooner *Francis Allyn*, which was due to leave New Bedford for the Hudson Bay about July 1st. The outfit I sent up, and which amounted to about 1½ tons, included food supplies for the coming winter, trade articles for the natives, such as guns, rifles, powder, lead, caps, knives, files, awls, beads, needles, thimbles, clothes, etc. A reserve of Mannlicher cartridges, photo plates and films, a spare set of canoe paddles, a "primus" cooking stove, and fifty gallons of kerosene oil, completed the list. Marble Island, which lies about 40 miles south from the mouth of Chesterfield Inlet, was the place mentioned as the probable winter quarters of the *Francis Allyn*. As the owners were not absolutely certain as to the winter quarters of their vessel, the captain being absent at the time, I informed them that it was a matter of indifference to me where the vessel wintered, for I should have no difficulty in finding her, a remark which I had afterwards cause to regret.


ESKIMO WOMAN'S TATOOED HAND AND ARM

"As I had frequently travelled between Winnipeg and Fort Churchill by Norway House and York Factory, that route could now present little in the way of novelty. I had discovered a new and easy route by the Ark-i-linik, with which I desired to become familiar, and I had no hesitation in deciding to travel by rail to Calgary and Edmonton, whence, after a short land journey, I

FORT RESOLUTION ON GREAT SLAVE LAKE
Most of the merchandise and travellers' effects is taken through the lake on scows, as shown here
Photograph by C. W. Mathers, Edmonton

should be able to proceed almost the whole way to Hudson Bay in a canoe voyage on rivers and lakes. There would be portages, but for these provision could easily be made. By leaving Edmonton about the middle of June I expected to reach the shore of the Bay early in August.

"At Edmonton, which I reached early in June, I found the two canoes I had ordered; and, all other arrangements having been completed, I turned my attention to the engaging of men for the journey. And here a few general words on this subject may not be out of place.

WHITE vs. BROWN

"I have learned from experience that an expedition to the north has the better chance of success the fewer white men are connected with it. In travelling over the 'Barren Ground' one cannot have more suitable companions than the natives of the country. A white man there is in a strange land, and, however willing and able to stand cold, hunger and fatigue, he is a novice in this experience. The conditions and work are unfamiliar to him, and if he were to meet with a bad accident, or to fall ill, or to lose himself in a fog, his misfortune would probably be the ruin of the expedition. Husky servants, on the other hand, are always at home, for their wives and children join your company along with them, so that they never leave off their customary life. If one of them falls ill and has to be left behind, his wife remains with him; they build their snow dwelling, and their household is at once complete. All the work which has to be done, such as hunting, cutting up meat, looking after dogs and sleighs in winter and boating in summer, is done better and more quickly by Huskies than by white men. The wives somewhat retard the journey, but they perform services which are indispensable, making and mending clothes and foot-gear, which soon get worn out. Huskies are hard-working, honest, good-natured and cheerful companions. They are unwearying on behalf of one who treats them well, and the traveller, on his side, must learn to exercise a little patience with them.

"However, white companions or else half-breeds are necessary in order to reach Husky-land and to return from it.

That Mr. Hanbury met with difficulties is not surprising; that he succeeded in his attempt is almost

IGLUS (SNOW HOUSES) AT WHITE BEAR POINT, ARCTIC CIRCLE
Illustration from "The Northland of Canada"

wonderful. As he proceeded north, he left the timber country behind and there was no firewood. Even moss and lichens eventually failed him, and he was forced to depend on heather for cooking purposes. "The collecting of enough to boil our evening pot of meat was laborious, and required patience and time. Our stock of kerosene oil had long since leaked away, so we were obliged either to gather this heather or eat our meat raw." As fuel became scarce, it was difficult during the cold weather to get enough water to drink. The rivers dry up to a series of pools and then freeze almost solid. Occasionally water was secured only after chiselling through seven and a half to nine feet of solid ice.

Then there was the difficulty ot keeping the Esquimaux friendly and progressive. The successful performance of this shows Mr. Hanbury to be possessed of much common sense and tact. Only a man of unlimited patience and with a strong, courageous heart could venture so far under such trying and searching conditions.

HUDSON BAY RAILWAY

Incidentally, Mr. Hanbury expresses his opinion as to the advisability of a Hudson Bay Railway to Chesterfield Inlet. He says that those that favour such a scheme have dilated to him on the number of summer residences that would spring into existence on the shores of the Bay Mr. Hanbury rather laughs at this idea, as the summer season is not more than two months in length. Towards the south of the Bay, it is possible to grow vegetables. There is some timber along the Ark-i-linik River, but it is only a fringe and would never justify a railway. Of course minerals may be discovered. He confirms the information that only the shore water of Hudson Bay freezes in winter.

INDIANS vs. ESKIMO

Mr. Hanbury is never tired singing the praise of the Huskies nor of depreciating the Indian. On page 41, he says:

"I was delighted to be once more among the Huskies, whose disposition presented a striking contrast to that of the 'poor Indians' we had recently left. The Indian is morose, even sullen, rarely smiles, and of late years has acquired a slovenly, swaggering way of going about. When one arrives at his camp and proceeds to pitch his tent, the Indian never offers a helping hand. Pipe in mouth,

he stands sullenly looking on, his hands thrust deep in his trousers' pockets. The contempt which he nourishes in his heart for the white man is expressed on his countenance.

"The Huskies, on the other hand, when the strangers' canoe is sighted in the distance, put out at once in their kyaks to meet them and conduct them to the camp. They appear delighted, overwhelmed with joy, to see and welcome 'kablunak,' or white people. Women and children rush down to the canoes, seize hold of the 'stuff' and carry it up to the camping ground, never stopping to ask whether one is to camp or go further on. They bring large stones, which in these parts serve for tent pegs, and all lend a hand to pitch the tent. Amid much laughter, screams, and yells of joy, the tent is erected, and then they rush off to their own tents to bring what they have in the way of food. It is often not much ; the meat and fish may be, and very often are, stinking and putrid, but it is the best they have.

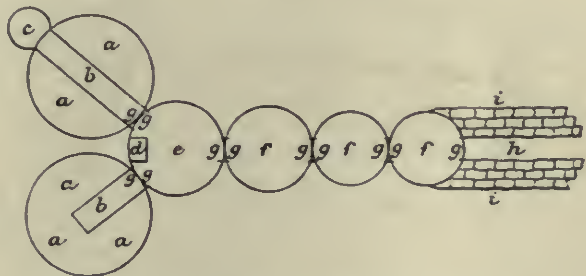
"The Huskies are like happy and contented children, always laughing and merry, good-natured and hospitable. Everything that they possess, food, clothes, footgear, and services are at the disposal of the white strangers. Their wives even they freely offer, shocking as this may sound to respectable people at home. This subject need not be discussed here, but I must add that to accuse the Huskies of immorality on the ground of such practices would be grossly unjust."

On page 66 and following pages he makes some interesting remarks on Husky fashions and legends:

"Most of the grown-up Hudson Bay women are tattooed on the face, a thick paste of charcoal and water being rubbed in after the application of a needle. The most popular ornament among them is a brass band, about half or three-quarters of an inch in width, placed across the forehead and extending behind the ears. The material for these is no doubt obtained from empty cartridge-cases and other pieces of metal given by the whaling crews. Other ornamental appendages are cylindrical pieces of wood, about sixteen inches in length, which, covered with beaded cloth, hang from the ends of their tresses, and end in a tassel or tuft of false hair. The men are almost as fond of beads as the women, and a long-tailed deerskin coat covered with beads excites admiration and envy. White beads were in fashion at the time of my visit, but possibly Husky fashions change as ours do.

"When a woman has given birth to a child she is not allowed to leave the place where she is lying for a whole moon. If the tribe happens to be travelling at the time, she must get along as best she can, but must on no account follow the track of the party. She must keep at a safe distance on one side. If one woman gives birth to a boy at the time when another gives birth to a girl, the boy must become the husband of the girl. Relations nearer than cousins never marry.

"It is customary for the men to have only one wife, but some have



GENERAL PLAN OF TWO ESKIMO SNOW HOUSES AND CONNECTING KITCHEN AND OUTHOUSES

(*a*) Raised benches of snow on which Huskies live and sleep; (*b*) passages down middle; (*c*) meat-safe or cellar; (*d*) fireplace in kitchen —flat stones laid on raised snow bench; (*e*) kitchen; (*f*) outhouses for storing stuff, shelter for the dogs, etc.; (*g*) doorways, about 2½ feet high; (*h*) passage to outside; (*i*) walls of snow for protection from wind and drift.

two, and Sahk-pi, whom I have already mentioned, had three. When a second wife is desired, the reason is generally to be found in the domestic arrangement of the Husky. When he goes in winter to hunt the musk-ox he takes his wife with him. She helps to build the iglu or snow house, prepares the food, collects moss for fuel, and keeps his clothes and foot-gear in repair. She is almost indispensable on such expeditions. But naturally her services are not always available, and hence arises the wish for a second wife. A double matrimonial arrangement does not disturb the domestic harmony. The two wives show no jealousy; they smoke the same pipe, rub noses (their form of kissing), eat together, and sleep together in tranquillity. There are no marriage rites among the Huskies. Their notions of conjugal fidelity are different from ours, free love is universal, but there are no divorces. It is very rarely that a husband sends his wife away. I was not acquainted with a single case, but was told that on one or two occasions a wife had been turned away for gross neglect of her children. The husbands are fond of their wives and children, and treat them well. Girls are given in marriage very young, matters being arranged by their parents. A girl seven years of age, belonging to my party, was already bestowed on a man of thirty."

ESKIMO IGLUS

The author speaks highly of the Eskimo iglus and refutes the idea that they are close and unhealthy and abound in filth, squalor, vermin and stench. He lived for eight months in the iglus and should know. Speaking of their construction, he says, p. 75:

"All the snow-bricks for the construction of the iglu are cut from the snow on the ground on which the iglu is to be built, or from what may be called the floor of the house. Two Huskies work together, one cutting the bricks of snow, the other placing them in position. The bricks are laid in an endless coil which, as it increases in height, decreases in breadth. The walls are thus gradually drawn in towards each other, until finally only a small hole remains in the top at the centre of the roof. Into this a circular or square plug of snow is inserted, and the edifice is complete. The iglu is circular in shape, and the roof, when built by experts, forms a perfect dome. All the work is done from the inside, and when the iglu is finished the two workmen are still within.

They cut a hole, crawl to the outside, and then close up this hole with a snow-brick. Next, snow-bricks are cut for a distance of some ten feet outwards from the snow house, and are laid close against each other in two lines so as to form a passage, the bricks being piled higher on the windward side. Through the side of the iglu a square hole for a permanent doorway is then cut on a level with the floor of the passage. The two builders now re-enter and inspect the result of their labour. Some of the bricks are seen not to fit closely, light appears in the interstices. These are carefully gone over and plastered with loose snow. There still remain a considerable number of bricks in the interior, for the area of the floor has furnished more bricks than were required for building up the walls and roof. These spare bricks are now used to form benches, one on either side. On these snow benches the inmates sleep and sit, only a narrow passage is left between them. While the Husky men complete the iglu, the women shovel snow against its sides and on the roof to ensure perfect freedom from draughts of cold air.

"When the house is completed, inside and out, the women enter with the deer-skin robes and the rest of their 'stuff.' Mats made of dwarf birch are laid on the snow benches on either side. The deerskins are laid on these, and the iglu is ready for occupation."

WAS IT COLD?

Few people would care to go up to the Arctic circle to live, as it certainly is a cool climate. If there is no wind,

the cold is not hard to bear. A few lines from page 104 give Mr. Hanbury's most characteristic comments on this point:

"On February 19 we had to face a strong north-west wind, and our faces suffered severely. The minimum thermometer in the night had registered —42°, and the maximum during the day was —30°.

"It is always cold travelling against any wind, however light, when the thermometer stands at or below —20°. I did not happen to be wearing deerskin pants, and my legs became almost benumbed by the cold. Deerskins are the only clothes that afford protection against the Arctic cold. Woollen garments, no matter how thick they may be, are not suitable. As everybody knows, it is the layer of air within one's garments that keeps the warmth necessary for comfort. Skin clothes retain this layer of warm air better than anything else, and on that account form the most suitable clothing.

"Many people who ought to know better do not think the Huskies suffer from cold. The only foundation for this supposition lies in the fact that the sufferers do not complain. Strong men and women are alike susceptible to frost, and their hands, feet, cheeks, neck, nose and ears get frozen if not properly protected. On the other hand, they do not render themselves unnaturally sensitive to cold by indulging in fireside comforts, for they show no desire for fire."

Another interesting paragraph is found close by:

"The women and children all walked, and walked well. Cuckoo, Uttungerlah's wife, had an infant at the breast, but did not seem to mind this load. The youngster was carried naked in the hood of her deerskin coat. When the mother wished to feed the baby, she reached back over her shoulder and jerked the youngster out, sometimes setting it on the snow, which, though the thermometer was anywhere between —30° and —50°, it did not appear to mind."

MUSK-OXEN

Not many years ago, musk-oxen were plentiful around Artillery Lake, but now only caribou are met with there.

"Farther east on the main Ark-i-linik River there is a stretch of country about eighty miles in length into which no human being enters. The Eskimo do not hunt so far west, and Yellow Knives and Dog Ribs from Slave Lake do not go so far east. To penetrate this country in the dead of winter would be simply to court starvation. Then the deer have all departed, and to depend on finding musk-oxen at the end of the journey would be risky indeed. Thus there still remains one spot in this Great Barren Northland which is sacred to the musk-ox. Here the animals remain in their primeval state exhibiting no fear, only curiosity. I approached several herds within thirty yards, photographed them at my leisure, and then retired, leaving them still stupidly staring at me as if in wonder."

Northwards from this to Bathurst Inlet on the Arctic Coast, musk-oxen may be found by the careful hunter. Huskies met with between Cape Barron and the Coppermine River reported musk-oxen plentiful a short distance inland. Occasionally, they were met with on the Dease River, which is a tributary of the Coppermine and the outlet of Great Bear Lake. A big bull musk-ox was killed on August 7th and was found to be in splendid condition and to have a robe which was in excellent order. Another was shot August 15th near Great Bear Lake.

GEOLOGY AND FLORA

Mr. Hanbury has placed his scientific observations in Appendices, and thus left his narrative free of any discussion likely to interfere with the lightness and brightness of the narrative. Those interested in the scientific results of the trip will, however, find ample food for study and thought in these appendices. The butterflies of the Arctic circle are most interesting.

CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE, OF WHICH THE MARQUISES OF DONEGAL WERE FOR MANY YEARS GOVERNORS

THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGAL

By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

HAT some of Great Britain's titled citizens are sons of Canadian-born women, should be another link in the chain of Empire. The number of Canadian girls who find the attractions of a castle and a title irresistible is not large, but is likely to grow larger. When to these attractions are added the magnetism of a strong face, a good character and broad culture, there is no reason why the Canadian girl should not add a chief's scalp to her belt. The chief may be a duke, a marquis, an honourable, a plain British-born man of affairs, a diplomat or a soldier, but whatever he may be he will find the Canadian woman the equal of any in dignity and initiative.

These general remarks are intended to be only a preface to a few lines concerning the only Canadian Marchioness in the peerage. It was only yesterday that this circumstance was brought into existence. At the first Court of King Edward's reign Lady Strathcona presented several Canadians, among them a Miss Violet Twining, of Halifax. Soon afterwards it was announced that Miss Twining was engaged to the fifth Marquis of Donegal. The marriage took place on December 22nd, 1902, in that bride-beloved church, St. George's, Hanover Square.

Lady Donegal's father was H. St. George Twining, of Halifax, and her mother was Ada Twining, née Miss Ada Black, of Halifax. On her father's side, her great-grandfather was Chaplain-General to the Forces in Nova Scotia, and an ancestor on the distaff side was Bishop Black, head of the Methodist denomination in Nova Scotia.

The Marchioness of Donegal was born on Sept. 15th, 1880, in Halifax, her childhood's days being spent in that city and in Bedford, with the exception of the time spent in travelling, for her ladyship's travels have been very extensive. Before she was

THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGAL AND HER SON, THE SIXTH MARQUIS OF DONEGAL

Photograph by Johnston & Hoffman, London

ten years ot age, she had with her mother twice visited the United States, and she has a distinct recollection of a visit to England and Ireland at the age of seven years, shortly afterwards going to the West Indies.

After a residence of three years in Boston she lived for two years with her mother's aunt, the wife of the Hon. Lemuel Allen Wilmot, the first Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick after Confederation. After attending school in different places she studied for two years at Wellesley College, spending the summer vacations abroad. During the first vacation she accompanied her mother to England, visiting many places of inter-

THE TOWER, RUINS OF CASTLE CHICHESTER

est in Holland and in Belgium, sailing up the Rhine to Switzerland and returning to England by way of Paris. The next summer was spent in Scotland, since which time Lady Donegal has not returned to Canada. This she regrets very much, as she is very anxious to learn more about her own country, for, as she naively says, she knows only New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the Niagara district in Ontario, though she has many friends in all the provinces.

It was intended that they should spend the winter of 1900 in Madeira, but the war in South Africa was the absorbing thought, and Mrs. Twining being much interested in one of the hospitals to be established at the Cape, mother and daughter sailed for Capetown to confer with the military authorities at the Base. They remained four months at the Cape, from February until the end of May. From that time until her marriage, her travels were extensive, and included nearly all the chief points in Africa and Europe.

After her marriage with George Augustus Hamilton Chichester, fifth Marquis of Donegal, a trip was taken through Greece, Turkey and Palestine. Her series of photographs taken on these journeys is extensive, and the enthusiastic amateur is now printing and mounting the collection in albums.

A true Canadian, she revels in skating, and riding has always been a favourite exercise, particularly in the country. In music she has a marked preference for Wagner's compositions, a preference deepened after her visit to Bayreuth to be present at the Wagner festival. And with these varied interests she reads a great deal, contriving to keep in touch as far as possible with the world's thought. All her life she has been fond of animals, and has endeavoured to support in every way she could those who make it their work to prevent cruelty and encourage kindness toward the dumb creation. Among Lady Donegal's favourite animals is a pet lemur (Madagascar cat), which for the last three years has accompanied her in all her travels, even into Russia. The lemur is a very affectionate animal with those she trusts, and with twenty-four inches of black and white ringed tail, soft and fluffy, she is quite ornamental, though the Arabs regarded her as something uncanny.

The son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Donegal, Belfast (Earl of Belfast), who was born on October 7th, 1903, was baptised at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane street, receiving the names Edward Arthur Donald St. George Hamilton (Chichester). The

death of his father a few months ago leaves his infant son and only child the youngest marquis in the realm. In addition to his hereditary titles the baby marquis already holds a hereditary office, viz., Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, an office dating back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The estate of the infant peer is called Isle Magee, a long and rather narrow peninsula near Belfast. The land is very fertile, and the tenantry who are farmers on a larger or smaller scale, are a prosperous class.

THE GOBLIN'S CLIFF PATH, ON ISLE MAGEE, THE ESTATE OF THE MARQUIS OF DONEGAL, IRELAND

On the Isle Magee are the ruins of two castles, anciently of importance in the history of the family, Castle Chichester and Castle Robin. Of Carrickfergus Castle the Marquises of Donegal were for long years Governors, and an atmosphere of hoary interest still invests the ancient stronghold.

To his young Canadian mother is left the responsibility of training for his high rank the baby marquis, and those who know her best feel that the responsibility will be discharged by her with unfailing faithfulness.

SOPHISTRY

BY WINIFRED ARMSTRONG

IF the sun were always shining
  And the skies were blue;
If the ones we loved so dearly
  Were but good and true,

Life for us, would be sufficient,
  And we'd strive no more,
To be good enough for Heaven,
  When this life is o'er.

HARVEY P. DWIGHT
President Great Northwestern Telegraph Co.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. 59—HARVEY P. DWIGHT

HERE are various ways of measuring the value of men to a community. Various standards of their worth are held by different people. Some adore an incarnation of force, even unscrupulous force; others admire a smooth and clever adroitness of management; still others prefer a wide grasp of affairs and an application to them of business principles and practice. But most people will concede unusual merit to a man who has lived a long life in an important community in continuous good repute, who has done the business of his important office consistently well, and has besides shown public spirit in working for things intended to benefit the community. In fact it is the level-headed man, the all-round man, rather than the prodigy or the "model of all the virtues," who makes the most valuable type of citizen.

The man whose portrait appears here deserves to be called one of Canada's valuable men. He is indeed one of the men who helped conspicuously in the building of this country during the last half century. H. P. Dwight came to Canada in 1847 from Oswego, New York, near which town he was born. He had passed several years in a country store, learned the art, then novel, of telegraphic signalling, and made application to the Montreal

Telegraph Company for employment. This company was at that time laying the foundation of the system which has since spread so minutely over eastern Canada and the northern United States. After serving for a while in Belleville and Montreal he was sent in 1849 as telegraph manager to Toronto, where he has ever since resided. This was before the days of railways to the West. Stage coaches on land, boats on the canals and water-stretches of the Lakes and St. Lawrence, were the then means of travel and mercantile commerce. There was but a single wire line of telegraph at that date between Quebec and Toronto.

Mr. Dwight was not long in perceiving the possible future magnitude of the telegraph business in Upper Canada. He urged upon his company the building of lines in various directions. Its authorities were not slow to receive his suggestions, and showed their estimate of his value by making him in 1852 the Western Superintendent. He covered the territory in a few years with thousands of miles of wire extending from the Ottawa to the Detroit rivers, from the Georgian Bay to Lake Ontario, as well as into the States of Maine, Vermont, New York and Michigan. Indeed, the Montreal Telegraph Company became known from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for the minuteness of its connections and the promptness of its service.

Meanwhile, opposition had developed. The Dominion Telegraph Company had been formed in 1871, and proceeded to "cut rates." Not content with sending telegrams of ten words 700 miles for a quarter dollar, the competitive company put into force a 20 cent rate. The result was disastrous to the profits of both companies. They could not earn dividends, and something had to be done to save their properties from destruction. This something took the shape of a consolidation of the wires of both companies in 1881 under the charter of the Great Northwestern Telegraph Company, a Manitoba organisation, largely through the efforts of Mr. Erastus Wiman. That gentleman became president of the new company, and Mr. Dwight was appointed its general manager. With infinite labour and pains Mr. Dwight and his assistants welded the three systems into one, consolidating the whole into a single organisation, touching in the East the Atlantic Ocean, in the West the shores of Lake Winnipeg. In round figures its offices numbered 2,000, namely, 920 in Ontario, 610 in Quebec, 250 in Manitoba, the Maritime Provinces, and the states above named. Nowhere in the world, probably, is there a system of telegraphs superior to that of Canada in cheapness of rate and efficiency of working. And this is largely Mr. Dwight's work.

The opinion of Mr. Dwight upon any point of telegraphic administration is widely valued by his confreres in other countries; and he numbers among his correspondents the heads of departments in the telegraph and cable services in England, Australia, Newfoundland and the United States. Mr. W. H. Preece of London, Mr. Ward of the cable service, Col. Clowry of the Western Union, and Mr. Chandler of the Postal Company in New York, have often owned the benefit of his clear-headedness and experience. He has also done good service in assisting the development of electric lighting and power transmission in Canada, and is to-day a vice-president of the Canadian General Electric Company.

Mr. Dwight may hardly be described as a genial man; rather should he be called a grave and earnest man. He has his moods, when he seems ungracious, sometimes abrupt, but he is rarely unjust. Like every strong man, he has strong likes and dislikes, but he is eminently fair-minded; and of the thousands of persons who have in fifty years been in his employ surprisingly few bear him any ill-will; hundreds, certainly, have benefited by his correction or advice. The writer of this paper is proud to join with his brother-

telegraphers, past and present, who have been the subjects of Mr. Dwight's encouragement not less than his discipline.

In the midst of the varied activities brought upon him by his wide-spread business, Mr. Dwight has found time for duties imposed by his conscientious conception of citizenship. Many a letter has he contributed to the press, under his well-known signature "D.W." upon matters of moment to the City of Toronto. And many a good cause, benevolent or sanitary, has profited by his efforts. For years it has been observed, too, that wherever a good lecture was to be heard, a good play or a picture exhibition seen, Mr. Dwight was invariably a patron. For he is, and always has been, an alert man, with eyes and ears open to what is going on. One of the most striking voluntary testimonials of a community to an individual member was the banquet given him at the Toronto Club in 1897. Distinguished men in Montreal, New York, Chicago, Ottawa, and various other cities vied with Toronto citizens to do him honour on the occasion of his completing fifty years in the Telegraph service.

Those who see him to-day, taking his customary long walks, erect and observant, or who find him in his office, clear-headed and keen-eyed, would little dream that this man of threescore and fifteen years was in his youth delicate. It was in fact a condition of his existence in early manhood that he should live much in the open air; and his own good sense showed him the benefit of careful dietary habits and regular exercise. Forty years ago he fitted up in the old Exchange Building, now the Imperial Bank head office, a gymnasium in the operating room for the benefit of the telegraph staff as well as himself; he took fencing lessons and became a good boxer; learned billiards; rode on horse-back across country; tried sail-boating and of late years bicycling. A fondness for the woods has long possessed him, and he was one of a group who were among the earliest to find out the charms of the Muskoka district in deer-hunting and trout-fishing. He has even became an expert salmon fisher. None of these things, however, has been allowed to interfere with his attention to business. A portion of each afternoon or night of his life was always given to reading—for his book-shelves are well-filled and he keeps well abreast of the times in solid reading. Thirty odd years ago he was presented by his admirers with a testimonial library of a thousand volumes.

A prodigious appetite for work has always been shown by Mr. Dwight. "In the early years of the telegraph service," says Mr. Easson, who is to-day Press Superintendent, "he personally received and sent all the messages and despatches, kept the books, took charge of the cash, waited on customers, and in a word transacted all the business of the company at Toronto." Very methodical he was, and has all his life been, keen besides to know all that was to be known about his profession; and, having, as all men must who expect to receive advancement, a brain large enough to permit him, while not neglecting his daily task, to grasp the opportunities of growth which time brings about.

If, as Carlyle somewhere has it, "literary men are a perpetual priesthood," may we not say that men who carry on worthy works on a great scale deserve to be called an order of pastors and masters in the material world—the builders of inanimate wonders, who have "wrought with greatest care each unseen part;" not because the Gods see everywhere, but for no other reason than a sense of duty and of joy in their work.

James Hedley

IS GREAT BRITAIN PREPARING FOR WAR?

By THE EDITOR

THE present moment in international affairs is fraught with great danger to the British Empire. Three years ago the British government entered into an alliance with Japan which was an almost necessary preliminary to Japan's attack upon Russia and the invasion of Manchuria. The "Man in the Street" welcomed the Japanese Alliance because it was likely, he thought, to strengthen Britain's influence in Eastern Asia. He quite overlooked the fact that if Japan went to war with Russia, Russia would be likely to lay the blame upon Great Britain. When Russia lays blame on any person the verdict is rendered without a trial. That is the Russian method. Will Russia now turn on Great Britain for her vengeance? If not now, when?

So long as Japan continues to keep the Russians busy the attack on British territory may be delayed. And Japan is doing very well. Port Arthur has fallen. The Japanese fleet is still mistress of the eastern seas. The Japanese armies have not lost a single battle or beaten a single retreat. How long will this success continue? Is it conceivable that in the end Japan, with infinitesimal resources, shall win against Russia, with inexhaustible resources? Is the miracle of David and Goliath to be repeated in the twentieth century?

The successes of the Japanese armies in 1904 are not likely to be duplicated in 1905. As the London *Spectator* points out, their victories have always been incomplete.

"They have been successful, it is true, but they have not been successful enough. They have beaten the Russians in every important action, but every action has been a Pyrrhic victory. They have never surrounded and destroyed or taken prisoners a Russian force of any size, and their capture of guns and material have been insignificant. If they have always overcome the Russians in the field, the Russians have always been able to fall back with their forces practically intact. But by the oft repeated process the Russians have been converting themselves into a new army. What was raw material nine months ago has been hammered out by the Japanese on the anvil of war, and has become tempered steel. Nothing, indeed, has been more remarkable than this gradual improvement during the war in the fighting efficiency of the Russians. It is no exaggeration to say that their army is ten times more efficient than it was last spring."

There has been no Japanese victory of a "crushing" nature, no Sedan, no Waterloo. The Japanese generals are great men, but not one is a genius. They have produced no Cromwell, no Napoleon, no Von Moltke. The Japanese are heroic fighters and are well led—but that is not enough. Yet that other element is lacking. The Japanese army must fight, must go forward; and yet every day's delay means an increase in the obstacle which faces them—the growing Russian army.

On the sea the Japanese success is quite overwhelming. When the war opened the Russians had a fleet in the Yellow Sea which was not much inferior to that which Japan put under the command of Admiral Togo. If the Russian admiral had been given a fair chance, with any kind of decent support on the part of his officers, he should have been able to fight it out with Togo in such a way as to cripple the Japanese fleet and make it an easy prey for the Baltic Squadron. Instead of doing this he was told to remain within Port Arthur, his sailors were turned into soldiers, and his ships were destroyed by the enemy's shells or scuttled with their own explosives. How ignominious!

The command of the sea was necessary to Japan. The destruction of the Japanese fleet would mean that the

Japanese army of 500,000 men in Manchuria would be as rats in a trap. The capture of Port Arthur would have been useless if the Russian fleet had been intact upon the high seas. Fortunately for Japan Russia blundered, as she had done in the Crimean War. She sacrificed a fleet to save a fortified port, and lost both. Japan won the mastery of the sea and the mastery of the port followed as a natural consequence.

Will the Baltic fleet win back what Russia has lost? The best opinion is unfavourable. A schedule of the vessels in the various classes, as compared by the military writers of the *London Chronicle* and other leading journals would be about as follows:

Figure of merit per ship.	Russian.	Japanese.
1.00	Borodino	Mikasa
	Orel	Shikishima
	Suvaroff	Asahi
	Alexander III	
.90	Osliabia	———
.80	———	Fuji
.60	Sissoi Veliky	Iwate
		Idzumo
		Asama
		Tokiwa
		Yakuma
		Azuma
		Nisshin
		Kasuga
.50	Bayan (V)	
	Gromoboi (V)	
	Navarin	
.40	Roosia (V)	Chin Yen
.30	Oleg	
	Aurora	
.25	Nakhimoff	Takasago
		Chitose
		Kasaji
.20	1 vessel	8 vessels
.10	2 vessels	4 vessels

NOTE—The vessels marked V are at Vladivostock.

Summing up the figures of merit, the Russian Baltic and Vladivostock fleets combined are represented by 8.65, the Japanese fleet by 11.75. The chances are thus seen to be greatly in favour of Japan, even were the Baltic and Vladivostock fleets combined. Without the three cruisers at Vladivostock the Baltic fleet is only 7.25.

The general opinion seems to be that the Baltic fleet will be recalled and will remain at Libau till more ships are built or secured. Thus Japan's supremacy in Pacific waters will not be seriously threatened in 1905. Her armies may now go on and see what another campaign will produce.

To return to the main point, what effect will this new situation have on the relations between Great Britain and Russia? It does not seem likely that Russia will risk her Baltic fleet in a fight with the British fleet. Yet Great Britain seems to be preparing for such a possibility. She is strengthening her Home Squadrons. There is little danger of an attack on Esquimalt or on Halifax or Bermuda; hence most of the vessels on these two stations have been recalled. If she is not afraid of the Baltic Fleet why this strengthening of the Home Squadrons? The only possible answer is that Russia might induce Germany and France to combine for an attack on the British fleet. This is a possibility; but with the information at hand it is hardly more. The German Emperor has never approved of the Russian-Japanese conflict, and France has recently settled most of her controversies with Great Britain.

There is a possibility of a European war, and Great Britain is wisely preparing for it. The fall of Port Arthur, the complete destruction of the Russian Port Arthur fleet, and the general tendency of modern diplomacy all indicate that this war will not occur for some years yet; whether it will ever happen is for future events to decide.

HOW TO SAVE THE YUKON

WHERE A BILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD IS IN SIGHT

By C. M. WOODWORTH

ITH but few exceptions, since 1783, the rulers of Canada cannot congratulate themselves on their knowledge and alertness in regard to our Western hinterland. A returned Yukoner is invariably amazed at the invincible ignorance of Eastern Canadians regarding the Yukon. Numerous incidents even among those in high places could easily be given.

There is, moreover, almost no source of information, except returned Yukoners and the country itself. No government pamphlets are issued at all comparable with the British Columbia annual report of the Minister of Mines or Official Bulletin No. 19, or the publications of the Australian governments. Therefore exact figures and even general information are not easily obtained.

GENERAL

Yukon is much larger than Great Britain. Gold is its principal product and gold placer mining its principal industry. The Yukon River is its great highway, and the Yukon River fleet is valued at more than $2,500,000. Until lately, for the past six years, the Territory has had a population in excess of 20,000 white people. It has already produced more than $125,000,000 in value of placer gold, and has imported about $45,000,000 worth of goods. The Klondike gold discoveries were made in August, 1896, and after eight years of wonderful production, two predictions are being made: the one, that the known riches of the Territory are nearly worked out and the country is on the rapid decline with no hope of recovery; the other, that only the richer pockets of gold gravels have been worked and these but partially, while the greater part of the gold-bearing gravels have not been touched, and under wise management the Territory has only begun its development.

The discovery of the Klondike gold-fields is directly attributable to the encouragement given the prospector by the amendments of the placer regulations in 1894, based upon the report of Major Constantine to the government in that year. Previous to that time, most of the prospecting was done on the Alaska side of the boundary, owing to the much more liberal mining laws of that district. The result of these amendments has been the creation of the Yukon Territory, and all that it has meant. The repeal of these amendments and the restrictive mining laws in force from 1897 to the present time have again driven out the prospectors. New discoveries practically ceased in 1899. The Territory can only be revived by the introduction of more liberal laws and wiser administration.

TRUE PRINCIPLES

Gold mining in the Yukon is not the mere extraction of gold from a government store-house. It is the discovery and production of wealth that, but for its discovery and mining, would be utterly valueless. In the lottery of Yukon mining, there have been some grand prizes, but the average awards have not more than adequately paid the labour of prospecting and mining. Taxes on gold production are taxes on labour. Restrictions on prospecting and gold mining in the Yukon, are restrictions on labour and a premium on non-development of a region that without labour is a desolate, uninviting, chilly waste.

GOLD PRODUCTION

The Dominion government returns show the annual production of Yukon gold as follows:

1885-1896	$ 1,538,400
1897	2,500,000
1898	10,000,000
1899	16,000,000
1900	22,275,000
1901	18,000,000
1902	14,500,000
1903	12,250,000
1904 will be about	10,000,000
Total	$107,063,400

These returns are evidently too small. The receipts of Yukon gold by the United States mints, and the observations of bankers and other Yukoners, competent to judge, corroborate this statement. At least, $10,000,000 must be added to the returns for each of the years 1898 and 1899, and another $10,000,000 should be distributed over the returns for the other years. The royalty tax, while it existed, was a constant incentive for the concealment of the true figures. Every fair test fixes the total at about, or in excess of, $130,000,000. The entire placer output of British Columbia from 1858 to 1903 inclusive was $65,688,103 or about one-half our Klondike output for eight years. If we add the total lode output of British Columbia up to the end of 1903 to the placer output, we have in all $92,550,454. To the present, the total gold output of Nova Scotia has been about $14,000,000, while that of Ontario and Quebec jointly has approximated $3,000,000. It will thus be seen that Canada's title to be ranked as a great gold-producing country is, in the greater part, its Yukon title.

YUKON MARKET

The Yukon is the best cash market Canada ever had. The value of goods imported into the Yukon annually can only be approximated. A great part of these goods were Canadian, and some of the foreign goods paid duty in other parts of Canada. Again, the importations in some years were in excess of the consumption and in others less. I have it on the best possible authority that the value of the goods brought into the Territory in the year 1902-3 was close to $6,000,000. This was the year of the great falling off in the gold output. We may fairly suppose a perhaps lesser shrinkage in the imports. In estimating the imports of other years we must consider the great rush of people with their outfits to the gold-fields in 1898, the heavy importations of machinery beginning in 1899 and reaching its maximum in the years 1900 and 1901, and the great slaughter of old stocks by Dawson merchants in the year 1904. The values of the imports must, therefore, be nearly as follows:

1885-1896......$30,000 annually	$ 360,000
1897	2,000,000
1898	7,000,000
1899	7,000,000
1900	8,000,000
1901	7,500,000
1902	6,000,000
1903	5,500,000
1904	2,500,000
Total	$45,860,000

If this trade had been entirely with countries outside Canada it would have yielded from $10,000,000 to $13,000,000 in customs revenue. If the gold raised were solely for residents out of Canada, this customs tax and other taxes raised directly from the country, amounting to about $8,000,000 in all, less the cost of the administration of the Territory, would be the fair measure of the total value of the Yukon to Canada thus far. The real facts are, however, much more composite. Almost the entire Yukon gold output has been shipped to the United States, returning in small part as gold coin minted, our bankers will say, free of cost to us. About one-third of the Yukon fortunes saved were those of residents of Canada, the other two-thirds went mostly to the United States. The imports till the end of the year 1899, were at least two-thirds from the United States. Since that year about two-thirds have come from other parts of Canada, the proportion in favour of Canada growing larger each year. Seattle has benefited more from the

Yukon than any other four cities combined. When the Yukon rush took place, Canada was without steamboat communication with the Lynn Canal or the mouth of the Yukon. As usual, we were three years behind time. A subsidy granted to a line of steamboats from Vancouver to Skagway in 1897 might have brought Vancouver the benefits that went to Seattle. Regarding the value of the Yukon to Canada, except in taxes, Canada was certainly not alert. Police, soldiers, tax-gatherers, and railways one thousand miles away, engrossed the attention of Canadian statesmen, while Seattle reaped the immediate benefit of Yukon trade and Yukon fortunes. Moreover, there have always been those competent to judge, who assert that had the interior administration been as it should have been, both the Yukon trade and population would have multiplied five times and the Territory would have rivalled the whole of the United States as a Canadian market, paying cash instead of barter. This cannot be proven.

TAXES

Yukoners have paid heavier taxes than any other British subjects. According to Government returns there was collected in the Yukon for the year ending June 30th, 1901, $1,814,-827.91, of which $360,686.36 was customs and $730,819.35 gold royalty. If we assume that one-third of the customs duties paid on goods brought into the Yukon were paid at points outside the Yukon, we should add a further $180,343.18, making a total of $1,995,170.09, or about $100 per head for every man, woman and child in the Territory. The taxes of the Yukon have been nearly as follows:

1885-96	$ 250,000
1897	350,000
1898	2,000,000
1899	2,000,000
1900	2,000,000
1901	1,500,000
1902	1,100,000
1903	900,000
1904	700,000
Total	$11,250,000

Those who believe that taxes are paid by the consumer will find a simple case in the Yukon, as goods are paid for in gold and not in barter. Such persons will add two-thirds as much more in computing the burden Yukon has borne.

THE FUTURE

Is the Klondike region nearly worked out and the Yukon as a placer camp about ended? This question seems uppermost regarding the Yukon with most Canadians. If the conditions and methods prevailing in 1898 were still in vogue, the answer would be, "Yes." Then drifts paying less than $8.00 to the cubic yard or five cents to the pan of gravel were abandoned, while it required double that amount of pay to be an incentive to the ordinary miner. $1,000 pans were often found on the rich creeks and great fortunes were made in a few months. The results from some workings were marvellous. Wages were $15.00 per day. No machinery was used. Such abnormal conditions evidently could not long continue.

If, however, the present conditions, obstacles, and methods continue, the answer is: "No, but the output will gradually and rapidly decrease, unless new strikes are made, and this is hardly likely as the prospector has been legislated and administered out of the Territory." Ground yielding two cents per pan or $3.25 to the cubic yard is now considered as good pay, while a drift bearing half that pay would not be abandoned if the pay-streak were continuous and not too thin. It would be hard to find a working claim in which the frozen gravel is not thawed by steam. On most claims the pay gravel is hoisted and a large part of the work is done by steam and machinery. Steam shovels and hydraulic works are used in some places, but are not common. The ambiguity of the mining regulations breeds constant litigation. This litigation has obtained decisions from the courts, that the title of placer claims is for one year only and the yearly

grant may be renewed or refused renewal at the option of the administration. A free miner who stakes vacant lands cannot force the issue of a grant. Since 1901, till 1904, ditch owners have not been allowed to sell water to other miners. It is quite apparent that all this does not tend to encourage capital in the installation of costly mining machinery or the digging of ditches for hydraulic works. It does not even give the ordinary miner a fair chance.

But the above question with the promise that taxes will be lightened, that titles will be made good, that the mining laws will be made plain, that the prospector will be encouraged and miners' grievances wiped out, will admit of but one reply: Yukon has only just begun its development and the success of the future will dwarf into insignificance the results of the past. As has been said, by the methods now in common use only gravels going from $2.00 per yard and upward are commonly worked, but with the steam shovels and feeble hydraulic workings already installed they have already worked ground at a profit yielding fifty cents to the cubic yard on the average. In California and other hydraulic countries, they have worked at a profit, gravels yielding less than ten cents to the cubic yard. The remoteness of the Territory and the fact that much of the gravel is frozen will prevent such cheap workings in the Yukon. Less than twenty-five cents to the cubic yard should, however, pay handsomely. Now in the region lying within one hundred miles east of Dawson there are more than fifty square miles of hills carrying a depth of from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five feet of pay gravels which will yield an average of more than twenty-five cents to the cubic yard. At least twenty square miles of hills in the Klondike basin are much richer. One square mile of Paradise Hill on Hunker Creek will produce fifty million of dollars, of which one-half will be profit. The gravel on this and other hills is one hundred feet deep and carries pay throughout and several feet into bedrock. The hills of the Klondike basin will produce more than eight hundred millions of dollars, while those of the Indian and Stewart River districts will produce at least half as much. They will be worked by hydraulics. The first cost of bringing water on the Klondike hills will not exceed five millions of dollars. A number of smaller systems will supply the Indian River and Stewart Hills, the ultimate cost of which would not equal that of the Klondike water system.

So much for the hills. The older creeks have already been worked over to a large extent by wasteful methods. Many promising creeks have not been prospected. These old claims will in future be worked over by steam shovels or by hydraulic elevators, and will produce one-half as much more as they have already produced. The total amount of their future production is hard to estimate.

The above estimates of future production are based upon what is already in sight. But what if the prospector should return? He practically left the Yukon in 1899. To get him back inducements greater than were offered before must be given. Yet with just and liberal laws well administered, the prospector, the miner, and the capitalist should again throng into the Yukon, but in far greater numbers. The average Klondike miner more or less clearly understands the possibilities of his country. He knows that hundreds of millions of dollars will yet be produced from that region. His unrest and dissatisfaction arise from the fact that he believes that if the administration and laws were immediately improved, he could largely share in those millions. He looks upon the country as his by right of discovery and occupation. The laws will be improved some time; he insists this should be done before he is forced to leave.

ROBERTS AND THE INFLUENCES OF HIS TIME

By JAMES CAPPON, Professor of English, Queen's University

III.—POETRY OF NATURE. TANTRAMAR REVISITED

HE training which Roberts received in the school of Keats was mainly that of a nature poet. The underlying reality in the neo-classical idyll was its beautiful, if rather fanciful, treatment of nature, which was based, just as that of the ancient idyll had been, on a free selection of all fine pastoral images untramelled by conditions of climate or locality. The poet might revel in any combinations of scenery which his imagination suggested as long as he could give the whole the harmony which here took the place of reality. The oceans might be as serene and the Arcadian hunting ranges as wild as he liked:

> With muffled roarings through the clouded night,
> And heavy splashings through the misty pools.

Of course he had chosen the school because it gave a splendid form to his own natural instincts as a poet. His real power, his original impulse towards poetry, lies nearly altogether in the region of nature description, and it was a short and natural step for him to take from the fanciful delineations of nature in *Orion* and *Actæon* to the description of actual Canadian scenes. But it involved in his case a decided change in the forms of poetic composition. The grand framework of epic and idyllic narrative, which he could use when he had that shadowy Arcadian mythology to fill it with the shapes of life, was laid aside. We have no modern idylls like Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea* or Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* from him. So also the large framed 7 or 9 line pentameter stanza, and the strophe of Keats, with its rich rhyme and the long cadences which murmured of 'old Cretan melodies' or the Javan palm, give place to light, popular quatrains and couplets and the half lawless structure of the short-line stanza. It was a change which had already taken place very generally in the poetry of our time, as part of that return to nature and simplicity of form which had begun with Wordsworth. Our new singers seem no longer willing to support the weight of those grand forms of stanzaic verse which the great poets of the Italian Renaissance and all those who followed their traditions loved so well. The sonnet, with its well-established paces, is about the only great traditional form in use now.

It is a kind of light lyrical and descriptive verse which is the most characteristic form of Roberts' productivity at this period. Pleasant little snatches of song like *Birch and Paddle*, *On the Creek*, *A Song of Cheer*, *Aylesford Lake*, *The Brook in February*, *An August Wood Road*, *In the Afternoon;* charming glimpses of Canadian scenery, with a general simplicity of style and trait which recalls the old lyrical school of Longfellow and Whittier:

> Afar from stir of streets,
> The city's dust and din,
> What healing silence meets
> And greets us gliding in!
>
> Our light birch silent floats;
> Soundless the paddle dips.
> Yon sunbeam thick with motes
> Athro' the leafage slips.

That is from *Birch and Paddle. Aylesford Lake*, however, has more of the silvery cadence and smooth workmanship of Tennyson:

> All night long the light is lying
> Silvery on the birches sighing,
> All night long the loons are crying
> Sweetly over Aylesford Lake.

The Solitary Woodsman, a little idyll of Canadian life which haunts the mind after you have read it, as true poetry

will, may be noticed here, although it was published at a later time in *The Book of the Native* (1897). The Woodsman represents nearly all that Roberts has given us in the way of human portraiture,* and even his personality, it must be admitted, is of the faintest. But there is a beautiful simplicity and naturalness about the poem.

> All day long he wanders wide
> With the grey moss for his guide,
> And his lonely axe-stroke startles
> The expectant forest side.
>
> Toward the quiet close of day
> Back to camp he takes his way
> And about his sober footsteps
> Unafraid the squirrels play.
>
> On his roof the red leaf falls,
> At his door the blue jay calls,
> And he hears the wood mice hurry
> Up and down his rough log-walls:
>
> Hears the laughter of the loon
> Thrill the dying afternoon,—
> Hears the calling of the moose
> Echo to the early moon.

It needed only a touch more to make that solitary woodsman as universal and popular a portrait as Longfellow's *Village Blacksmith*, a touch more of personal detail and moral characterisation. A contemplative delicacy of feeling for nature is the chief characteristic of the poems of this class and they are best when they remain simply descriptive.

In many of these poems Mr. Roberts has gone back both in style and sentiment to the older and simpler schools of lyrical poetry so different in their naive tunefulness and gay movement from the poets of to-day with their heavily essenced verse and deliberate mysticism. There are airs from Herrick in him as well as from Tennyson. At times he even gives us popular lyrics, true folk-rhythms like *The Stack Behind the Barn* or *In the Barn-Yard's Southerly Corner*, mostly modelled on old English lilts, with catching refrains. These belong to that poetry of tender reminiscence, memories of boyhood, the pathetic note of which has often been struck so truly by our minor singers. You can hear the true note of it in the forgotten poetry of Miss Blamire as well as in Burns or in Heine's *Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder:*

> To wean me frae these woefu' thoughts
> They took me to the toun:
> But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
> I missed the youthfu' bloom.
>
> At balls they pointed to a nymph
> Wham a' declared divine:
> But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
> Were fairer far langsyne.

Roberts is vigorous and picturesque enough in his barn-yard lilts and occasionally catches a fine refrain

> Oh, merrily shines the morning sun
> In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

But he wants the soft note and ingenuous simplicity proper to this kind of poetry. There is almost too much vigour of accent and too evident a determination in the accumulation of details:

> Dear memory of the old home farm—
> The hedge-rows fencing the crops from harm;
> The cows, too heavy with milk for haste;
> The barn-yard, yellow with harvest waste
> And the stack behind the barn.

Indeed I hardly think this plaintive note is so natural to the age or the country as it was to the Doric songs of old Scotland. The weight of the past does not lie so heavily, so pathetically, on our eager and aspiring democracies.

Amongst all these varieties of the Canadian idyll, the one which leaves the strongest impression on the mind of originality in tone and treatment is *Tantramar Revisited*. Here Roberts' classical taste in style again asserted itself, though in the not very pure form of the modern hexameter. Longfellow had given the measure popular currency on this continent in his *Evangeline*, and Mathew Arnold had lately been directing the attention of literary circles to its possibilities. Both he and the poet Clough had done something to rescue it from the monotonous softness of Longfellow's movement and give it more strength

*Of course there are the ballads with a few figures in them slightly touched. But ballad poetry of this kind is a naive and archaic form of presenting life which does not properly come into question here.

and variety. Roberts, who has never quite lost his first love for the grand style, was quick to profit by the lesson and uses this high but somewhat artificial form as a mould in which to pour his tenderest memories of the scenes familiar to his youth on the coast of New Brunswick. There is no direct picture of life in the poem, not a single human figure, but the landscape is powerfully painted in large, distant, softened traits, the true colour of elegiac reminiscence. Of direct elegiac reflection the poet has been sparing, perhaps wisely, but what there is has a sincerity which shows how deeply he felt his subject.

Summers and summers have come and gone with the flight of the swallow;
Sunshine and thunder have been, storm and winter and frost;
Many and many a sorrow has all but died from remembrance,
Many a dream of joy fall'n in the shadow of pain.

Hands of chance and change have marred, or moulded, or broken,
Busy with spirit and flesh, all I have most adored;
Even the bosom of Earth is strewn with heavier shadows—
Only in these green hills, aslant to the sea, no change.

Yonder, toward the left, lie broad the Westmoreland marshes,—
Miles on miles they extend, level, and grassy, and dim,
Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the sky in the distance,
Save for outlying heights, green-rampired Cumberland Point;
Miles on miles outrolled, and the river-channels divide them,—
Miles on miles of green, barred by the hurtling gusts.

Now at this season the reels are empty and idle; I see them
Over the lines of the dykes, over the gossiping grass,
Now at this season they swing in the long strong wind through the lonesome,
Golden afternoon, shunned by the foraging gulls.

Soon thro' their dew-wet frames, in the live keen freshness of morning,
Out of the teeth of the dawn blows back the awakening wind,
Then as the blue day mounts, and the low-shot shafts of the sunlight
Glance from the tide to the shore, gossamers iewelled with dew
Sparkle and wave, where late sea-spoiling fathoms of drift-net
Myriad-meshed, uploomed sombrely over the land,
Well I remember it all. The salt, raw scent of the margin;
While, with men at the windlass, groaned each reel, and the net,
Surging in ponderous lengths, uprose and coiled in its station;
Then each man to his home,—well I remember it all!

In spite of the exotic character of the verse, which after all is a bar to the highest qualities of expression, something of the visionary eye and depth of feeling with which the poet looks on those scenes of his boyhood gets into every line. The poem is a true whole also and speaks in a subtle way to the heart. Perhaps he has lavished the resources of his style a little too freely on that description of the empty net reels. Its luxuriance is rather overpowering.

At the best this imitation of a classical measure is a strong compelling mould which is apt to draw the poet into iterations and to carry him further than he wishes at one time while reining him up unduly at another. Mr. Roberts manages to use it with some freedom and naturalness, but it is at the cost of some rough lines, lines overloaded with awkward spondees or technically impure and sometimes falling out of metre altogether. This is particularly the case with the pentameter variation which he uses, following Clough's example in *Amours de Voyage*. It is designed of course to afford some relief from the monotonously majestic stride of the hexameter and allow the poet to escape into plainer cadences. Roberts often uses it somewhat recklessly:

Stained with time, set warm in orchards, meadows and wheat.

or

Golden afternoon, shunned by the foraging gulls.

But often, too, he is the victor in the struggle that this measure particularly excites between the metrical mould and the natural idiom of language, as in that

Busy with spirit and flesh, all I have most adored.

IV.—SONGS OF THE COMMON DAY, A SONNET SEQUENCE. THE NEW POETIC DICTION

MR. ROBERTS has tried a great variety of tones and themes in the course of his poetic career; no poet so many, that I know of. But the deepest thing in his poetic passion and experience is his poetry of nature description. Its basis is, in general, a pure æstheticism, for though it may occasionally be mingled with some fanciful train of thought or have appended to it a Wordsworthian moral, its value lies wholly in the gleaming and glancing surface which it brings before the reader's eye. This impressionistic nature poetry is the best part of his old Keatsian heritage for one thing, and it is part perhaps of his best days also, the days he describes in *Tantramar Revisited*, long youthful days spent on the coast or amongst the farmsteads of New Brunswick, when he strove hardest to catch and to shape into some new line the vague, evasive, elemental beauty of nature. The power which he acquired then has never deserted him amongst all the transformations of spirit and literary ideals which he has experienced. Touches of it abound everywhere in his poems. He has always the glance and vision in this region. The task before him at this period, as he must have felt, was to find a high and complete form of expression for this power. This was not so easy, for, as one might guess from his general evasion of the subject except in some remote legendary form, he had little or no faculty for the direct presentation of human life, and of itself this impressionistic power would hardly suffice to furnish forth an idyll or an elegy. He had done the feat once in *Tantramar Revisited*, but it could not easily be repeated. It was a happy inspiration, therefore, which made him think of putting his poetic impressions of Canadian pastoral life and scenery together in the form of a sonnet sequence. Some of these sonnets had been published earlier in an independent form, and were doubtless written without any thought of a sequence, but in 1892 they appeared as part of a collection under the title of *Songs of the Common Day*.

The Sonnet Sequence is a poetic form which unites a certain harmony of effect with entire independence in the treatment of each member of the series. It is a succession of short efforts with a continuity of aim which is capable of producing in the end something of the effect of a great whole. It has the authority of great literary traditions from Petrarch to Wordsworth, and it seems to be nearly the only grand form of composition which the poetry of to-day can attempt with success. In this form then Mr. Roberts describes for us the general aspects of life and nature as one might see them at some Canadian farmstead, near the coast of New Brunswick, I suppose—spring pastures and summer pools, burnt lands and clearings, fir forests and the winter stillness of the woods, mingled with descriptions of the common occupations of farm life, milking time and mowing, the potato harvest, bringing home the cattle and the like, all in a kind of sequence from spring sowing to midwinter thaw.

The poet, I need hardly say, finds a splendid field here for the impressionistic glance and vision. Look at this description of a September afternoon:

> A mystic rune
> Foreboding the fall of summer soon,
> Keeps swelling and subsiding; till there seems
> O'er all the world of valley, hill and streams,
> Only the wind's inexplicable tune.

Or at this, from the sonnet *Where the Cattle Come to Drink:*

> The pensive afterthoughts of sundown sink
> Over the patient acres given to peace;
> The homely cries and farmstead noises cease,
> *And the worn day relaxes, link by link.*

If these passages were found in Wordsworth, say in the series of sonnets on the Duddon, they would be quoted by everyone as fine and subtle renderings of the moods of nature. Another striking example of Roberts' gift in this direction is to be found in the last sonnet of the series, *The*

Flight of the Geese. I shall quote it in full:

I hear the low wind wash the softening snow,
The low tide loiter down the shore. The night,
Full filled with April forecast, hath no light,
The salt wave on the sedge-flat pulses slow,
Through the hid furrows lisp in murmurous flow
The thaw's shy ministers; and hark! The height
Of heaven grows weird and loud with unseen flight
Of strong hosts prophesying as they go.

High through the drenched and hollow night their wings
Beat northward hard on winter's trail. The sound
Of their confused and solemn voices, borne
Athwart the dark to their long arctic morn,
Comes with a sanction and an awe profound,
A boding of unknown, foreshadowed things.

The purist might find fault with the strong lyrism of that sonnet and with inelegancies like that thrice repeated overflow from two final words of the same structure, but it is a splendid piece of imaginative impressionism and a fine example of Roberts' power of style in this field.

Many of these sonnets have a luxuriance of style and fancy, particularly in the direction of what Ruskin has called the Pathetic Fallacy, which is perhaps excessive for this poetic form with its small compass; but some of them also show a new plainness of style and treatment indicating that realistic influences from Wordsworth are beginning to work on Roberts. Sometimes there is even a kind of roughness in the manner of giving details, as in the following from *The Potato Harvest:*

Black on the ridge, against that lonely flush,
A cart and stoop-necked oxen; ranged beside
Some barrels; and the day-worn harvest folk,
Here emptying their baskets, jar the hush
With hollow thunders. Down the dusk hillside
Lumbers the wain; and day fades out like smoke.

The Furrow and *In an Old Barn* are also, in part at least, examples of this closer, more realistic treatment. Here, too, I may notice *The Sower*, the poet's popular masterpiece, which hits the golden mean between austerity and luxuriance of style:

A brown, sad-coloured hillside, where the soil,
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,
Lies bare; no break in the remote sky-line,
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;
And here the sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb in the yielding soil; and though small joy
Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind,
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,
The plodding churl grows great in his employ;
Godlike, he makes provision for mankind.

The selection and treatment of materials in that sonnet are perfect. It is equally free from unleavened realism of detail and from impressionistic finery, from those over-feathered shafts of phrase which hang so heavy on the thought in sonnets like *The Summer Pool* and *A Vesper Sonnet.* The traits are select, harmonious and firmly drawn, with a wise economy of stroke. The manner in which the eye is conducted from the solitary field to the distant horizon, where lies that world of men for whom the sower works, and then concentrated again on the scene of the sower's labour and his movements, is a good illustration of the simplicity and naturalness of a perfect piece of art. The closing thought is noble and true to the subject, reflecting itself powerfully back on the previous details in a way which gives them new significance.

Technically Mr. Roberts' sonnets generally show something of the structural freedom and something also of the looseness of conception which are characteristic of American sonnets. The rhyme system as a rule is the pure Petrarchan, but as often as not he entirely disregards the division of thought in the two quatrains of the octave. Sometimes the poise and counterpoise of thought

between the octave and sestet is strongly marked, the first containing the descriptive part and the second the moral which the poet appends to it. At other times the division is but faintly felt, though it often exists in a form which is virtually a new type of sonnet structure. In this type the octave gives the general outline of a landscape and is followed by a sestet which gives a more particular description of some characteristic or significant object in it. This is the structural character of *The Herring Weir*, *The Oat Threshing*, *The Sower*, *The Flight of the Geese*, and other sonnets. In this way the old function of the sestet in summing up or pointing the significance of the octave is revived in a new form, and when the object thus selected for particular treatment is significant enough, and its connection with the description in the octave evident and inevitable, this arrangement makes an excellent type of sonnet. It is part of the perfection of *The Sower* that the connection between the landscape described in the octave and the object described in the sestet is of this natural, inevitable kind. But *The Sower* perhaps owes something of the selectness and harmony of its details to the fact that the subject is one which has been worked over by more than one great mind in the sister arts of painting and engraving. It is a curious example of the relation which may occasionally exist between poetry and the other fine arts, and Roberts may be counted fortunate in having furnished a perfect literary expression for a conception on which Dürer and Millet had laboured.

On the whole this sonnet sequence may be considered as the most important poetic work Mr. Roberts has so far produced. It represents in its highest form what is most original in him, that in which his experience is deeper than that of other men. It gives the fairest scope, too, for that impressionistic painting of nature in which he is a master. The general tone of these sonnets is that of a pensive melancholy such as arises naturally enough from the contemplation of quiet pastoral morns and eves. Grey Corot-like pictures they mostly are, often a little huddled and indistinct or indeterminate in their outlines but delicately tinted and suffused with a true Canadian atmosphere of light and space and wide, pale, clear horizons. It is an atmosphere which keeps the colour tone of the landscape low, or at least cool, with nothing of tropical luxuriance about it, the bloom of the golden-rod, of the clover, the buttercups and the great purple patches of fire-weed in the woods being tempered by the cold clear lustre of a northern sky and the pale verdure of the marshes. The general features of nature in eastern Canada are faithfully reflected in these sonnets, sometimes in exquisite bits of verse.

The power of observation which they show, however, is by no means of a close, informative kind, but rather of the large, vague, impression-gathering order. There is much less piquancy or novelty of detail than we might expect. Here and there we have a plain yet tender line like

> A barn by many seasons beaten gray.

But very seldom does the poet delight us by raising a homely feature into poetic significance. It is not too much to say that these sonnets, with all their brilliant impressionism, hardly enrich our sense of Canadian rural life with more than some fine scenic images. This narrow range of observational power is evident in the absence of any direct treatment of human life, of human as distinguished from naturalistic sentiment, and helps to deprive this sonnet series of popular and realistic elements. In the sonnet *Mowing*, for example, there are fine bits of impressionism :

> This is the voice of high midsummer's heat.
> The rasping, vibrant clamour soars and shrills.

The "crying knives" are noticed at their work, the "fate that smote" the clover and the timothy tops is mentioned, and the sestet takes a flight to describe the action of the sun which

"with chemic ray seals up each cordial essence in its cell," and thus imprisons the "spirit of June" to cheer the cattle some winter's day "in their dusky stalls." But there is no mention of mowers; there is no human figure in the field. This artistic asceticism may be serviceable in obtaining a certain purity of impressionistic effect, as it is in the landscapes of some of the Barbizon school of painters. But for poetry at least the example of Millet is probably better than that of Rousseau, as Roberts himself has proved. At any rate this is almost sufficient of itself to make a severance between Roberts and the public of our time, which seems to demand a vigorous presentation of life as the first condition of its listening to any ideal or imaginative strain the poet may have to sing to it.

Nor is the poetry of these sonnets likely to make any strong appeal to a more philosophically minded class of readers, that class which ultimately came to the support of Wordsworth and his austerely contemplative Muse. The sonnet sequence hardly leaves any strong unity of moral impression on our minds. There is a want of basal note in Roberts in this respect which makes his poetry little more than a wavering impression taken from the surface of things and giving no comfort, no stay to the mind. The moralisings which the poet occasionally introduces into the sestet are either commonplace or very fanciful, or easily recognised as the well-known vein of some great poet. The moral appended to *The Cow Pasture* is Browning's recognition of imperfection as a stimulus; that of *Where the Cattle Come to Drink* is Wordsworth's oft-preached "dignity of common toil;" those of *The Cicada in the Firs*, *The Oat-Threshing* and *The Autumn Thistles* are coldly or cheaply wrought fantasies. But Mr. Roberts is weakest in the altitudes of meditative thought, as in *The Stillness of the Frost*. "Such," he says, after describing the "frost-white wood" and "the ineffable pallor" of the blue sky—

> Such, I must think, even at the dawn of Time
> Was thy white hush, O world, when thou lay'st cold,
> Unwaked to love, new from the Maker's word,
> And the spheres, watching, stilled their high accord
> To marvel at perfection in thy mould,
> The grace of thine austerity sublime!

That is Robert Pollok come again and the forgotten sublimities of *The Course of Time*.

With all his gifts, then, Roberts evidently lacks two things without which a poet in our day cannot take a strong hold of the public. He does not as a poet give us either a lively, vigorous presentation of life or a profound and critical interpretation of it.

Roberts' poetry, one may see, remains very much a pure literary tradition, the element of natural impulse in it being hardly strong enough to make original moulds for itself. His diction, in particular, owes much to literary tradition; it is that of a school, the school of impressionistic description which arose as the aftermath of the poetry of Keats and Tennyson. It is true he shows quite remarkable power and facility in its use. Even when he approaches too perceptibly to the mould of Keats or Tennyson, it is in the manner of one who has learned to see and feel with the master rather than merely to imitate his style.

> This is a wonder-cup in Summer's hand.
> Sombre, impenetrable round its rim
> The fir-trees bend and brood. The noons o'erbrim
> The windless hollow of its iris'd strand
> With mote-thick sun and water-breathings bland.

That is from the *Summer Pool*, and shows how cleverly Roberts has made his own the luxuriance and iridescence of the master's style. But the master's art is always something of a dangerous legacy to the school, and the general result, especially when the biting verb of Swinburne and some refinements of Rossetti are added to the Keatsian assortment, has been to establish a kind of poetic diction which has at length become just as conventional as that old diction of the eighteenth century which Wordsworth drove from

the field. The defects of this school are, in general, an over-fullness and indiscriminate intensity of language and a love of euphuistic novelties, which are now ceasing to be novel and are hardening into an artificial poetic vocabulary. How often the same tricksy word serves to make the effect:

A yellow hillside *washed* in airy seas
Of azure,

Amber wastes of sky
Washing the ridge.

How the harsh stalks are *washed* with radiance new.

In this style every trait is pressed to the utmost. The "murmuring streams" and "vocal reeds" of the 18th century school have given place to the "long-drawn sobbings of the reed-choked surge;" waves or waters no longer wash the shore, they "pulse;" the dawn no longer chills, it "bites;" it does not rise, it "leaps;" it is nothing so common as rosy, it may be "white," however, but it has more frequently some elusive epithet attached to it, such as "inviolate" or "incommunicable," or "liturgical." We no longer seek or search, we "quest." Darkness and night "reel," the sea almost always "sobs" now, the wind, the trees, the rain, all "sob," though "grieve" may be admitted as a variety; the sky is preferably "sapphirine" now as regards colour, and "inviolable" in ethical suggestion. The silence of the stars or the stillness of the woods is pretty sure to require the use of "expectant" or "expectancy" for its interpretation. Certain terms are great favourites, and are called on for hard work of a kind they were not always accustomed to, as for example, "largess," "lure," "elemental," "assuaged and unassuaged," "sinister," "bourgeoned," "tranced," "bland," "winnowing," "throb" and "kiss" are common drudges in the school. Privative forms have risen into great demand, the hills are "unbowed," abysses "unsunned," probably without any thought of Euripides, eyelids "unlifting;" in two members of the school I noted "unremembrance." All the great poets of the past, of course, may contribute something to this impressionistic vocabulary. Shakespeare once made the seas "multitudinous," now the voices of night, the silences of the forest, the hum of thoroughfares and all similar phenomena are frequently "multitudinous;" we even get from one poet "the multitudinous friendliness of the sea," which is probably not without thought of Æschylus. Wordsworth once made a striking use of "incommunicable," now a slightly more elusive use of it in connection with "light" or "space" or "rhyme" or "word" meets us at every turn. A fine discovery which catches the fancy of the school soon obtains its hall-mark. In Henley the river is "new-mailed" in the morning light, in Roberts the ice-bound pools are in "diamond mail," in Wilfred Campbell the river is "sun-cuirassed."

All this, of course, is but the natural history of style, the evolution of a new poetic diction which has arisen to meet the needs of modern poetry with its more intimate sense of the mystery of life and nature. But it is evidently beginning to harden in its mould, and the modern poet will have to beware of it. It has become the mark of a half-affected intensity of sentiment and the expression of an imaginative insight which is only derivative and superficial.

TO BE CONTINUED

"And grandmothers busy with distaff and spindle"

A VISIT TO GENOA

By ERIE WATERS

MRS. CLIFFORD and her daughter Margaret had lingered in Mentone until late in March; and now the time had come to leave its tranquil shore. How happy they had been here, and how gently its beauties had taken possession of their inmost hearts! When at home once more in the bright Western World, there will be no danger of forgetting; and in the years to come their lives will be the richer for memories of sky and sea, of mountains and of flowers. In visions they will see again the wandering musicians and the patient Italian peasants who help to make Mentone and its neighbourhood picturesque. They will picture them in garments of many colours dragging in the nets; or bearing heavy baskets of oranges and lemons on their heads; or in groups at the doorways of their ancient dwellings, built close against the hillside—so old and grey that they seem a part of the rock itself; the children and maidens in the freshness and beauty of their youth, the toil-worn women of middle age, and grandmothers busy with distaff and spindle.

On the morning that the Cliffords left Mentone for Genoa, there were tears in the eyes of the kindly French servants who had done much to make their long sojourn comfortable, and a suspicious moisture in their own as "good-byes" were said.

Parting with friends at the hotel, they set forth alone, but were surprised and touched to find two of their fellow-boarders at the station waiting to see them off—the Polish widow and the German doctor—two interesting young people who were striving to regain health in this sunny spot. The acquaintance with their friends had been made under difficulties—French being the imperfect medium—but there was

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GENOA

"The city is built around a small bay, rising from the water's edge to a height of sixty feet"

an unspoken sympathy between them; they had laughed heartily over amusing situations and at funny mistakes in learning a little of each other's language. And here they were—to speak a last kind word, and look regrets.

The first-class carriages were filling fast, but the doctor found them places, and as the train moved off their last glances fell on two gentle, pleasant faces, smiling farewell. Would these two take the journey through life together, they wondered, for they had watched a growing romance—or had the brilliant young scientist come too late to the life-giving sunshine of Mentone?

The day was perfect—sea and sky an exquisite blue; fruit blossoms and wild flowers everywhere. With the exception of the many tunnels, the journey along the coast of Italy is charming to a degree. Many little towns are passed, typical of the Italian Riviera, perched on low hills, with a background of mountains; secure from floods, and in olden days a refuge from pirates; always, even in the smallest hamlet, the church with its tower-like steeple and the priest's house near-by.

Very old and very dilapidated are many of the houses, high and close together in narrow, dark streets; always bits of colour and paintings on the outsides of houses, and clothing hanging out of windows.

They had glimpses of handsome Italians at the stations, looking picturesque in red caps and blue shirts; and another peep at Bordighera on the summit of a hill, whose sides are covered with olive trees; and of the towering palms which attain perfection here, some of them being 800 years old. They are remunerative also, as Bordighera has the monopoly of supplying the palm branches for Palm Sunday in Rome. Along the coast, sombre olive groves made a pleasing contrast with orchards where peaches, cherries and almonds were in full bloom.

At Albenga they saw lemons trained as espaliers. Nearing Genoa the gardens and villas became more attractive and numerous. The Riviera is certainly pretty—nay, exquisitely lovely, especially in sunshine, and the sea is

fascinating, ever changing, and enlivened by bird-like, white-sailed boats. The mountains, too, take on many varying hues.

Reaching Genoa, they found comfortable quarters in a good hotel commanding a fine view of the harbour and shipping. Morning brought a heavy rain, so the sight-seeing began from upper windows. A forest of masts lay before them — ships from many lands, flags of many nations. Vessels loading and unloading; numbers of small boats plying busily from ship to shore—a busy and animated scene, even in the rain. It was also amusing to watch the streets where drays drawn by three or four donkeys, or mules, harnessed tandem-fashion, and each with a red covering for protection from the rain, were a novel sight.

At night the harbour is like a fairy-scene, with hundreds of lights gleaming from the ships, from the high lighthouse, and from the buildings on shore.

A MONUMENT, CAMPO SANTI, GENOA

At noon the sun shone brightly, and our tourists went about the city. Genoa has a population of about 180,000, and appears busy and prosperous. Its people are handsome, some of them even strikingly beautiful. The city is built around a small bay, rising from the water's edge to a height of sixty feet. The old part of the town is particularly interesting, with crooked, narrow streets from six to twelve feet wide, occasionally so steep that steps are cut in them. In the upper and newer part are fine buildings, monuments and squares.

Near the harbour they walked about the narrow streets, where in the lower stories of the high houses—almost underground—are extraordinary little shops, evidently frequented by sailors; and many a curious peep did they have into queer, dark interiors, where groups in various attitudes and motley colours made striking pictures.

One of the churches which pleased Mrs. Clifford was the cathedral of San Lorenzo, dating from the 11th century, but repeatedly restored. The exterior has alternate bands of black and white marble, and the twisted, spiral and straight columns are odd and effective. The interior is in different styles. They entered during an impressive service, and were struck by the reverent attitudes and apparently deep devotion of the worshippers, who chanted responses in melodious voices as the organ pealed forth sweetly. The frescoes on the chancel roof are by Severone, and are very lovely.

MAIN PORTAL, CATHEDRAL SAN LORENZO, GENOA

The Annunziata is another church of ancient date, with wonderful marbles. Most harmonious are the colours in this truly artistic whole, and red curtains draping upper windows add to the soft beauty of the light. Much time was spent in the Campo Santo, famous for its monuments of great beauty and touching sentiment.

One morning our tourists drove up the Via di Circonvallazioni to the top of the city, from whence they looked down upon town and bay, passing parks fragrant with flowers and lovely in their fresh spring foliage. Palms and evergreens mingled with the newer, tender tints, while daisies, daffodils, pansies and other early-comers raised their bright heads to sun and breeze. The air was warm, but more bracing than that of Mentone.

Margaret made a tour of the shops, seeking souvenirs, selecting pretty trifles of silver filagree work, a specialty of Genoa.

The palaces are a great attraction, and are very imposing, marble being used extensively. They are lofty, with

THE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS MONUMENT, GENOA

gates forty feet high; marble columns, and halls and corridors beautifully proportioned; broad stairways of marble, and courts paved with different coloured marble; rooms thirty feet high, with arched ceilings, mosaic floors and artistic furniture, with statuary and paintings of great value and beauty by many of the old masters. These were a revelation to our New World travellers, the colouring was so wonderful. Such blues, such reds, such harmony, of which they had never dreamed! They bought photographs which gave an idea of form and expression, but nothing save the original can convey the charm of colour that appeals to one's best sense of beauty. They were strongly impressed by Guido Reni's work, by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci and other great artists. Vandyke, with his clear, stern figures, they also learned to like.

Going to the university one morning they wandered aimlessly up the grand stairway, which is guarded by two marble lions, and admired the lofty halls, statues and fine columns. Pres-

A MONUMENT, CAMPO SANTI, GENOA

Columbus is very effective. Margaret had been looking for new types in narrow, dirty and unsavoury streets and, seeing much poverty, was seized with a fit of depression and home-sickness. Coming to this monument, she exclaimed:

"I want to go home, mother; and oh! how thankful I am to dear old Columbus for discovering our nice clean country!"

"I see a great future for our country, Margaret," her mother answered thoughtfully, "for our new land where many nationalities are welcomed—if we start rightly and, striving to imitate the qualities that make great men in every age, strive also to avoid their mistakes. We have not the rich historic background of older civilisations nor the treasures of art beyond all price, but we may draw from the wisdom of the ages."

ently they saw two gentlemen, evidently a professor and student, higher up the stairway, who very politely turned back and, speaking in French, directed them to go up another higher stair where they would find an iron gate, which would be opened when they rang the bell. Up they climbed, found the gate, and, to their surprise, emerged into the open air, to find at the roof (Genoa, it must be remembered, being built on a hill) a botanical garden and conservatory; the garden of quaint design, with melancholy cypress trees, stiff beds with labelled plants, and grass bright with daisies and violets. Again a magnificent view of the fine harbour and city was obtained.

Genoa has several handsome monuments, the one in honour of Mazzini being well placed in a pretty park. That to Christopher

A STAIRWAY, UNIVERSITY, GENOA

THE SURRENDER OF SITTING BULL

JEAN LOUIS LEGARÉ'S STORY

By F. C. WADE, K. C.

THE recent grant by the United States Senate of $8,000 to Jean Louis Legaré for his services and expenses in effecting the surrender of Sitting Bull to the U.S. authorities at Fort Buford, Dakota, on July 21st, 1881, recalls an interesting episode in the Indian and military history of the United States and Canadian West before the disappearance of the buffalo—an incident connected with, and closely following upon the dreadful Custer massacre.

About the middle of May, 1876, General Custer, in command of the seventh U.S. Cavalry numbering 600 men, left General Terry with orders to proceed up the Rosebud and across country to the Little Big Horn. General Terry advanced to the mouth of the Big Horn, where he was met by a body of 450 men under General Gibbon, who had marched from Fort Ellis down the Yellowstone. Here the Generals joined forces and ascended the Big Horn, and thence forty miles up the Little Big Horn, where they found that two days before General Custer had had an engagement with the hostiles, which ended in the absolute annihilation of five companies under his command. Their arrival just prevented the destruction of the remaining seven companies under Major Reno, and they returned to the mouth of the Big Horn, leaving behind 259 dead and taking with them 53 wounded.

After the massacre immense bands of Sioux, fearing swift and terrible retribution at the hands of the United States army, crossed the international boundary and camped near Wood Mountain post, a point in Assiniboia, just over the line from Montana. At that point, Jean Louis Legaré, a French-Canadian of the Province of Quebec, had a trading post which he had established in 1870.

On the 11th January, 1877, the U.S. Government was notified by Inspector Walsh, of the Canadian Mounted Police, at Cypress Hills, that 109 lodges of American Sioux had crossed the boundary near Wood Mountain and

SITTING BULL—TA-TOU-KA-T-YO-TOU-KA
The United States Indian who caused the Canadians much anxiety from 1877 to 1881

LT.-COL. J. F. MCLEOD, C.M.G.
Commissioner N.W.M. Police at time of Sitting Bull's visit to Canada

were camped on the British side. Later the number of lodges increased rapidly, and later still they were joined by Sitting Bull. It is at this point that Legaré's story begins.

His account of the arrival of the American Sioux near his post is unusually dramatic. "It was in the afternoon of the 17th of December, 1876," he says. "It was very cold. I was in my house with two of my men, when twelve Indians came up on horseback. Little Knife was the head man, the chief of the band. They came right straight to the window, and they sat on horseback; their bodies and heads were covered with big buffalo robes, the hair inside, and they were looking in the window. We did not pay any attention to them. They stood there for a long time, half an hour at least, and at last Little Knife came in, opening the door and leaving it open, and stood there for a long time, and at last he walked slowly, you see, quietly and slowly, paying no attention to us, across the room and sat down on the floor, and called the others one by one. Each of the twelve came in just the same way. The door remained open all the time. I did not speak to them or make any movement, but waited quietly for them to act. They remained seated about two hours, when Little Knife jumped up and came over to us, and shook hands and returned to his place. Then each of the others did the same, one by one. One of the men was by the name of Crow. Crow was the speaker of the band. At last he jumped in the middle of the floor, and calling to the north wind and the south, and the different winds, commenced to talk. He said: 'We left the American side because we could not sleep, and had heard that the Big Woman (the Queen) was very good to her children, and we come to this country to sleep quiet.' After that they talked about the trade, and they told me if I would give them something to hunt with, powder, ball and caps, and tobacco, they would trade with me. I gave them about $30 worth of stock and they left."

It was not until some time after this rather startling introduction to the advance guard of Sitting Bull's band that Legaré learned of the Custer massacre, and that his newly-made friends had come fresh from the terrible scene of carnage in which General Custer's command had almost suffered annihilation. After the twelve savage horsemen had turned away from the lonely trading post, they rode back to their camp near the international boundary. They had been sent out to see if there were enemies in the path, and their report to the main band was so satisfactory that on the following day they returned with seventy lodges. The whole band camped about Legaré's post, but a few days after their arrival "Jean Louis," as Legaré is known to the Indians, heard from a messenger that his wife was sick at Cypress, about 150 miles away, and returned with him to see her. On his way back he met Major Walsh, commanding officer at Fort Walsh, the Canadian Mounted Police post, and learned from him that during his absence he had held a council with the Indians at his store to consult with them about their

return to the United States. When asked by Major Walsh why they had crossed the line, the Indians said: "We do not want fight. We stay at one place. They (the Americans) always came to us. We do not want to see them at all. They always come." According to "Jean Louis" Major Walsh answered: "After all, if you will keep the law on this side, you may stay if you like, but if you do something wrong you are to go back." That was on the 24th of December, 1876. During the winter, the buffalo being near, the Indians brought in plenty of furs and robes, and Legaré supplied them in return with ammunition and provisions. So pleased were the Teton Sioux with their new home in the country of the Big Woman that the camp was rapidly increased until in the month of June, 1877, it contained 800 lodges, or 4,000 souls. During this year Major Walsh again visited Wood Mountain, this time to station a small force of mounted police there, which was added to until it became quite large, when a regular post was established.

From the first the presence of so large a body of hostiles in British territory was a source of great uneasiness to the governments of Canada and the United States. Tremendous efforts were made on both sides of the line to secure their return to the American reserves. Agents were sent out by the United States into Canadian territory to tell them that should they return they would be well received. One of these, John Howard, was the first to suggest to Legaré that it might be worth his while to attempt the surrender of the Indians. This was in 1878. "Jean Louis" discussed the matter with Chief No Neck when about seventy lodges were present. He gave them something to eat and tobacco to smoke, and "spoke them good," but their answer was that they "would not believe one word of good of the United States." His efforts were therefore ineffectual. In 1879 large bands of Sitting Bull's Sioux crossed the boundary into Montana and commenced killing cattle and stealing horses. General Terry sent General Miles into the field again to hunt down the hostiles. On the 17th July Lieutenant Philo Clark came up with the Indians and a fight occurred between Beaver Creek and Milk River, and Sitting Bull withdrew his forces, first to Milk River and then into Canadian territory again. Many captives were taken, however, and dissatisfaction took possession of the Sioux. This fight has been described as the "beginning of the end" of the

MAJOR WALSH
Inspector Mounted Police at Cypress Hills in 1877

J. LOUIS LEGARÉ
The trader who induced Sitting Bull to surrender

trouble with Sitting Bull. Gall and Rain-in-the-face, rivals of the absolute ruler, did all in their power to destroy his influence with his band. A period of terrible starvation impelled the Indians to look favourably upon a surrender that would allow them to return under the wing of the American Government. In January, 1880, forty-one families travelled to Poplar River and surrendered, handing over their guns and ponies. Between January and April the number of those who had surrendered grew to 1,116, in all 109 men, 209 women, 424 boys and 374 girls. In October Spotted Eagle with 65 lodges gave himself up at Fort Keogh. In December Low Dog left Wood Mountain with his followers for the same purpose. During 1880 Minnicangon, Iron Dog, Waterspout, The-One-That-Killed-The-Whiteman, Hairy Chin and many other noted chiefs returned to their reserves on the American side. By the beginning of 1881, of the monster camp of 4,000 Teton Sioux, only five hundred remained with Sitting Bull in British Territory.

Although Legaré had done all in his power to secure the surrender of these thousands of Indians, it was with the remaining band, including Sitting Bull and his more immediate followers, that he had particularly to deal. Whether it was because they had been more nearly concerned in the Custer massacre and other outrages, or not, those remaining absolutely refused to go. The efforts of both governments to secure the surrender did not abate. So long as they remained north of the boundary, United States troops had to be kept in motion at a cost of millions to guard against their incursions. At the same time their presence caused the greatest uneasiness amongst the Indian tribes in the Canadian Northwest. Scouts were employed at immense salaries to treat with the remaining Indians. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Dakota was sent to make overtures to them. Numerous letters of assurance were forwarded to them through the Canadian Mounted Police. Lieut.-Col. Macleod, Commissioner of the N.W.M.P.; Lieut.-Col. Irvine, Assistant Commissioner; Major Walsh, Inspector commanding at Wood Mountain; Major Crozier, Inspector commanding Fort Walsh; Inspector Macdonnel and other officers of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, as well as Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney, did all in their power to induce a surrender. In February, 1881, Major Crozier made a last supreme effort. He gave a big feast to the Indians, and Sitting Bull went so far as to say:

"If I could get a good letter from Major Brotherton (United States commanding officer at Fort Buford), that we will be well received, I may go; I will see about it." Couriers having been despatched and most reassuring letters having been received, Major Crozier felt that he was sure to gain his point. Another big feast was given, and the American letter produced and read. As soon as it was read, however, Sitting Bull jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "I don't take a word that is said." With that he turned on his heel, and Major Crozier, disappointed beyond measure, replied: "I do not want to see any of you any longer, I have had so much trouble with you." He then turned them away from the fort, and they started for Legaré's post.

LIEUT.-COL. A. G. IRVINE
Assistant Commissioner N.W.M. Police at time Sitting Bull was in Canada

It was still winter, the weather biting cold, and they were starving. It was then, says Legaré, that he determined to surrender them. To Father St. Germain, the resident Roman Catholic priest, he said: "If the British Government and the Americans cannot do a thing with Sitting Bull, I will surrender him. I will do it myself. If they pay me, that is all right, but anyhow I will have the credit for it." Nor did he lose any time in setting to work at the task which he had promised to accomplish.

"I first," he says, "gave a feast to all the camps. There were about five hundred people there at the time. After they had a good meal I spoke to them. I told them that it was five years since we were together. I said: 'I was the first man to shake hands with you when you crossed the line, and I have stayed with you all the time since. I never said anything much to you before, but this time I have to talk a little to you. I see this spring that there is nothing good for you anywhere; all the half-breeds are going away—don't want to see you—and the mounted police don't want to see you any more towards or close to the fort. For my part, I will try once to help you. If you want to listen to me, I see just now only one thing is good for you. The American Government is very well disposed to receive you this spring. If you like your children, as you are very poor, you will take my words. You will surrender very soon.' Well, they said nothing. In the first place, some of the chiefs commenced to talk, saying that they believed me very well, but they would not believe the American authorities. In surrendering themselves the Americans were waiting only to have them all together to kill them. I told them, 'You know very

MAJOR L. N. CROZIER
Inspector Commanding Fort Walsh during Sitting Bull's residence in Canada

Well, this was on the 20th of April, and I told them in five days from that very date to start for Buford. 'If anyone will go with me, get ready,' I said. On the 26th of April I was ready with twelve carts, horses and guns and everything ready. I went to the camp with my baggage. About thirty of the Sioux got ready to start with me, and we started and travelled about twelve miles that day."

This first trip to Buford was an eventful one. The day after the departure Sitting Bull held a council and induced some of his followers to go to Qu'Appelle, a military post some 180 miles north of the Wood Mountain country. His object was to consult with the Big Ogema (the big chief), Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney, who wished to surrender him and his party by way of Pembina. Before starting out on this journey he very considerately ordered all the poor and the old of his band to stick close to Legaré's store, the only available fountain of supplies, during his absence. He also sent five men in pursuit of Legaré and his cavalcade, who reached his camp early in the morning. Among the number was Sitting Bull's nephew, who seized hold of Legaré and shook him violently, saying at the same time: "We know very well now what you are going to do with that party you are taking to Buford. You want to take all the big ones with you, and it is because you want to sell them by the pound." This was an unexpected disaster, which resulted in the return of all but sixteen. These latter remained with the procession until Buford was reached, after eight days' journey in Red River carts. At Buford the guns and ponies were taken away from the Indians and they were

well I never said much to you except when it was necessary.' 'How!' they said. 'If you do not believe me—I will do more than that—come with me as many as you want, chief or brave, thirty or forty. We will go and see Major Brotherton. I will talk for you. I will furnish you with provisions, horses, guns, ammunition, and treat you well going to Fort Buford; I will talk for you. If you have no good answer from Major Brotherton I will bring you back, every one of you.' 'How!' they say, and they ask me, 'If he keeps us there what will you do?' 'If he keep you I will stay with you.' 'How!' 'Washtay!' they say. But Sitting Bull was not glad of it at all. He knew, in the first place, that I had much influence in the camp, and that I would diminish his party a good deal.

surrendered to Major Brotherton.

On his return to Willow Bunch, Legaré found that the Indians so kindly disposed about his trading post were slowly but surely devouring all the supplies that his store contained. In order to save as much of his dried buffalo meat, pemmican, flour, bacon, sugar, tea and tobacco as he could, he tried to persuade as many as possible of them to go with him on a second trip and surrender at Buford. Many would not move, pending Sitting Bull's return from Qu'Appelle, but 32 were prevailed upon to go. This second cavalcade of carts left Willow Bunch on the 23rd of May, and reached Buford on the first day of the month. The Indians were duly surrendered to Major Brotherton and taken in the carts to the river steamer where, with a number of others, they were sent down to Standing Rock agency. Legaré, with three Sioux witnesses who were to return to Willow Bunch to assure the rest of the band of the nature of the reception by the United States authorities, made his way back to Willow Bunch about the 8th of June. Sitting Bull was still absent at Qu'Appelle, and did not return till July 2nd. That day Sitting Bull and the whole remaining band visited Legaré's house, and Sitting Bull assured him that he would do anything he wanted if he would give a feast to the whole crowd and twelve sacks of flour to himself. The feast was given, and when at that stage in cultivated society the finger bowls are brought on, Sitting Bull said to Legaré: "These five years I know you; you never said anything to me in your life, but I heard many times what you were saying to the others, and your word has been put in cash. I heard in Qu'Appelle that you were carrying my camp to Buford. I started from Qu'Appelle with the same intention, to surrender myself if you give me time for it." Governor Dewdney, he said, offered to pay all expenses for his band if he would go and surrender to the American authorities. He answered; "No; if I have the intention to surrender, with nobody else but Jean Louis will I go." And he continued: "If you wait until we are in a little better order and fatter, we will go to Buford with you."

SPOTTED EAGLE
One of the Chiefs with Sitting Bull

Legaré's position was difficult. "I was very anxious," he says, "to remove them as soon as possible. My men were so tired of them they about left me alone. I did not ask Sitting Bull to go with me because if I asked he never would go at all, and I told him:

RAIN-IN-THE-FACE
One of Sitting Bull's confrères

and said: 'We want ten sacks of flour to make bread before we start from here.' But I thought they would keep that much and not go at all, but I was in that position I could refuse nothing; they were masters of me. I gave nine sacks of flour, and when they sent a man to the camp with that flour, Sitting Bull was not pleased with it, and he said to the others: 'Now, Jean Louis is cheating us, because I asked him ten and he gives us only nine.' I got everything ready to start in the morning, 37 carts and 7 men with me to take care of the carts and ponies on the road."

Little incidents like this give some insight into Indian character and an idea of the difficulties with which Legaré had to contend. The idea that "Jean Louis" had been cheating threw the whole camp into a condition of sullenness, from which only the piling of all the provisions in the warehouse on the carts, the addition of twenty ponies to the band for the sake of appearance, and gifts of many cartridges to fire in the air as the procession moved on, recovered it. After these preliminary arrangements had been completed, Sitting Bull demanded two sacks of flour, which were given him, and helped himself to a fifteen dollar revolver and a pair of field glasses with which he decorated his person. Legaré thought the camp would now move, but the tepees continued in the same place. It was useless to await the pleasure of the Indians any longer, and Jean Louis started without them, 24 carts following and 13 carts remaining behind for Sitting Bull, Four Horns, Red Thunder and White Dog. In the accommodating spirit which had been shown all along, these chiefs, instead of going south-east with Legaré,

'If any of you want to go with me it is of your own free will. I will start the day after to-morrow.' 'No,' Sitting Bull said, 'we cannot go as soon as that. If you wait until ten days we may be ready.' 'No, I will refuse to wait so long,' I replied. But I had to do something to please him, not quite agree with him, but be willing to agree. I told him seven days, and he done the best he could to get me to wait longer. He said he was sick, and went away on a visit, etc., but I did not pay any attention to him. I waited until the tenth of July, and I told the Indians that I wanted those who intended to go with me to move out of the camp and pitch their tents together at another point. I wanted to see if they were willing to start—no use to go to expenses for nothing. They removed about forty lodges, and Sitting Bull came to me

started in a northerly direction. This indisposition on the part of Sitting Bull to surrender is explained by the fact that he had heard that the Americans had offered a large reward for his head, and feared that Mr. Legaré's kind attentions were in some way connected with the reward. All the half-breeds in the main cavalcade were sent after them to secure the return of the carts and supplies. The chief asked time to "smoke" before delivering up the property, and the result of their deliberations was that they returned to the main column next day, timing their arrival so that it coincided nicely with the dinner hour. At night time some of the families who had been left behind at Willow Bunch caught up with the camp, and at a late hour Mr. Legaré was rather surprised to hear on the midnight air the voice of a brave calling upon his friends generally to walk up and receive presents from the stock of supplies. He at once went out to reconnoitre. "I saw them," he says, "taking eight bags of flour from my carts, and I could not stop them, but when I saw one more come I tried to stop him. One Indian came close to me, took a sack of flour and wanted to return to Wood Mountain with it. I ordered him to leave the sack of flour there as it belonged to me. As I went close to the sacks of flour, my feet touching them, the Indian, who was mad at my words, took his gun and shot twice into the bag of flour. I refused to let him take any. He went a little further into the camp, took flour from the other carts and went back. The Indians did not say a word, all was quiet; they were not pleased at what I was doing."

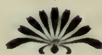
Such strained relations were caused by this incident that Mr. Legaré felt it necessary to explain the reason for his —to ordinary people—not extraordinary action. He pointed out that he was not open to reproach because he had interfered to avoid running out of provisions before reaching Buford. After this apology had been carefully considered for half an hour, a chief smoothed the whole difficulty over in a way that is charming for its novelty and its clear comprehensions of the rights and obligations of *meum* and *tuum*. He said: "If you are glad, we are very glad. You have strong heart. You gave us plenty provisions on the road. The Indian is the same. He has plenty, he gives some to his friends."

After this the journey to Buford continued to be uneventful until within about fifty miles of the destination, when waggons with supplies for which Legaré had sent on ahead came in view. When Sitting Bull saw them coming he struck his breast and grunted. Legaré asked him what was the matter. He said "Americans are coming." He was afraid. He was on horseback, and turned back; but as soon as he saw the Indians and half-breeds ahead of the waggons he became quiet.

The final surrender to the United States authorities took place on July 21st in the presence of Inspector McDonnel of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, and was the occasion of a striking and pathetic incident. With Sitting Bull was his little boy, a lad of eight years. To him he handed his gun, at the same time saying: "My boy, if you live you can never be a man in this world because you never can have a gun or pony." The boy handed the gun to Major Brotherton, thus completing the surrender of two generations, the new as well as the old. The old Chief, turning to that officer, said: "The land I have under my feet is mine again, I never sold it, never gave it to anybody. If I left Black Hills five years ago it was because I would raise my family quietly. It is the law of the Big Woman (the Queen) to have everything quiet in that place, but I thought all the time to come back to this country, and now as Legaré was bringing my friends here (I heard one of my girls was with him), I determined to start from Qu'Appelle and come with him to Fort Buford, and now I want to make a bargain with the United States Government, a solid one. I want to have witnesses on both sides, some Englishmen, some Americans."

The bargain was made and witnessed, the surrender was complete, and on the same day "Jean Louis" started back to Willow Bunch.

NOTE—After many unsuccessful efforts by personal application to procure payment of his claim for the surrender of Sitting Bull to the United States authorities, Legaré, on July 15th, 1887, entered suit in the United States Court of Claims for $13,412 for his services and expenses, with the result that judgment was given in his favour many years ago for some such amount as the U.S. Senate has at last seen fit to provide. In connection with the suit evidence was taken on commission at Regina, the capital of the North-West Territories of Canada, in the fall of 1888, where were gathered together, besides Legaré, several prominent officers of the North-West Mounted Police and many picturesque figures, including the venerable Father St. Germain. The writer acted as Counsel for the Department of Justice of the United States on the taking of the evidence under the commission, and is able to tell Legaré's story as it was taken down at the time, and supplemented in conversation afterwards.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

BY MARTHA MARTIN

WHILE Cupid, his arrows and bow flung aside,
Was sleeping one morn 'neath a tree,
It happened that Malice was passing close by,
And seeing the weapons, he came up quite sly,
And seizing them ran off in glee.

In horror and grief Cupid wakened to find
His love-giving arrows all gone;
Bewailing and weeping he hunted each place,
On swift-speeding wings he continued his chase
Each day from the earliest dawn.

But vain were his searches, alas! And he soon
Began to grow pallid and pine,—
When one frosty morning in February, lo,
An old man approached with a sheath and a bow,
Who proved to be St. Valentine!

"Here, child, are thy weapons, I rescued at last
From Malice with might and with main,—
The hearts of the people are passive and cold,
Go pierce with thine arrows the young and the old,
That love's flame may kindle again."

Then Cupid grew happy and active once more,
His shafts flew in numbers away;
Love greetings and tokens and pledges went round,
By ties deep and tender all hearts became bound,
And this was St. Valentine's day.

THE BUILDERS

Author of "How Hartman Won"

CHAPTER V

"'Eave-oh-haw—'eave-oh-hoh!
'Eave-oh-haw, yoh-hee!
Sally come out to the wishing gate,
To the wishing gate with me.

"'Eave-oh-hie, 'eave-oh-haw!
'Eave-oh-hie, yoh-hoh!
For after another day of fun,
Oh, Sally, I've got to go."

SO sang the jolly tars, as with mighty swing and steady rhythm they pulled the halyards and set their sails.

"Did yo' see the leddy, Alf?"

"Bet yo' six-punce, I did."

"Aren't she a daisy?"

"Ef she arn't, I'd like to know where you find on'"

"It's just jolly to have the real thing aboard—none of your tuppenny 'a'penny pieces, but a geno-wine leddy thro' and thro.'"

"Did you see how she was watchin' and smilin' while we was fixing the tackle by the big mast?"

"Yes, we all seed it. She's got the hearts of the chaps already, even if she be a married 'oman."

"'Eave-oh-haw, 'eave-oh-hoh!
'Eave-oh-haw, yoh-hie!
Sally's gone back to the washin' tub,
And on ocean brine am I."

"Do you know, Ned, I've been on the *North King* ever sin' she was launched at Glasgow, seventeen year ago, and this is the fust time a leddy has ever sailed aboard of her."

"If they're all like this 'un, I hope it won't be the last time, uther."

"But, 'eave-oh-haw, and, 'eave-oh-hoh!
Yes, 'eave-oh-haw, yoh-hoo!
For whenever her lad comes home again
His Sally will all'us be true."

And so the sailors echoed her praises while they sang their songs and adjusted the rigging of the ship, even before they were three days out at sea.

Yes, Helen was on the *North King*, and her beauty and strong gentleness had captured the hearts of everyone, soldiers as well as marines. Already she was the acknowledged queen—the queen of a mighty ship, for the *North King* had a splendid record. Never had she been defeated in battle, and her history dated back to the time when she was one of the vanguard in Nelson's memorable victory at the Nile.

Now she had a double mission; first, to carry the two companies of the 100th regiment to Halifax, together with their stores for the overland journey; and then to turn southwards along the coast line, and join the British squadron in their attack upon United States cities.

Like many of the British war vessels of that date, however, she was built

in antiquated style. While steady in movement and easily manned, she was a slow sailor—very different from the clipper-built, light running American warships, which had distressingly harassed the British during several of their more recent engagements. This fact alone made a sea-fight probable before Halifax could be reached, for the American liners were ever on the lookout for incoming vessels.

Hence, the English motto, "Keep your musket polished and your powder dry," seemed to actuate every man on board; and before they reached mid-ocean an extra lookout was stationed on the top-gallant-mast to keep perpetual vigil.

Helen had never been on a man-of-war before; but she was a good sailor, and enjoyed being on deck, clothed in garments that resisted the penetration of the December winds. Her comfort, too, had been well provided for; and Captain Osborne, the ship-master, out of courtesy to the bride, even surrendered, for the time being, his own cabin to the benedict and his wife.

Harold, on the plea of discipline, protested, but the Captain insisted; and, not by any means ungratefully, they accepted the situation. The presence of a lady on his ship softened the heart of the old bachelor and, having no rule to guide him, he concluded to be a law unto himself.

While the rough weather did not affect Helen, it did very materially affect the women of the steerage. The compartment assigned to them and their husbands was beneath the forecastle and, owing to its forward position, the rocking during a rough sea was extreme.

On the morning of the third day of the most prolonged storm of the voyage, the tempest was at its highest. The ship with frightful lurches pitched fore and aft. It was simply a plaything tossed at the caprice of the untamed sea. After a time it became necessary to close down the hatchways. Rain was over, but the wind whistled wildly through the rigging, and stretched to their utmost tension the few sails that were set.

Harold had more duties to perform that morning than usual, and was late in returning to his cabin. Three hours earlier he had parted with his wife, and the storm not having reached its highest point, she was preparing at the time to go on deck. Now, to his surprise, she was not to be found. First he scanned the upper and lower decks, next the large saloon, and finally their own state-room, but all without avail.

He was seriously alarmed. It was the first time during the ten days of their voyage that he had missed her. Where could she be? With the tremendous tip of the vessel and the swash of the sea, could she have been swept overboard? Was it possible that the angry waves had stolen her from him? and unconsciously he wrung his hands in a sharp twinge of agony.

Rushing up the gangway again to the upper deck, he met Captain Osborne and the Colonel coming down.

"What is the matter, Harold?" cried Sir George. "The storm is not scaring you, surely?"

"No, sir," he stammered, "but I cannot find my wife."

"Oh, she's safe somewhere," was the reassuring answer. "The *North King* is not big enough to lose a woman upon. Is she, Captain?"

"You might lose her off in a storm like this," was the answer. The Captain felt like chaffing the young benedict. "Fact is, I've known more than one woman to drop overboard. And men by the dozen."

"Stuff," exclaimed Sir George, who saw that Harold was taking it seriously.

"Fact," returned the officer. "We just lightered ship after each battle was over." But Harold was off toward the soldiers' quarters. A new idea had seized him; perhaps she had gone to visit the other women. Only the evening before she had remarked that they had not been on deck since the storm began. And he knew that some of them were ill.

"Is Mrs. Manning down there?" he asked of a seaman as he descended the main stairway to their cabin.

"Yes, sir, ahh think so," was the answer of the man as he touched his cap. "Corporal Jenkins' wife is pretty low, and one of the wimmin fetched her. Theer she is at end o't' cabin under 'tfo' castle."

Harold hurried on. Owing to the storm the hatchways had been fastened down for days. The port holes were closed and the air of the densely-peopled compartment was impure. Still, a couple of men at the far end were again singing:

"'Eave-oh-haw, 'eave-oh-hoh, 'eave-oh-haw, yo-hee!
Sally come out to the wishing gate,
To the wishing gate with me."

For a moment he felt savage that his wife should be in a place like this, but then as a counterfoil there was the shuddering thought, she might have been overboard. Several men in the long, dark aisle stepped aside to let him pass. By-and-bye he reached the wretched little cabin which the woman occupied. Helen was there, holding to one of the uprights for support, and bending over the woman as she applied a soothing lotion to her head with the other hand.

Involuntarily she started when she saw her husband approach.

"Sweetheart, this is no place for you," he muttered as he gently took her arm.

"I had to come," she answered, motioning toward the bed. "I did not know she was so ill until Mrs. Bond came for me an hour ago. She has been sick ever since we came on board."

From the woman's face she was evidently very ill. She seemed almost dying, and the foul air only helped to aggravate her condition.

Harold drew Helen to one side. "This fetid place will kill you. You must come away at once," he said.

"Never fear," she replied, trying to smile. "I am much needed and can stand anything. Both the other women are tired; and unless the poor creature is helped some way, she is sure to die."

"From her looks," said Harold, "there is no hope now. You had better suggest to Mrs. Bond what to do, and then come away with me. I will speak to the Colonel of her condition at once."

"It is the abominable air that is killing her," said Helen.

"It is fetid, sure enough, but the storm is abating and the hatches will soon be opened again," was his answer.

From the centre of the low ceiling a little lamp was swinging and, although mid-day, the double light merely made the darkness visible. On the floor were a couple of wooden stools; and upon a straw pallet on a lower berth the woman lay. Covered with a grey blanket she tossed from side to side with every movement of the ship; while her husband sat by her and wiped away the saliva that was constantly drooling from her mouth.

Helen was reluctant to leave, but after speaking to Mrs. Bond she yielded, and Harold led the way to the upper air. The sky was already clearing and the waves had ceased to wash the deck.

"What a pity we have no doctor on board," said Helen, grasping his arm as they steered for their own gangway. "It does not give the poor woman a chance."

"Sir George does not like it either," replied Harold. "The fact is, the marine surgeon took ill and had to be left behind at the last moment, so the order came to have his place supplied when we reach Halifax. Still, the Captain has a supply of medicines, and is skilful as well."

"I know," returned Helen. "The women say he has given her calomel every day since we sailed, and yet she gets worse."

"Perhaps his doses are not large enough," said Harold. "I know the doctors call it one of their sheet-anchors. I shall speak to the Colonel about that, too."

"And shall we have to go all the way to Penetang without a doctor?" Helen asked with a little tremor in her voice.

"Oh no, dearie, that will be arranged for when we reach port."

"Hello, my lady! So you were playing truant! trying hide-go-seek in the nether regions, I hear," cried the Colonel with a laugh, as they entered the saloon.

"The women sent for me, Sir George," she answered gravely. "I am afraid that poor woman Jenkins is going to die."

"Indeed, so bad as that!" he exclaimed in surprise. "I heard her case was only one of ordinary seasickness. Something must be done for her. She is really the best woman that we have on board. Oh, here's the Captain! We'll see what he has to say." And turning to him. "This is distressing news about Corporal Jenkins' wife," Sir George continued. "They say she is terribly ill. Did you know it, Captain?"

"I am sorry to say it is true," was the answer. "She took ill right after we left the Channel, and should have been bled then; but there was no one on board to do it, so I applied a dozen leeches and gave her physic. Spite of all we could do she got worse when the last storm came, so I increased the calomel; but I fear it will be of no use."

"Are you sure you gave her enough," asked the Colonel, echoing Harold's question.

"I think so. It would hardly be safe to give her more. She is salivated so badly now that she can scarcely swallow anything. The only thing left to do is to give her opium."

"Too bad," replied Sir George, sadly. "After her large camp experience she was a capital woman to have with us. You see, we couldn't bring her children on account of the overland journey, and now I fear we have made a mistake all round. Zounds! I wish I hadn't brought her."

"It is hard to tell what is really the matter," said the Captain.

"My own belief is that it is low fever contracted in Spain three months ago," said the engineer. "She was not feeling well when we sailed. You know, Colonel, she was with the Corporal throughout the continental war, and he was transferred to us as soon as he returned."

"It is unfortunate that the sickness was not discovered before we sailed," said Sir George, seriously. "Is there anything at all you can recommend, Payne? It is a d——d shame that we have no doctor on board."

"We might try wine and bark and stop the calomel," was the reply.

"I am afraid her mouth is too sore to swallow," was Osborne's comment.

"Make her try," returned the engineer, "and give her opium afterwards to soothe her gums."

And so saying they went down to lunch.

"I must see her again to-night," whispered Helen to Harold, as they seated themselves at their own little table in the saloon. "I really must."

"But Helen, the danger!"

"No danger at all, dearie! I may not ask to do it again." And there was an appealing tone in her voice that Harold could not resist.

"Well, if you must, I will go too," was his answer—and silently they finished their meal.

CHAPTER VI

"SHE'S kinder sleepin' marm," said Mrs. Bond in a whisper; "but she was ravin' after you left till she got the new medicine. That quieted 'er like."

Helen was at the door with Harold by her side. As he had promised, the hatchways were open and the air purer.

"I have brought some jelly," said Helen in a low voice.

"This is the first sleep she's had for a long spell," returned the corporal, gazing intently on the face of his wife. "P'raps we'd better wait a bit."

For some minutes Helen stood still silently watching the sick woman. She was between thirty and forty years of age, with face prematurely old. Her ashen-grey features were very thin and her lips swollen and open, while every

few minutes she grasped faintly at imaginary phantoms.

"Won't you take a seat, marm?" whispered Mrs. Bond. "Mrs. 'Ardman has gone on deck for a breath or two of fresh air."

But Helen declined. The woman moaned as she slept. Then with a start her eyes opened and she peered toward the spot where Helen stood, grasping feebly with outstretched hand.

"It's Willie," she cried in a tone muffled by her swollen tongue. Her eyes were wide open now. "Why don't they let 'im come to me? And there's Jimmy and Jenny, too. Oh, my childer! my childer!" And she ended with a low, tearless wail. Her friends tried to soothe her, but it was no use. Waving them back, she went on with a gasp. "They won't let 'em—they won't let 'em—but am deein'—and it don't matter now."

"Willie's the lad that died last year," Mrs. Bond whispered to Helen.

Mrs. Jenkins had the only dry eyes in the cramped little room. Women do not weep when they are dying. Saliva was still drooling from her mouth, and Mrs. Bond wiped it gently away with a soft rag. Then she gave her a spoonful of the wine jelly, which she swallowed with difficulty. But the cordial in it soothed her and she closed her eyes again.

"It's the reg'lations about childer," continued Mrs. Bond in a low voice. "Soldiers' wives cannot take their childer wee 'em on a march."

"Where are her children?" Helen asked with trembling lips.

"Wee 'er mother," was the reply. "She was wee 'em hersel' for a week after she came back from Spain. And they say she cut up awful when she 'ad to leave 'em again."

"Have you got any children?" was Helen's next question, her mind becoming unpleasantly familiar with actual facts.

"Yes, indeed, marm! I've three living—please God—they are pretty big now. I used to leave 'em when they were little sometimes, an' it was killing work, I tell you. But now they're big, an' placed; an' it's different when they can take care of theirselves."

By this time Mrs. Hardman had returned. She was younger than the other two, and although married for several years, perhaps fortunately for a soldier's wife, she had no children.

"She's very low, marm," was her first expression.

"Has the Chaplain been to see her?" Helen asked.

"Yes, marm, 'ee was here this afternoon, and said 'ee'd come again in the mornin'."

"She won't be living then," said the corporal, wringing his hands. "Oh, my Betsy, my bonny wife! What'll I do without ye?"

Her eyes slowly opened and rested upon her husband, who was kneeling beside her. Gradually a rational look came into her face. A faint smile lit up her features as he clasped her hand.

"God—bless—you," she whispered.

"Come, Helen," said Harold, gently drawing his wife away. "I will have the chaplain sent at once if you like, but I don't see what he can do now."

"He might comfort them, perhaps," she whispered as again she followed him. "What awfully sad lives army women have, anyway," she continued, as she dashed away the tears that would persist in flowing. "Too bad for her to die. I wonder if it had to be? And that calomel, I hate it. The women say that pints of water have been running from her mouth for days. No wonder she could not eat. The poor thing's a mere skeleton."

"Quite true, darling! But this is something that cannot be helped," said Harold, slipping his arm around Helen's waist as they walked along the now quiet deck. "And my sweet wife must not think she knows too much. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, you know."

"I suppose you are right. Captain Osborne is kind-hearted, and it was very good of him to give up his pretty stateroom to us. But still I cannot help wondering if it was best for her

to have so much calomel. Perhaps she had to die—so many people have. How hard, too, for the women to be separated from their children whenever they go with their husbands on a campaign."

"But it is their husbands' fault," he suggested.

"How so, Harold?"

"Because soldiers usually marry without the consent of their superior officers."

Spite of her tears, Helen smiled as she caught the drift of his words.

"Often, too, the common soldier enlists when drunk," he continued, "and then, out of revenge, or because he has to; I knew an officer who had to; he runs all risks and marries upon the first opportunity."

"Does that often happen?" she asked demurely.

"Yes, over and over again," he replied more gravely. "Sometimes a soldier will be married for years before his captain finds it out. He has nothing to keep his wife on, so he leaves her with her people or to potter for herself till he comes home again. Then, in the end, if a man has been steady and seldom in the guard-house, they give him a chance to take his wife and children with him, particularly when there is little marching to be done; but a tramp of a thousand miles is a different thing."

"I'm sorry for the poor children."

"Yes, and I'm sorry for the Corporal. It will be hard for him with his wife dead and his children away. What is more, sweetheart, I'm sorry for Mrs. Manning, who will have one woman less to go with her on her long journey."

"You foolish fellow, I'm all right." But she tightened her clasp upon his arm and cuddled closer.

"Of course you are, and as brave a woman as ever lived. But Mrs. Jenkins would have been a help to you."

"Oh, do send the Chaplain, please," she interrupted in trembling accents.

"Yes, dearest," and he hastened away on his errand.

CHAPTER VII

THE next day was Sunday, but a sad day on the *North King*—for it was known by daybreak throughout the long line of bunks in the forecastle that the woman was dead.

The rugged tars, inured to the vicissitudes of warfare, and the hardships of a never-ending life on the sea, would have thought nothing of dropping a man overboard—"for what is a man more than a sheep?" And the brave soldiers, who time and again had rolled a fallen comrade hastily into a hole to keep his body from falling into the hands of the enemy, would only have been putting one more man out of sight. But this was a woman, the wife of a fellow-soldier, who had dared to leave her children that she might be with her husband and his comrades through all the terrors of a long midwinter march. The conditions were entirely different. In importance there was no comparison. And when Chaplain Evans, after reading morning prayers, on that still December morning, announced that the funeral service would be at three o'clock in the afternoon, there were compressed lips and rigid features, and hearts that were softened. By-and-bye all was over and the sealed bag was dropped into the ocean. Then the men lined up, and one by one grasped the Corporal by the hand, mutely telling him of their love and sympathy. It was all the poor fellow could stand. Perhaps it was bad form. They had never had a similar experience to guide them. But it told Corporal Jenkins that their hearts were true; and after the last clasp he strode away by himself and shed silent tears over his lost wife and motherless bairns.

For two days there was a subdued aspect on board. The men joked less. There were fewer loud guffaws. Even "Sally" was not sung; and all on board, from the Colonel downward, bore the aspect of men impressed with the fact tnat something unusual had happened.

But soon a change came. Every-

thing in the past was forgotten. The actual present became of vital moment, for in the early morning:

"Sail ahead," sounded from the lookout on the top-gallant-mast.

"Three-masted, west by sou'-west, over to larboard."

"What flag?" shouted the officer on duty.

"Too far off. Can't tell yet," was the answer.

In another minute Captain Osborne was there, too; and in the distance, brightened by the sunlight, he discerned a little speck of white canvas. The hull of the vessel was still hidden by the curve of the ocean. Bringing his glass to bear, he exclaimed to Sir George, who stood beside him:

"I see it now; and, by heaven, it's the Yankee flag!"

"What's her course?" he yelled to the man aloft.

"Bearing down upon us, tacking to nor'-east. Now I see her flag. It's the stars and stripes. Looks like a man-of-war. The black spots must be her guns."

"Clear ship for action," shouted the captain in ringing tones.

Quicker than words can tell, the decks were swept of all but guns, canister and shot. Pikes, pistols and rifles were ready. Gun tackles were lashed—every man at his post.

In a few minutes the distant vessel loomed up into clearer vision. The stars and stripes were there sure enough. Sweeping down upon them, the tightly built little craft was full of fight and bent upon the offensive.

"She's plucky to attack us," exclaimed the captain, "with odds in guns and ship-room in our favour."

"Yes, but look at her speed. How she shoots through the water!"

"There! She's tacking again," muttered the captain. "When her broadside heaves to we'll take time by the forelock and open fire. Be ready, men!" he called out.

In another minute the American vessel gracefully swept around, setting every sail in good position for the conflict. Then the captain signalled for a round from the larboard guns. Instantly the big cannon bellowed forth their messenger of death. But it was none too soon, for at that very moment smoke issued from the bow of the frigate, and a twenty-pound ball plunged through the ranks on the deck of the *North King*, shattering one of the boats to pieces.

"A good shot," said the captain quietly, as the men carried off a dead seaman and a couple of wounded soldiers.

"Her name's the *Delaware*," said Sir George, who was using his glass.

"We've hit her," ejaculated the captain. "There's a hole in her forecastle and her bowsprit's gone. Give her the rest of the larboard guns."

That the *Delaware* was injured was evident, for although continuing to fire, she tacked again and put on full sail to increase the distance between her and the British ship, for a stiff breeze was blowing.

A fierce yell rang out from the men. The order for chase was given and, wild with enthusiasm, every stitch of canvas was put on to overtake the retreating *Delaware*. The sun shone overhead among white cap clouds, and the sea was dashing big waves and foamy jets over the sides of the ships; while at brief intervals one or other continued to belch out its thunder and its shot.

But the distance was too great for many of the balls to be effective. The Yankee fire did some damage to the rigging, and sent a nine-pound ball through a port hole, making havoc inside and killing a cook; but as she was gradually creeping further away, the fire of the *North King* did little effectual service. Over and over again her gunners aimed at the mizzen-mast of the enemy, but it didn't budge. They were not sure that the shot even touched her. The fight was discouraging. At last there was a new manœuvre on the frigate.

"They are making desperate efforts over there," commented the Colonel.

"Yes," exclaimed Captain Payne, who was also closely watching the

enemy, "they are placing their biggest gun in the stern, right behind the mizzen-mast. Our fire has destroyed the railing and you can see what they are at."

"Good Lord! to take us with their big ball as a parting salute," was Osborne's comment. "But we'll be even with them," and he hurried forward to give orders.

"That gun must be disabled at any cost before it can be fired," he yelled to his men, and with another shout they were quick to do his bidding.

That the *Delaware* was determined to carry out her plans was evident. With her stern to her foe, her men were taking in sail to diminish the intervening distance, and make the shot more telling.

"If they would only let us get within musket range before they fire her," suggested Captain Payne.

"We might reach her now," returned Sir George. "Give the order, Captain. Having once fired that infernal cannon they will put on sail and run."

By Captain Osborne's order half a dozen balls whirled away from the muzzles of the forward guns, simultaneously with the crash of the musketry. Through his glass Sir George saw a gunner at the big cannon fall, while the main deck of the frigate was torn up by the cannonading. But the big gun was still uninjured and the *Delaware* had its revenge. Another seaman stepped into place and put a match to the magazine. Then with terrible force the huge ball crashed into the prow of the *North King*. Fortunately it was above water mark.

A yell could be heard from the Americans for they saw the damage they had done, but as another broadside from the liner smashed into their rigging, they hoisted full sail again and gradually swept out of range.

The exasperating effects of slow sailing could not be helped; and the battle being over, attention was directed to the dead and the wounded.

How much the *Delaware* was injured it was impossible to tell, but that the punishment was severe seemed evident, for she did not return to the attack. Steadily the distance increased between the two ships, and before night came the last trace of the enemy was discerned from the mast-head, disappearing over the horizon. Whether she had gone south for repairs or with damaged sails was afraid of attacking her big antagonist again was never heard. The season was far spent, however, and winter having commenced, ocean fighting in that northern region was practically over. This made the rest of the sailing uneventful, for United States ships were not seen again during the balance of the voyage.

Much against her will Helen remained in her stateroom during the whole of the contest. She had not appeared on deck that day when the *Delaware* was first seen, and the order to clear the decks given. After the battle was over, however, she went to the prow of the boat with Harold in time to see the clipper's heels gradually disappearing.

"Are you glad it is over?" he asked, as he slipped his arm around her.

"I suppose I should be," was her answer, fixing her eyes on the distant frigate, "but I don't know that I am. It was audacious for a little thing like that to attack a big war vessel like the *North King*. They have killed some of our men—a pity you didn't give them a thrashing."

"Why, Helen, what a fighter you are!"

"It is natural, I suppose." This time she laughed. "If the feeling had not been inherited, perhaps I would not have been willing to come with you at all."

"And now you cannot turn back even if you want to."

"But dearie, I don't and never did."

"Not even when the enemy were killing our men?" he asked, looking earnestly into her eyes.

"No, not even then," she said, "but I think Sir George might have let me come on deck."

"And expose the only lady we've

got, and she my wife, to the hellish dangers of battle. No, indeed!"

"If we have another fight I'll ask him," was her answer.

"And I suppose you think he will consent."

But there were no more battles.

The wounded men progressed favourably, considering that there was no regular surgeon on the ship, and by the time they reached port they were almost well again—ready, at least, to be transferred to the military hospital as convalescents.

Christmas was over and the New Year had arrived before they passed Sable Island. But on the next day they left McNab behind them and could see the little city of Halifax in the distance.

CHAPTER VIII

HELEN stood on deck, wrapped in seal coat and gauntlets, looking at the snow-covered town, as the *North King* sailed up the harbour. Many vessels were already anchored. Others, taking advantage of the sea breeze, were steadily approaching their intended moorings. The bright winter sun showed to advantage the picturesque little city. The dazzling whiteness of the roofs, the varied contours of the houses, the glittering pinnacles of church spires, the little groves of naked trees, backed by the ever-green verdure of pines and cedars, all helped to make an interesting picture.

Most of the buildings were of wood, many being simple log cabins; while others were block-houses of more pretentious mien, whose timbers had been hewn into shape in the forest and then hauled to the city to be built. Here and there a more stately dwelling, built of granite boulders or lime-stone rock, mingled with the rest.

What added much to the weird picturesqueness of the outlook, as Helen gazed upon it, was the glitter of icicles from many of the roofs, as the dazzling sunlight fell upon them. Then there was the far-reaching canopy of snow; while over beyond the houses were hills and cragged rocks and clumps of trees; and back of all, as distant as eye could see, the wide, interminable forest.

"How strange!" she exclaimed, drawing closer to her husband. "I never thought it would be like this."

"But is it not beautiful?" he asked.

"Yes. Still, it looks like a little town at the very end of the world," said Helen with a shiver. "Pretty indeed, but where are the Indians? Is that the Citadel?"

"Yes, that's the Citadel. Although I see no Indians. There are the redcoats. Look! yonder is a company at drill."

"Ah! that is more natural! It makes me like it better. How wonderful it all is!"

Suddenly a violent gust of wind carried the snow in drifts from the roofs of the houses. A grey cloud swept over the sun, and for a brief space the glittering whiteness of the prospect was over. Gradually the ship neared the wharf and, protected by heavy sticks of timber hanging over its side, it ground against the big bulwarks, and with huge ropes was made fast to the dock.

Colonel Mason and his staff were waiting for them, and no sooner had the gangway been laid than they came on board to welcome the officers of the big war-ship, as well as the men of the 100th regiment. Those were not days of Atlantic cables and telegraphic dispatches and, although word had been received by the last ship from Liverpool that Sir George Head was coming out with a small body of troops, the exact date of departure was not announced, although the period of arrival was expected to be earlier than this.

"Right welcome!" exclaimed Colonel Mason, as he shook Sir George and Captain Osborne by the hand. "Long expected, and here at last."

"Rough voyage! Six weeks of it. Glad it's over," was Sir George's laconic reply, as with equal heartiness he returned the greeting.

While introductions were being made Helen and Harold stood in the

background. The quick eye of Colonel Mason soon noted them.

"Lieutenant and Mrs. Manning," said Sir George at last. "You did not know, Colonel, that we had a lady on board."

"An unusual, but a pleasant surprise," was the answer as the officer bowed over her hand. "I extend to Mrs. Manning and all of you a most cordial welcome."

Helen looked very beautiful that morning. The keen air had given a rosy tint to her check. Her eyes sparkled with interest, and her closely-fitting fur coat set off her beauty to advantage.

"We never expect ladies to cross the Atlantic in midwinter, particularly on a man-of-war," Colonel Mason continued, turning to her again. "It takes rare courage, madam; and it is delightful to find it possessed by so young and charming a lady."

Colonel Mason was a courteous and gallant officer of the old school.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, her face flushing with pleasure. "It was a little trying to be the only one on board; but the officers were very good to me. I hope I did not tax their patience too much."

"She was all right," exclaimed Sir George with a laugh, "until after the battle—just a little skirmish with the enemy, you know—when she wanted to instal herself as head nurse to the fellows who were wounded—"

"Oh, Colonel!" she exclaimed in amazement, turning suddenly upon him. "How could you?"

"Why! isn't it true?" he replied with a merry twinkle. "But, Mason, what news of the war?" he continued with more gravity. "Word over the sea travels so confoundedly slow. I have heard nothing for two months."

"I am glad to say the report is encouraging," was the reply. "General Hampton's forces were defeated by De Salaberry at Chateauguay Junction; and both Hampton and Wilkinson have gone to winter on the American side of the line. Then, too, only a few weeks ago, Colonel McClure, the terror of the Twenty Mile Creek, was driven back by Colonel Murray's regulars, assisted by loyal Indians. Up to September the invaders were right in the country all along the line; but, thank God, we can hold our own now and intend to keep it."

"That's good news. And how is it on the lakes?"

"Ah, that is different. So far we have had the worst of it. That naval battle of Put-in-Bay was a terrible disaster to us. Commodore Perry, of the American fleet, was too much for Barclay. It ended in a perfect rout. In their hands all our officers and half the crews of our boats were either killed or wounded. The fact is that battle undid all that Brock accomplished by his great victory at Hull."

"That's bad, indeed. But what of Michigan? Surely you have better news from there."

"Gone from us forever, I'm afraid. We must be satisfied if we can hold our own territory; but that we're bound to do."

"To which we all say 'Aye,'" and Sir George's words were echoed by the little group of men that had gathered around them.

"You have dispatches for me, I believe," said Colonel Mason, preparing to lead the way.

"Yes," replied Sir George. "I will give them to you when we reach the Citadel."

Sleighs with broad runners curled up behind and before, comfortably cushioned, and plentifully supplied with Buffalo robes, awaited them; and cheers rang out from the crowd on the wharf as the officers, with Helen by the side of her husband, landed and took their seats. In a few minutes the sleighs in single file dashed away in the direction of the Fort.

"This is just lovely," cried Helen in glee. She had never seen a sleigh before. The ponies trotted off at a swinging pace, the circlet of bells around each of them ringing out merrily.

"They say first impressions are a sure omen of the future," returned

Harold. "This is my first sleigh ride, too, and like you, I am delighted."

"Look at those boys and girls," she cried again as they turned a corner. Hand-sleighs and toboggans, loaded with children, were shooting down a neighbouring hill at a seemingly tremendous speed. "I wonder if some of them won't be killed?"

"Not likely," replied Harold. "They are used to it. And use is second nature. You'll be coasting yourself some day when we get to Penetang."

"Coasting? Is that what they call it?"

Soon the sport of the children was out of view. Another turn was made and, after driving along a level street, they ascended the hill to the Citadel.

"These orders are very explicit," said Colonel Mason to Sir George three hours later, as the two sat together before a blazing fire. They were the only occupants of the room.

"That's Wellington's forte," was the answer. "Emphatic precision in the smallest detail, as well as the largest. Not a bad policy either, if it is an iron rule."

Colonel Mason read on:

"'Two companies of the 100th regiment under Sir George Head, to march from Halifax on snow-shoes or otherwise through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to Quebec. Then on to Montreal and up the Ottawa river to Hull. From there to travel as nearly due west as possible on the lines of the Old Jesuit Mission trail through to Georgian Bay on Lake Huron, which will be their destination. Upon which bay a garrison must forthwith be erected. All goods, ammunition, and garrison effects required must be carried on sleighs accompanying the troops; and, when necessary, roads must be specially made for the purpose. One imperative order of the march is that the column must arrive at Lake Huron before the winter is over and the ice broken up—otherwise the latter part of the march will be much more difficult to accomplish.'"

"And when is the break-up likely to take place?" Sir George asked.

"About the beginning of April," was the reply.

"Which means that in less than three months, in the dead of winter, we must travel a thousand miles, and that a large part of the journey will be through forest that has never been broken."

"A severe undertaking," was Colonel Mason's comment. "But as the marshes and lakes will all be frozen, the winter season is in your favour, Sir George. The only pity is that you were not here before Christmas, then your time would have been more ample."

"We expected to arrive three weeks ago. It was the storms and not the skirmish that delayed us."

"Something you could not avoid. How many men have you, Colonel?"

"Full complement. Two full companies with the exception of several killed and half a dozen wounded."

"A few men of your regiment were left with us by the Marquis of Tweeddale when he went west. What say you to exchanging your men on the sick list and filling up your number? If I mistake not, you will need every man."

"Thank you—a good suggestion."

"What about stores for the journey?"

"Oh! the *North King* has a full supply; but it will take some days to unload, as well as to secure horses and guides; and in this matter we will have to call upon you for assistance."

"I had orders from the war office to that effect some time ago, so you will have nothing to fear on that score. Both men and horses will be ready for inspection to-morrow. The enigma to me is: what is Lieutenant Manning going to do with his wife? I understood from her at lunch that she expected to go with you."

"That is the intention," said Sir George, smiling at the amazement of his host.

"Ye gods," cried the latter. "Do I understand that this young and charming lady is to accompany you through all the hardships of a midwinter journey across half a continent?"

"Hardly that, Mason. Say a quarter instead of half. Still the arrangement is final so far as a woman can make it so," was Sir George's answer.

"Well, it beats me. But you must have other women with you of the 100th. She cannot be the only one."

"We had three soldiers' wives, but unfortunately one of them died on the way. Under the circumstances is there anything you can suggest that will make it easier for Mrs. Manning?"

"Only this, that if the journey for her is absolutely decided upon when you arrive at Quebec, pick out one or two first-class habitant women to go with her. When you secure good ones they are invaluable. They know the country and can endure anything, are as bright as crickets, and as sharp as steel traps."

"A good idea, Colonel. Thank you. I'll make a note of it."

"But what is all this about, Sir George? What do you really expect to do when you reach Penetang?"

"The order is to establish a fort, start a shipyard, and found a colony; and when the end is accomplished leave one of my officers in command and return home."

"I see, I see, and that officer is to be Lieutenant Manning."

"I did not say so," said Sir George with a smile.

A tap at the door interrupted the conversation. Colonel Mason arose and opened it.

"May I come in?" was the question, and a sweet-faced, grey-haired lady presented herself.

"Certainly, my dear," replied her husband. "Sir George and I were just finishing our conversation."

"I hope I am not intruding," she answered, looking from one to the other, "for if at liberty there is something I would like to speak to you about, while you are together."

"We are at your service," replied Sir George, "and so far as I am concerned, you could not have chosen a better moment."

And, so saying, he courteously placed a chair for her.

CHAPTER IX

"I'M all in a flutter, and scarcely know how to begin," commenced Mrs. Mason, stroking down the folds of her dress, and looking timidly at Sir George.

"Well, what is it about, Marion?" Colonel Mason asked, surprised at such an unusual exhibition of feeling on the part of his wife.

"Oh! it's about that dear young creature you brought over with you, Sir George. She tells me that she is going with her husband and the troops right through that dreadful forest. The idea is terrible. Perhaps I have no right to; but I beg to intercede. Can not the plan be changed?"

"Did Mrs. Manning wish you to intercede?" Sir George quietly asked.

"No, indeed! I did not even tell her what I thought, but waited until I could obtain your permission to speak."

"Do you know, Mrs. Mason, that it is by her own desire that she is going?" said Sir George gravely.

"But she doesn't know," protested Mrs. Mason, emphatically. "It would be a shame to take such a young girl out and let her freeze to death on that terrible journey."

"No danger of that, I think," was the smiling rejoinder. "The officers of the 100th regiment are too gallant to allow such a thing to occur."

"Oh, I know you will do what you can," returned Mrs. Mason, changing her attitude a little, "but when you think of the snow and the ice and the intense cold, and all the terrors of the trip, would it not be better to let her stay with us for the winter, and have her go on to the new fort in the summer after it is built?"

"Ah! That is an entirely different matter, and very kind of you to propose it. But if I know Mrs. Manning aright, she will be the last person in the world to consent to a change in the programme."

"But may I not speak to her? I know Colonel Mason will consent."

"Certainly, my dear," assented that gentleman.

"May I ask her to remain with us for a few months then?" she said again turning to Sir George.

"Undoubtedly you may. And if she is willing to stay in Halifax for the winter, with her husband's consent of course, I shall be very happy to leave her to your care."

Thanking Sir George for acceding to her request, Mrs. Mason withdrew.

"It is a dilemma," said Colonel Head, after the door had closed. "And probably a more serious one than I imagined when I sanctioned it. Still I think the pros and contras will balance each other. The presence of a lady in our midst may render our march a little more troublesome, possibly make our speed a little slower; as well as necessitate greater care in our appointments on the road. But it will have a good effect, too. Mrs. Manning is a true lady and is thoroughly in love with her husband. So it will put the fellows on their honour and make them show a bit of genuine chivalry as well. She is as bright as a fairy, has lots of pluck; and, what is more, has a capital voice. We can take care of her and I don't think we'll be out in the end."

"From your view of the case, I don't think you will," was Mason's comment. "Still the thing is so unprecedented that it will be impossible to eliminate the element of risk."

"Life would not be worth living if we could," returned Sir George. "We always have it."

"Well! here's to a successful march and happy ending, whether you take the lady with you or not."

And the two gentlemen touched their glasses and drank the toast.

By this time Mrs. Mason had returned to her own little parlour where Helen was still resting. Extending both hands she exclaimed: "I have got it beautifully arranged, my dear; you are to stay with us for the winter. Sir George Head has given his consent."

"But, my dear Mrs. Mason"——

"Now no objecting at all," interrupted that lady with great vivacity as she held Helen's hands tightly within her own. "You need not say a word but accept the conditions. The idea of you going in January on that desolate trip is terrible. It is appalling. Now you must stay with me and enjoy Halifax while your husband with the rest of the men cut the road through the woods and build the fort; then you"——

"This will not do, Mrs. Mason," Helen in turn interrupted. Her face was already flushed with excitement. "It is very good of you—but really you do not understand the conditions. My going with the troops is imperative. I am sorry you spoke upon this subject to Sir George, for the only reason I had in crossing the ocean was to go with my husband and the soldiers on this journey."

"But the intense cold?"

"I have lots of woollen things and furs."

"For hundreds of miles there is not a house."

"The men will build shanties and heat them with big fires."

"But the wolves! In winter they are intensely savage and hunt in large packs."

Here Helen discomfited her hostess by a ringing peal of laughter.

"Pity if two companies of soldiers cannot keep a pack of wolves from eating up a poor lone woman," she exclaimed. "No, no, Mrs. Mason, argument is out of the question. I came to go with them, and go I will."

"I suppose I must give up then," said Mrs. Mason, pensively. "You are incomprehensible. To think of a girl giving up home and friends and undertaking such a journey in the dead of winter, beats me."

"Ah! but there's something at the end of it, Mrs. Mason," returned Helen warmly, "which will repay one for all the difficulties and fatigues by the way."

"And what is that, pray?"

"They say that Penetanguishene and all the islands there make one of the most beautiful pictures in the wide world. The old Jesuit Fathers used

to declare that the rocky islands of the bay were in summer just like Paradise."

"And to prove it," exclaimed Mrs. Mason, "they froze to death in the winter to be sure of the comparison; but never mind, my dear, if you are determined to go we must do our best to make the trip comfortable for you. You shall have a little break in the tedium of travel, anyway. Our annual military ball takes place here on Friday night, and you must be our honoured guest. It will not be as large as usual, for some of our officers have been killed in the war and others have been wounded. Still it will be nice, and the Governor, Sir John Sherbrooke, and his wife will both be there."

"I am afraid I have not anything to wear," said Helen. "You know I did not expect to attend balls in my new life in the woods."

"But what of your wedding dress?"

"That was of white satin, but, of course, it was high neck and with long sleeves."

"Still you must have had lace and ornaments of one sort or another with you?"

"Oh, yes. I have some rare old India lace of my mother's, and a white crepe veil that my grandmother wore at her wedding."

"Well, you have the materials. That is very fortunate. And as there are two more days, we'll see what my own dressmaker can do for you."

"And where is the ball to be?" Helen asked with growing interest.

"In the grand Hall at the Citadel. And let me whisper in your ear. We will see that you are the belle of the evening."

"You forget I am an old married woman," exclaimed Helen with a laugh.

"Perhaps you are," commented Mrs. Mason, raising her eyebrows, "but nevertheless you will conquer the hearts of the men—every one of them."

Just then Harold entered the room, and hearing Mrs. Mason's statement, he laughingly declared that he was already jealous. But when she told him of the discussion relative to the prospective overland journey, he folded his wife in his arms and kissed her—not once nor twice—but thrice. Whereupon Mrs. Mason put on her spectacles and commenced to count over the names of the invited guests.

TO BE CONTINUED

'ARRY'S CANNIBAL

A STORY OF THE EMPIRE

By W. VICTOR COOK

WOULD they never come? The vast patient throng, caked in two solid human walls for a long, long mile through the city's heart, waited as they had waited for an hour, for two hours, for three hours and more, growing ever denser and denser, till you could not have wedged a child in edgeways. Breathing its own hot breath, panting for a mouthful of the cool breeze that fluttered the wilderness of streaming banners, it gazed up enviously at the crowded roofs, the thousand windows crammed with eager watchers, the hoardings where the moneyed ones were perched, the trees in the park, the railings and the lamp posts where the agile poor had gained precarious foothold. Would they never come?

Just behind, where the Coldstreams with their towering, picturesque beavers held clear the roadway, 'Arry was wedged among the rest. 'Arry was lanky and thin, which is a great thing to be in a crowd. His pinched, anæmic London face was tense with expecta-

tion, and his grey eyes blazed with an enthusiasm born of the trumpet-calls and the tramping.

Would they never come? Here and there bruised and fainting women, half-suffocated children, were wedged out backward from the crowd; and the great mass lurched forward solider than ever, and bent outward the files of soldiers and police who vainly tried to hold the passage clear for the "City's Own" to pass by. Then to the rescue of the weaker parts would ride mounted constabulary and lifeguardsmen and dragoons, with waving plumes and beautiful, intelligent horses that pressed the thronging thousands back with such gentle firmness that they almost seemed human. Then the bent ranks of infantry would stiffen again, and the narrowed roadway would remain for a space intact.

Ah! what were they doing up there—those fortunate ones on the turreted roof of yonder vast hotel? Was it—were they—yes! "They're comin'! They're comin'!" Like a wave on the shore that cry ran along the lips of the gasping thousands, and half drowned through the midst of it came the throbbing pulse of the drum, and a fitful blare of brass. Soon between the serried ranks of the military could be caught glimpses of khaki helmets and shoulders swaying up and down, momentary peeps of brown-featured youths and men, and the glint of rifles and bayonets. Then all other sounds were swallowed up in the deep welcome of twenty thousand voices. One twenty thousand passed it to the next, and so it came from the Arch round to the Park, and went on from the Park to Pall Mall, over black-packed Trafalgar Square and up the bannered perspective of the Strand.

'Arry was not among the shouters. He could not have shouted for a fortune. But as he stood behind the Coldstreams and watched the brown-faced men go by, there was a great aching lump in his throat, and the tears ran unheeded down his pale cheeks. His heart was filled with unutterable exultation in his countrymen. Deep love for his country, deep pride in the honour of her great name, warmed at that moment the whole being of this gaunt and ill-clad child of misfortune, as he felt the beating of an Empire's naked heart.

When the procession had passed, 'Arry worked clear of the throng and took his way home. Home meant for him a couple of back rooms amid the miscellaneous rascalities of what, in spite of official re-christenings, its *habitues* persist in knowing as the "'Ighway," otherwise old Ratcliffe Highway. There 'Arry supported his mother and himself by keeping the books of an individual who described himself as a marine store dealer.

Along the sordid squalor of that interminable roadway by the river, 'Arry trudged with limbs that were weary indeed, yet with flushed cheek and flashing eye. For child of misery though he was, his soul had drunk deep that day. His glances fell on the squalid meanness of the riverside slums, but the eye of his kindled imagination roved over lands and seas, and the wheels of his brain wove fantastic visions of the great unknown. He, too, was a citizen of this great city, whose sons went out and brought back fame in their hands from the uttermost parts of the earth. He in his poverty was a constituent part of this vast and noble Empire. Such thoughts, dimly conceived, filled him with a strange, proud fire.

A clamour of strident voices close at hand brought back his soaring imagination with a jerk to the ordinary doings of the 'Ighway.

A noisy, angry group was collected round the door of a small green-grocery shop, and lively abuse was being freely showered, with much vain repetition of unpublishable terms. Above the voices came the shrill tones of a woman—the keeper of the green-grocery shop.

"The dirty, black, thievin' cannibal," she cried. "If I 'adn't 'ave ketched his greasy paw in the nick of time 'e'd 'ave been 'arf way to Japan by now."

"We'll soon 'ave 'im in quod, Missis," a man's voice answered. "'Old still, yer sooty savage, or I'll bloomin' well throttle yer!"

Peering through the group, 'Arry beheld a native of India, gaunt and tall, in the cotton dress of a coolie from one of the eastern liners, and with a look of puzzled fear beneath his ragged turban.

"What has he done?" asked 'Arry.

"Pinched the lidy's bananas," he was informed.

"I was hungry. I ate nothing for three days," said the Hindu apologetically, with the uncertain accent and slow speech of one talking an alien tongue.

"Yer can tell that to the Beak tomorrow, yer Sorrow of Satan," said the irate shopwoman.

The Indian looked from one to another of the angry faces round him. A sudden pity for his forlorn condition welled up in 'Arry's heart. The wave of generous patriotism that had brought him thus far on his homeward way had not yet spent its force; and undefined, but strong, the sentiment came to him that this man, also, was a child of the Empire of his dreams.

"How much did he take?" he asked.

"Threepennorth of best bananies," said the shopwoman.

"If I pay for them will you let him go?"

The proposition took the bystanders with such surprise that the man who was holding the stranger's skinny arm nearly let go.

"Is 'e a pal of yours, 'Arry?" he said. "I thought you was such a respectable bloke."

"I don't know him," 'Arry answered, painfully conscious of blushing. But he held to his point. "I'll pay, if you'll let him go," he said. And from his pocket he produced threepence—their entire contents, which he had thought to save by walking home.

The shopwoman coughed the cough of hesitation. "Of course, 'Arry," she said, "if you tikes a hinterest in such a cannibal savage, I wouldn't go for to oppose you, seein' your mother is such a good customer. Though these stealin' furriners is a disgrice to a respectable neighbourhood."

Thus relieving herself of all responsibility, the lady accepted the coppers which 'Arry tendered, and gave him in exchange the three bananas which had so nearly landed the Indian in the arms of the police.

"Here you are, mate," said 'Arry, when the little group in dumb curiosity had stood aside to let the prisoner go with his liberator. He handed him a couple of the bananas. To his surprise and disgust the man seized his hand and kissed it. 'Arry pulled it away, and made haste to get out of sight of the smiles of the bystanders. But the Hindu still kept beside him, walking the dusty pavement with bare, noiseless feet. In his slow, deliberate accents he began to express thanks. Halting now and again for a word, or pausing to arrange a sentence in his mind ere speaking it, he told 'Arry how he had missed his way in returning to his ship at the docks, so that she had left ere he reached her berthing; how for three days he had wandered homeless and hungry—all his property being on board—till the moment when hunger overcame him at the green-grocery stall.

'Arry listened sympathetically, yet with the wariness of an East-ender, to the alien's tale, and could not help becoming impressed by a certain quiet dignity about his new acquaintance. Indeed, long before they arrived at the place he called his home, he had quite lost his first inclination to patronise the man, and had, on the contrary, begun to regard him with more respect than he could have believed it possible to entertain for one of his colour.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked.

"I shall try to find another ship where I may work," said the Indian. "It is difficult." He smiled in a grave, tranquil way.

"If you like, you may share my room till you find a ship," on an impulse which, when the words were out, he half regretted.

The Hindu answered simply "I will come. You have a kind heart."

Not without embarrassment, 'Arry introduced his guest, whose name, he found, was Ramjai. Ramjai, when washed and fed, was as fine a type of man as one could wish to see. He might have been anywhere between twenty and thirty. 'Arry and his mother, who were not accustomed to taking in Oriental boarders, could not tell more exactly than this.

By 'Arry's neighbours the stranger was from the first christened "'Arry's Cannibal," though where his cannibalistic propensities came in, it was hard to see, fish being the nearest approach to a meat diet that he was ever known to consume.

For a week Ramjai lived on the charity of the mother and son. Then one day he informed 'Arry, with beaming satisfaction, that he had found employment. It was a clerkship in a little tea shop, where the proprietor doubtless calculated that Ramjai's striking appearance would make an attractive advertisement and lend local colour to Best Ceylon Tea at a shilling the pound. The pay, truly, was ridiculous, but then Ramjai's expenditure was small, and he was able to live in comfort in a little room which he hired in the same house as 'Arry and his mother.

There Ramjai abode many weeks, showing no disposition to get away, and becoming less and less an object of curiosity to the neighbours, as he discarded his picturesque Oriental dress for an English coat and trousers.

The weeks passed into months, and in the winter 'Arry's mother succumbed in the struggle against poverty, and died of a chill. In his great trouble 'Arry found in Ramjai a ready sympathiser and, differing utterly as they did in race and culture and cast of thought, the two young men became like brothers.

Ramjai spoke little of himself, and of his people nothing.

. . . .

It was a year since 'Arry went to the city to see the young men come home from the war. Ramjai appeared to have settled down to live his life in London.

One day 'Arry was in sad distress. Ramjai, coming in the evening into the little room which they shared as a sitting room, found his friend at the table, his head on his arms, his eyes wet with tears that he tried shamefacedly to hide.

"Tell me—it may be that I can help," said Ramjai, who held a letter in his hand.

'Arry told him. He was in love. That the Indian had known, for every evening 'Arry would be away with a bright-faced young girl, a teacher in a neighbouring elementary school. They were both poor, and she had been offered a lot of money to go and teach ever so far away—in Calcutta. She was going. Bitterly 'Arry blamed himself because he could not earn enough to dare to marry her. He would never see her again, of that he was sure. Fate was against him. He was utterly wretched.

"Did you say Calcutta?" said Ramjai, when the story of 'Arry's griefs was ended. He was smiling. Suddenly his glance fell on a curious object which stood on the table beside 'Arry, and which had not been there before.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded excitedly.

"The governor said I could have it from the store. Some sailor brought it in among a lot of rubbish. I thought it might interest you, Ramjai. It comes from India."

"Do you know what it is?" said Ramjai.

"No—what?"

"If I were what once I was, I should say it was a miracle. In any case it is a coincidence."

He stood contemplating the object—a carved figure of a woman riding on a bull; on her right arm a serpent for a bracelet; on her forehead a half-moon.

"It is the great goddess Durga," said Ramjai slowly, almost reverently. "Devi, the seed of the Universe, who liberates from ills; Devi the Bestower of Blessings; it is Kali Kumari, the Virgin mountain-born, Defeater of

Demons. Here stand I, Ramjai Devimahatmya, who was her priest, whose fathers tended her shrine in Delhi generation after generation. Harry, at this very hour, women are thronging with gifts and cakes to her temple stairs, to pray for a fortunate marriage and deliverance from woe. Is it not strange?"

But 'Arry, his personal trouble recurring to his mind, only said: "I can't think about it, Ramjai. I'm too wretched."

"But see here," said Ramjai again, "This is more to your case, and this is why it is so strange that you should have brought home Durga Devi to-night."

He laid before 'Arry an open letter, written in curious, wavy characters such as the young man had never seen before.

"That is from my father. Hear what he says." Ramjai read, translating as he went:

"To my son Ramjai Devimahatmya, in London over the black water, good greeting! Come back, O my son, and blessing for curses shalt thou have, for I am old and have not long to live beneath the sun. Also I too serve no longer before the knees of Kali, yet have I, one of the twice-born, not broken my caste, nor like thee become a christian. Nevertheless know I that Truth is like a precious gem that hath been well cut, and one man seeth the light flash from the one face of her, and another from another. So return, O Ramjai, ere I die. For thy return I send money, and I will await thee here in Calcutta, where in my house are also thy wife and thy son."

The Hindu ceased reading, and put his hand on 'Arry's shoulder.

"Come with me, my English friend," he said.

'Arry sprang to his feet. "To Calcutta—with you, Ramjai!"

"And with your *mem* that is to be," said Ramjai smiling.

"But what shall I do, when I get there?" 'Arry objected.

"I have studied," said Ramjai. "My father is a rich man and a wise, and highly thought of even among your people. I shall practise at the Bar, and you, Harry, shall keep my books. Then you can marry Miss Lily, and she can leave her teaching. What do you say?"

. . . .

So it came to pass that in the evening of a sullen monsoon day, 'Arry and his well-beloved, and Ramjai Devimahatmya the twice-born, stood together on the deck of a steamer that made her way up the dark, rushing Hooghly towards the far-flung splendour of a Calcutta sunset. Ere yet the steamer came to her moorings, the crimson faded from the clouds piled over Hastings, and the beauty of evening gave place to the white enchantment of the Indian moonlight, turning to ruby red the stucco of the city, to pearl the plaster, and pouring a flood of silver upon the dark waters.

To those who know her, the second city in the Empire tells with every stone her story of blood and tears, of bravery and endurance. There the past and the present sit hand in hand, spelling out the name of the Future. Here behold the palaces of Chowringhi, flashing brightly in the Indian night; there, scarce five minutes' walk away, murky lamps glimmer ghostily in a labyrinth of dark lanes and ill-kept marts. Within earshot of the Viceroy's banquet hall, the jackals in the unpaved alleys make night hideous with their howls. If it is day time, here in the eye of the sun, Calcutta flaunts without shame her squalor; yet on the hottest day the eye rests peacefully on her tree-fringed tanks, and yonder, between the palaces and the river, lies the vast Maidan, her jewel of beauty, with its splendid park-like expanse of emerald green, dotted with stately trees, and here and there ablaze with scarlet splendour of tropic blooms.

As the shades and mystery of night wrapped her about, into that city which stretches out her hand to the future, Ramjai Devimahatmya brought to a new life in a new land, the two friends whom he had found in the greater city "over the black water."

LOVE OR DUTY?

A STORY OF RAILWAY LIFE

By E. S. KIRKPATRICK

"BABY took another bad turn this morning. We fear the worst."

Dick Harding sat in the cab of No. 10 and read once again the message that had just been handed him as he impatiently awaited the signal to pull out on his long run for home.

It was drawing near the close of a cold winter's day. A heavy train of coaches was behind his throbbing, monster engine, and a "bad rail" in front. Two hundred miles of a run was ahead of him before home could be reached; and as he glanced once again at his watch and saw that he was now an hour late, his fireman, a mere boy of twenty years, who had been watching for the conductor's signal, jumped from his seat and shouted: "All right, Dick; let her go."

"Billy," called Dick, as he opened the throttle and handed his fireman the message, "read that."

Billy read the brief message at a glance, and then looked into the troubled face of the engineer, whom he loved as a father. He hardly knew what reply he could make, for he was aware that Dick's children were dearer to him than life, and his heart ached in sympathy with the father who was so eager to be home.

Dick leaned over to Billy and, above the noise of the now swiftly moving train, shouted: "My boy, she's going to steam hard to-night, and we've got a bad rail; but, just the same, we're going to make up that hour! Hold your steam, my boy! Do you understand?"

Billy's only reply was a nod as he sprang to his post, and the impatient engineer opened the throttle wider and glanced mechanically at his watch as he settled back in his seat to keep his eye on the track in front.

Dick's baby, who was really four years old, but her father's baby for all that, had been very ill. For three weeks he had sat by her bedside until the physician had said she was out of danger. Then, with the thought of heavy doctors' bills to pay, and a large family to provide for, though worn out with worry and loss of sleep, he had reported for duty the day before and was now on his return run with the Limited Express.

Into the gathering darkness of the cold December night swept the Limited at some fifty miles an hour; and although Dick's trained ear and sharp eye, in the din and clatter, the swaying and shaking of that monster thing of power, were ever on the alert, his mind was far away in his cottage by the road over which he passed every day, and the picture he saw was that of an anxious and worn-out mother bending over the bedside of a dying child who was moaning for her papa. Then he glanced once again at his watch, at the steam gauge and water gauge, moaned aloud in his affliction and opened the throttle wider.

Those who tuck themselves away to sleep in the softly swaying berths of the luxurious Pullmans, or recline at ease in the inviting chairs of the brilliantly lighted parlour cars that glide along as smoothly as a boat on a summer's sea; who dreamily smoke fragrant cigars and laugh and chat in the cozy smoking rooms, or partake at their leisure of a bounteous repast in the dining car with courteous waiters and porters to attend at every call, little appreciate in what an inferno of noise and racking and clanging and clatter the grimy men in the cab in front live. Let the uninitiated be transferred from the former to the latter and it would seem to them as though each moment they were travelling to perdition.

But the cab was the home of Dick Harding, and to his trained ear its noise was more musical than a mighty symphony. He asked for no greater blessing in life than to feel his engine respond to his slightest touch, and rushing through the darkness and sunshine in summer and winter to dream of the loved ones in his cottage by the road.

"Well done, my boy!" said Dick as he pulled up for his first stop, after a run of fifty miles. "You have held your steam well, and we have made up fifteen minutes now; but we are going to do better than that in the next run, unless they hold us somewhere for that Emigrant Special. We'll probably get crossing orders for her at Wakefield and we are going to be there in forty minutes."

"All right, Dick, drive away and I guess I can hold her down for the rest of the run, even though she does steam hard," said Billy.

In just forty minutes Dick made the run of thirty-eight miles to Wakefield and pulled up at the tank for water. With torch in one hand and an oil-can in the other he waded through the snow around his engine to oil up while Billy took water. The conductor came forward and gave Dick his copy of the crossing orders.

At Easton, fifteen miles farther on, they crossed a heavy emigrant train, with two engines, and soon after were off on the next run of forty-five miles to Woodbury.

As Dick pulled up at the end of this run he saw the signal turned for orders that were awaiting him here, and wondered what they would be. Surely it would not be anything that would mean delay to them; and, too impatient to wait until they were brought to him, he jumped from the cab and ran back to meet the conductor who was reading them by the light from his lantern as he walked towards him.

"Bad news, Dick," said the conductor as he came up to him. "Here's your copy."

Dick took the paper and read: "Emigrant special jumped the track two miles west of Easton and heavy loss of life is reported. Train No. 10 will complete run regardless of time, and engine and crew will double back with wrecking train and physicians."

"Yes, bad news," said Dick when he had finished reading the message. "Bad news to me in more ways than one if I have to go back on that special to-night." "No. 10 will complete run regardless of time" he read again. "I guess we have been doing that anyway, and God forgive me if the thought of my sick babe has not urged me on more than the wreck of an emigrant train possibly can."

Dick turned away and climbed wearily into his cab. Mechanically he opened the throttle and muttered once again, "Complete run regardless of time." "Oh well," he thought, "I can do that anyway, but why do I care so little now whether I make time or not? I want to do my duty, God knows, but where does duty lie to-night? What do I care for the loss of a lot of emigrants anyway? Is not my first duty to my wife and sick child? I will not go back, even though I never pull another train again! Surely they can get some one to go in my place. I guess, though, that both spare crews are out on that double-header, and perhaps now are buried under the wreck. Is it possible that I must go back? Some one must go; that's certain."

Thus mused Dick, as faster and faster rushed the Limited Express, until miles and minutes joined in a race as Dick left them behind. He was, himself, surprised to make such speed on such a night. "What is it all for anyway? We are making better time than we did before I got that message. Can anything move me to greater effort than love for my child? Seems to me it must be duty that is now urging me on. Can duty be stronger than love?"

Dick's home lay by the road one mile from the end of his run. He blew a greeting at the crossing every night before reaching the house, and it was always a glad greeting that he

gave. To-night it ended in a long mournful wail that sounded of despair, but no face appeared in the doorway during the fleeting glimpse he had of it as his train thundered by.

Dick's eldest child, a girl of eleven years, was waiting for him at the station as he finished his run five minutes ahead of time. Climbing into the cab she threw her arms around her father's neck and sobbed out her trouble on his breast. Baby was very low. She had gone for the doctor in the morning but he was away from home. Mamma had sent her back this evening for him or any other doctor she could get and now they said there had been a terrible accident and no doctor could go with her. Would papa hurry home with her as quickly as possible? She was freezing with the cold and was afraid to go home alone.

Dick told his fireman to look after the engine, and with his child in his arms jumped from the cab. A brakeman came hurrying forward and uncoupled the engine, and Billy pulled ahead to the turntable. Officials were hurrying about; orders were being hastily given; and doctors and nurses were being hurried to cars that were awaiting them.

The Superintendent, catching sight of Dick, hastened to him and asked how soon he would be ready to start.

"Fifteen minutes," said Dick, "will be long enough to turn in, and to take coal and water, but, for heaven's sake, have you no other man you can send back in my place?"

"Why, what's the matter, Dick? Are you sick?"

"I guess I am," said Dick; "but that is of no consequence. I have a child at home who is dying and we cannot even get a doctor to go to her. I love that child better than life. I cannot go. My duty lies at home."

"Dick, my friend," said the superintendent, "no one would ever accuse you of not doing your duty, but think carefully where it lies to-night before you decide. Duty and love sometimes lie far apart, though love would at times strive to blind us to duty's call. Think Dick: Human beings by the score are freezing and being crushed to death under an awful wreck. Your old comrades in those two engines are among the number. We must go to them, and go immediately, and you are the only man who can take us. Heaven knows I pity you, but your duty is there."

"I will go," said Dick; and with a shudder he clasped his child to his breast and turned away.

"My child, my child," said the father, "I cannot go home with you to-night. Tell mamma that papa's heart aches for her and his precious baby, and that he would fly to them if he could; but there has been a terrible accident and he must go to it. Hurry home, my darling child, and comfort mamma all you can."

Tears fell from Dick's eyes as he strove to put his child gently from him, but she clung to him in terror.

"Oh, papa!" she sobbed, "I cannot go home alone. I am afraid of the dark, and I am freezing with the cold. Please come with me."

The train was by this time made up. The conductor came running from the station and waved his lantern as a signal to start. Unable to release the hold his child had around his neck, Dick climbed with her into the cab and pulled the throttle wide open. Then, as the light train shot forward, he told her once again hurriedly of the terrible wreck and the sufferings of those who were buried beneath it. Two minutes from the time he started he shut off steam, applied the emergency brakes, and as the train came to a sudden stop sprang with his child to the ground in front of her home, gave her a parting kiss and blessing, and almost instantly was speeding away again into the night.

A physician, who had been standing on the platform at the station had overheard all the conversation that passed between Dick and the superintendent, and Dick and his child. To him the engineer's self-sacrifice was a revelation, and he hardly thought it

possible that he would go. When he climbed with his child into the cab he hardly knew what it meant, for he was not aware that the train would pass Dick's door. How different, he thought, was his position to-night from that of the engineer's. To him this night's work meant nothing more than the loss of sleep in return for plenty of excitement and a good substantial fee from a wealthy corporation. To the engineer it meant a broken heart in return for the performance of duty.

"I wonder where my duty is to-night?" he thought, as he stepped on the platform of the car when the train started. "Cold logic would argue that it lies with those who employed me at the scene of the wreck, but to this sentiment might take exception. Which is the stronger, anyway, sentiment, or logic backed up by a magnificent fee? I am glad the train started when it did, for that settles the question in this case. By Jove! I have my doubts; but still I need the money."

The physician was awakened from his reverie by being pitched against the door of the car when the brakes were applied, and he wondered if his dream had been so long that they were already at the scene of the wreck. Catching up his satchel, he walked down the three steps of the car to see what it meant, and just then the engineer jumped from the cab with his child in his arms.

As Dick looked back after the train had started, he thought he saw a man step from the train and take his child by the hand; but, of course, it was only imagination.

. . . .

The superintendent was right when he said it was a bad wreck. It was a gruesome sight to see scores of dead bodies lying in the blood-stained snow, where they had been placed by the survivors. Two mighty engines lay on their sides, broken and twisted, while high around them were piled like kindling wood what a few hours before had been passenger coaches. From out the darkness and the chaos came cries for help from those who were yet imprisoned in the wreck; while with feverish haste the wrecking crew worked to set them free and bore those who were yet alive to the cars, where physicians and nurses strove by every means in their power to lighten their sufferings. But little attention was as yet paid to the dead. Those in whom was yet a spark of life, after being crushed and frozen, required all the attention that skill could bestow.

Dick's first thought was for his brothers of the cab, but they were beyond mortal help. When at last they were removed from beneath the mass of wreckage that covered them, he assisted in tenderly carrying them to the car reserved for the dead, while his fireman tugged with his engine in getting the track clear.

At last it was all over. Daylight was dawning, and once again Dick sped for home "regardless of time." Worn out and sick at heart, he now turned his thoughts away from the grim burden that he bore, and contemplated what the future would mean to him without his baby. The whistle he sounded when he came in sight of home expressed his thoughts more eloquently than words.

But who can that be who is standing on his doorstep? Oh, yes, it is some friend to signal to him that all is over. Dick closed the throttle, rubbed his swollen eyes, and looked again as he went slowly by. Why, that is his wife, and she is smiling and throwing kisses to him! And who is that strange gentleman standing in the doorway? What do the children mean by running out of the house and shouting to him in glee?

Now they are out of sight and, of course, it was all an hallucination, but he was thankful that even such could grant him a moment's respite.

"Dick," said the superintendent, as he came forward to speak to him after the train stopped at the station, "I see that you left your baby in good hands last night. But how did Dr. Travers stay behind when we had him engaged to go with us?"

"Dr. Travers!" said Dick. "Who is he and where did he stay?"

"Did you not see him?" said the superintendent. "He was standing on your doorstep as we came by. He is one of the smartest physicians in the city."

Dick looked incredulous for a moment, but it finally dawned on him that it was true, and then his racked nerves could bear up no longer and he broke down completely.

The superintendent himself was feeling somewhat used up after his night's experience, but he clasped Dick by the hand and asked him to report at his office with the physician during the day. Then Dick pulled himself together and started for home.

Dick's homecoming was quite different from what he had expected. He had not gone more than half way when he saw his eldest child running to meet him. With breathless haste she told him of the kind man who had taken her by the hand when she got off the engine and led her home, and then had watched by the baby's bedside all night until he said she was entirely out of danger.

A smiling wife greeted him at the door, and happy children clamoured for a kiss. His baby smiled when he took her gently up, and murmured "daddie" as she sank into a peaceful sleep in his arms.

Dr. Travers looked on the scene from an adjoining room. He was glad that sentiment had triumphed over logic, and what to him was the loss of a few dollars when weighed in the balance with such a scene as he beheld? He was now sure that sentiment and duty in his case had worked hand in hand.

Over a good warm dinner, in which the physician joined, Dick related his experiences of the night, and when at last Dr. Travers departed, they arranged to meet at the superintendent's office at four o'clock. In the meantime Dick lay down for a much needed sleep.

When, at four o'clock, they were alone with the superintendent in his private office, he greeted them both with a warm clasp of the hand.

"Dr. Travers," said he, "you were not where we expected you would be last night, but you have done your duty nevertheless, and on behalf of the company I wish to thank you. I want you to make out your bill and call it: 'For professional services in connection with train wreck.' Don't be afraid of making it for a good sum. The company will be glad to pay, and I will O.K. it for any amount."

"To you, friend Dick, I hardly know what to say. The consciousness of duty well done is the greatest reward that a man can have. I would like to grant you a month's leave of absence and a good sum to enjoy it with, but we cannot spare you at present. Perhaps in a short time we can do so, and in the meantime please accept this cheque for one hundred dollars as a slight acknowledgment of our gratitude. The company will never forget the self-sacrifice you showed last night, and should you ever grow tired of your life in the cab and wish for what might be considered, by some, a higher position, rest assured it will be forthcoming."

A BELATED VALENTINE

By VIRNA SHEARD

Oh little pink and white god of love,
With your tender, smiling mouth,
And eyes as blue as the blue above
Afar in the sunny south;

No army e'er laid so many low,
Or wounded so many hearts—
No mighty gunner e'er wrought such woe
As you, with your feathered darts.

OLD Michael Denny moved softly about, setting a chair straight here, touching the curtains there, turning a lampwick up a trifle higher—for the day had already darkened—to perfect the lighting of a room which was a joy to the eye, so harmonised were the half-tones in the colour scheme of it. A man's room it was withal, and now permeated by the scent of fresh tobacco. Most of the journals that lay about held the latest sporting news. A gun-case hung under a whip-rack. The most conspicuous thing within the four walls was a moose head with amazing antlers, and this rested unhung against the wainscoting. Old Denny put the place in ship-shape order, and incidentally watched his master.

John Trevor sat at his desk, a blue cheque book open before him.

"What's the date, Denny?" he asked, without looking up, dipping his pen in the ink.

"What's the date?" he said again, as there was no reply.

The serving-man gave a little cough—there came a queer, hesitating, half-nervous expression in his keen, Irish-blue eyes. His humorous mouth went into a straight, unsmiling line.

"It does be Dan Cupid's day, sur," he answered. "Sure it's got over to the fourteenth of February agin."

The drop of ink gathered on Trevor's pen slipped heavily down upon the blotter. The man sat absolutely still and stared across at a window opposite his desk with set, impenetrable face. He had the look of one who sees nothing, unless it be some vision of the mind.

Then he rose slowly and, pushing the blue book back, closed the desk.

"I dine at the Club to-night, Denny, so bring me a heavy top-coat. It must have turned colder, judging by the temperature in this room. Don't it seem cold to you?"

"It does not, sur," answered the man, holding the great-coat up and furtively watching Trevor's face. "No, indade, sur, that it don't. Arra! but we're the warrum-blooded lot, the whole av us Dennys. Not but what the weather is all one might expect for Canady—an' it mid February. Ah! the burds do be choosin' their sweethearts away beyant there in Oirland, Master Jack, do ye moind! An' the gerrls," settling the coat right over Trevor's wide shoulders, "an' the gerrls will be kaping a wide eye fur the postman. It's a cheery day, St. Valentine's, when ye're the other side o' twenty."

"St. Valentine! how you harp on one string," said Trevor half irritably. "Well, we're on the wrong side of forty, so it has small cheer for us."

"Ah, yer honour! I do be on the wrong side o' fifty," he answered, closing the door gently after his master. Then he stood stock-still in the quiet room, thinking.

"Sure it's the blue chill he has at the heart av him that makes him think it grows colder. Don't I know the look that always comes to him at St. Valentine's Day? Bad luck to me fur turning the name at him. It's come round fourteen times since that gay winter in Dublin, when he waited the whole long day in his room in the ould Tower Hotel for the message that hadn't the grace to come.

"Holy Saint Patrick! I moind as 't was yesterday the way he walked up and down, up and down, the nerves av

him all braced wid listenin' for the knock which wasn't knocked. Six blessed times did he send me to the office below to see if word or sign was waitin' him—an' his face white as the dead when I come up widout it," said the man half aloud.

"What it was he waited fur I dunno, but I do be thinking it was some quare thing. Little he knew the way I was watchin' him. Sure what else do I iver be doin' save watchin' him iver since the day long back whin he went down into the deep wather o' the ould mill pond fur me—me a tall, lanky gassoon, an' him a bit of a chap knee-high.

"The devil take the ould Saint's Day and whativer it was that proved the undoin' av him, for it's took the gilt edge off his life an' druv him on a Tam O'Shanter ride from pillar to post iver since. It's 'Denny, see to the packin', we're off to London to-morrow.' Then it's 'T'row a few things together, ould chap, we'll have a thry at Canady.' Me heart's broke wid his wanderings, an' he always harks back worse to the trouble, whativer it was, when this date comes to his moind." So he went about soliloquising and shaking his old grey head.

Trevor swung along at a rapid pace towards his club. A fashionable club it was, patronised by the "best men," so-called, of Montreal society. He had few friends amongst them, but many acquaintances, and was known as one of the brilliant contributors of the day to the journals—a traveller, a capital shot, a keen sportsman, who, unlike the fraternity, was a silent man, apparently without personal interest in humanity either singly or collectively.

On this winter afternoon, nearing the hour of six, the city was aglitter with many lights. The clear air was still and cold. Sleigh bells rang their fairy music everywhere, a silver chiming that blended like a sweet accompaniment with other sounds of the street. Trevor heard unconsciously, took the right road instinctively. The look that had settled over his face when his man told him the date, was still there. He turned into the club and towards the reading-room.

"It is too early to dine," he thought. There might be some news from the Transvaal since morning. He and Denny would be taking that road next, perhaps—he had a chance to go. Army men were in luck these days—in rare good luck.

> "For how can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds,
> For the ashes of his fathers,
> For the temples of his Gods?"

The old verse that is like a battle-cry came to his mind, and set itself to the tramping of feet along the street below the window near which he sat. It kept time with the beating of his heart.

> "For how can man die better?"

"Ah! the fascination of war takes a strange hold on men," he thought; "the singing of the bullets draw them. Fear goes: and a grand recklessness, a God-given courage, takes its place."

> "For how can man die better?"

"Verily, how?" That is the question. And life, what of it? Is it so sweet one would desire to hold it to the utmost limit? Why struggle to keep a thing long since to him grown deadly dull and monotonous?. Oh! to march with them, those valiant hearts and true, on and on across the grey-red earth of the veldt, with souls set ready for whatever came.

The fever of restlessness was strong upon him. Denny would be packing those worn leather traps to-morrow. So he was thinking when somebody touched him on the shoulder, and a voice he had not heard for years came cheerily to him.

"Jack! Jack Trevor! Now the fates are kind. Who would have expected to run across you here?"

Trevor smiled and grasped the man's hand.

"Really, Dudley, I am glad to see you! I thought you were in the Mounted Police in the far North-west. As for me, I've made Montreal headquarters for the past year, but have about determined to tramp again, for

there's a place awaiting me down in South Africa. They want me to relieve a war correspondent knocked out by fever. I must decide to-night."

"Well, that's a chance! I am only down on furlough, worse luck—for, like the rest of our men, I'm fairly spoiling for the fight. A friend of mine was to meet me here, an awfully good fellow, and, by the same token, with a name almost the counterpart of yours. One John Trevorton, he is; and, honestly, he's not unlike you in looks either, Trevor. Will you join us at dinner?"

"Thanks, yes, I would like to, and here, I fancy, comes your friend. He is like me, though to say it is to distinctly flatter one's self."

Dudley introduced the two men, and they soon found they had much in common. Both were mighty hunters, and the subject of big game is one not lightly handled or cast aside.

So the three dined together, and John Trevor, having of late had many dinners alone, found a charm he had little hoped for in the companionship.

He had been in the North during the recent hunting season, and mentioned the great moose head which he had brought home. The width of the antlers was unusual, and the fellow, he said, was a leader and monarch amongst his kind.

"I have never shot a moose," answered Trevorton, "but have the head of a grizzly from the Rockies that I would like to show you. Will you not walk home with me after dinner, both of you, and we can finish the evening there?"

This they willingly agreed to, and the three were shortly in Trevorton's smoking room, critically examining the immense bear head.

"It is a splendid specimen," said Dudley. "What brutes they are! A man need be sure of his rifle when he meets one. I say, Trevor," he suddenly exclaimed, "Trevor! What's up? Are you ill?"

John Trevor was staring ahead apparently at something on the wall, or through and beyond it. His fresh-coloured face had gone white, and the hand that grasped his chair-back shook.

"Where did you get it?" he said, unsteadily, turning his wide, startled eyes on Trevorton. "Where did you get it?"

"What? The little sketch by Du Maurier? Oh, I knew him in London; fortunate, wasn't I?"

"Not that," Trevor answered, "not the sketch—the—the little slipper hanging beneath. See!" striding over and lifting it in his hand.

"See!" he went on as to himself, "there is the stain of the wine on it yet. The very same—the very same in truth. Blue satin with a star buckle of brilliants; only," looking at it closely, "the stones are dimmer, and the silver setting has darkened." Then he turned to his host.

"How did you come by it?" he said again.

The two men looked at him in bewilderment, the intense agitation of his manner was so contrasted with the serene self-possession that seemed part of him before.

Trevorton gave a little embarrassed laugh. "Why, my dear Mr. Trevor," he said, "I'll be delighted to tell you what I know about the airy, fairy thing, my 'Cinderella shoe,' as I call it. It has quite a bit of history too, but really I fail to see how it touches you, for it came to me by such a freak of chance in the long past—twelve—thirteen—no, positively fourteen years ago, in Ireland."

John Trevor spoke a broken word they did not catch. Then "Go on," he said abruptly.

"Yes," continued his host, "I happened to be in Dublin, stopping at the Tower Hotel over St. Valentine's Day."

"This is St. Valentine's Day!" put in Dudley. "Queer thing, eh? Coincidence you know."

Trevor gave an impatient turn.

"It is odd," said the other. "Now for the story. About the middle of the afternoon I started from the hotel to hunt up some people I knew in town, and as I went down the steps

was met by a man, a sort of flunkey, I fancy, for he had innumerable buttons on his queerly-cut coat."

"'Will you be givin' me your name, sur?' he said, with that charming freedom that distinguishes the native born.

"'Trevorton,' I replied, 'John Davenport Trevorton. Do you think you know me?'

"'Arra! but you're the man,' he answered positively, 'an' anny way, I could have marked ye from the description. She said you were fine and tall, an' ye're all av it. Whisper—I was to give this *into yer own hands.* That's all, sur.'

"I felt decidedly the compliment implied, and took the small parcel with a keen sense of curiosity. Before I had time to tender him the usual, the man was gone."

"Well?" said Trevor, huskily. "Well?"

"Ah, the parcel," answered the other. "I took it up to my room and opened it at once, when that apparently impossible bit of footwear fell out. No word or line intimated who it was from. By Jove! I was awfully puzzled, and a trifle elated. The Irish are a queer, romantic lot, and valentines fly round in quantity, they tell me, on the Saint's Day. So I just concluded that some little beauty I had stared at overlong in a window or on the street that morning had sent me her shoe, thinking I would make connections between it and her. But 'pon my word I was at sea, and could not individualise any one of them. They are all beauties in Dublin, you know."

For answer John Trevor walked across to where the slipper hung, unfastened it from its place and stood holding it.

The others looked at him in silence. He did not appear to notice or think of them, but waited, holding the little shoe.

Then he glanced at Trevorton—"I beg your pardon. You must think it strange my taking this," he said, "but it is mine, you see, without doubt. Mine. It was given to you by mistake."

"I have long thought so," returned Trevorton. "I still do. But that is not all. Listen. I put the slipper away with my traps, as I was sailing for home next day. On board ship, on the way across, I overheard some men talking; they were making no secret of their conversation, and it was all of the great Dublin ball that had been held on St. Valentine's eve. They went on to relate how some famous beauty had lost a slipper, which being found by one Sir Thomas O'Malley, a vastly rich, and, according to them, insufferably dissipated old bachelor, was held up by him for admiration before the gentlemen gathered in the supper room during a dance. They said that he had sworn openly he would marry the fair one whose foot it would fit—after the fashion set by the Prince of old—and that the ancient gallant had wound up by filling the dainty flagon full of wine and quaffing the sparkling liquor at one draught. At this point I became thrillingly interested.

"'Pardon me,' I remarked to one of the young Irishmen, 'but can you remember if the slipper was of blue, with a star buckle of brilliants?'

"'Why, were you there?' he cried. 'Then you saw the tragedy, did you?'

"'Tragedy? What tragedy? No, indeed. I was not at the ball, but chanced to overhear your interesting bit of gossip, and—'

"They looked at me incredulously.

"'It's jolly odd you should have seen the slipper,' said the other, 'and not been at the ball. Come, now, no nonsense. You saw old O'Malley go off—how shall I put it? leave for parts unknown—answer his call? Horribly impromptu, wasn't it?'

"'I am in the dark,' said I, 'and quite ignorant of Sir Thomas O'Malley's movements.'

"'Ah!' he answered. 'Really? Well, they were decidedly unpleasant to witness. It was this way: at the moment O'Malley drained his unusual goblet, a man pressed through the crowd around the table and touched him on the arm.'

"'Give me the slipper; I have been sent for it,' he said imperatively.

"'Then, sir, you know whom it belongs to,' questioned O'Malley with an oath.

"'Assuredly,' said the man. 'Come, I am waiting.'

"'Tell me her name,' returned Sir Thomas angrily, and holding the slipper high. 'It will save me hunting through Ireland for the foot this was made for.'

"'You are drunk,' answered the other deliberately. 'I would not tell you her name if you were to bribe me with every golden guinea you own.'

"O'Malley stepped down from where he was standing with one foot on the table and struck at the man looking up at him, with a fearful oath,—but as he struck he fell,—his face a terrifying purple, his lips white with froth. Apoplexy, you know. A third seizure, so they said. He lay there a few minutes while we gazed at him in absolute horror. Then the man who had so lately spoken to him bent down and took the small blue slipper from a dead hand. That," ended Trevorton, "is how the story came to me on ship-board."

"Yes," said John Trevor, breaking the silence that followed. "Yes, and it was I who took it from O'Malley. I was the man. It was wet with wine, and his fingers seemed fastened to it. Then I carried it to her where she waited in the conservatory.

"There were other men who loved her—many of them. I never knew whether she cared for—me—though sometimes I fancied—" He broke off unsteadily, but went on, his voice low pitched, as though it were to himself he spoke.

"To-night I know. You see—I asked her to send me this on St. Valentine's Day—if she cared. It has come, but it is fourteen years late. It is 'A BELATED VALENTINE,' gentlemen."

"Where is she?" said Dudley, after a moment, "if I may ask. Where is she, do you know?"

John Trevor glanced up quickly. "She is in the Transvaal. In some one of those God-forsaken places where our wounded men are first carried by the stretcher-bearers. She wears a red cross on her sleeve. Come," he cried, his voice breaking, "wish me luck. Wish me luck, you fellows. Old Denny—you remember old Denny, Dudley? He will be putting things together, and we'll be away again." So he bade them goodbye, and went out into the cold, star-lit night with a little blue slipper buttoned close within his coat.

Afterwards the two men left behind relit their pipes in silence.

Presently Dudley spoke, reflectively. "I always," he said, "at least for years, have been a firm believer in what somebody calls 'the total depravity of inanimate things.'"

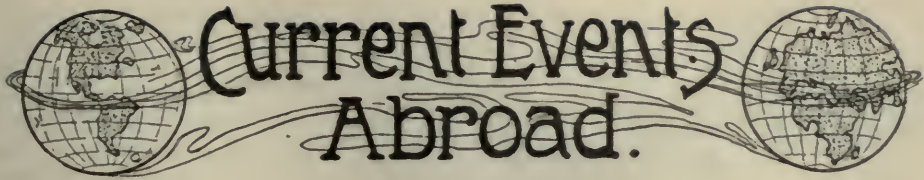
"I don't follow you exactly," said the other. "You mean—"

"I refer to things that, apparently, with malice aforethought, lose themselves, and then turn up innocently at the moment one stops looking for them. The pins that slip out of places where they are needed and tie themselves into knots of concentrated obstinacy when it is of vital importance they should be removed; the letters that go astray when they are not misdirected; the insignificant trifles that make or wreck one's happiness; the coincidences seemingly brought to pass by an inconsequent and a mocking fate. My dear Trevorton, we are the sport of chance, and this is a mad world."

"There is method behind its madness," he answered, with slow thought. "Don't doubt it, Dudley. See," going across the room, "see below Du Maurier's sketch, the shadow of the little slipper. How pretty it is—pointed toe, Louis heel. It hung there so long the paper had time to fade around it. I shall rather miss it, do you know. Many a time, sitting here alone, I have woven romances about the thing. Heigho!"

"Drop down the sketch a trifle and hide the shade, Trevorton. So, out of sight out of mind."

"I think not," he answered. "A man may keep his shadows, and I shall let this one stay."



WE are the spectators and witnesses of the most surprising events that have happened since Columbus happened on that "landfall" that turned out to be the outpost of a new world. No other event in the last four hundred years can compare in significance with those which have revealed to us that the four hundred millions of Mongols and Chinese who inhabit China and Japan are not the negligible factors in the world's populations which we believed them to be, but on the contrary, are peoples to be reckoned with, to be treated with and to be deferred to.

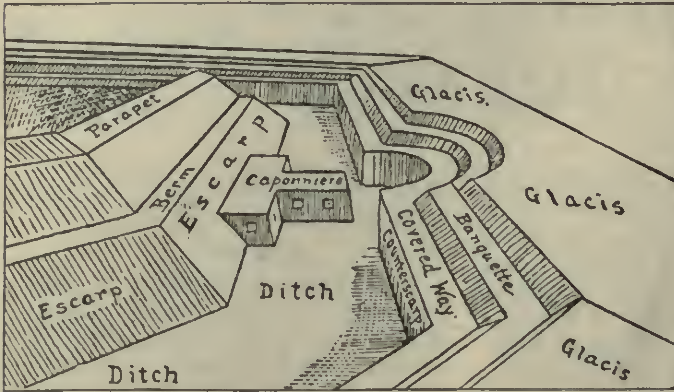
Within the past few years China, at least, has been classed among the dying nations. She was like some huge organism with a faint life at the heart, but whose outer limbs were the prey of every chance kite or buzzard with an appetite for benevolent assimilation that happened along. It is but two or three years since there was a general grab. Germany took Kiauchau, Russia "leased" Port Arthur, Great Britain appropriated a naval station at Wei-hai-wei, and assumed authority over a small circle of territory on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong. Italy, too, desired a *pied-a-terre*, but China drew the line at Italy, and so far as recollection serves, the Italians have not been able to make good their pretensions. These events were universally interpreted as the beginning of the end. The Boxer uprising, followed by the occupation of Pekin and subsequent imposition of a money fine, was a part of the evidence. The spectacle was seen of a few hundred European troops marching through a country which could muster almost as many millions of inhabitants as there were individuals in Count Waldersee's composite force.

Then there was Blagovestchensk, where the Cossacks drove thousands of unoffending Chinese into the Amoor, so that their dead bodies dammed the river. That day is as yet unavenged; not even protested against. In short, the world has seen the most populous Empire that the sun looks upon being treated with less consideration than some horde of blacks in the heart of Africa. Is this to continue? Has not the fall of Port Arthur changed as by a piece of legerdemain the whole relations between the rest of the world and these portentous millions whose lack of organisation and direction has made them the favourite prey of European "enterprise?"

Japan itself is a sufficiently formidable power, but if it were possible to make China as effective in proportion, the little islanders themselves would recede to second place on the Pacific. This is a catastrophe which Japan will not strive to bring about. It will certainly be the aim of Japan not to raise a spectre which she could not exorcise. The temptation to secure Chinese aid in the task of curbing Russian ambitions may lead to that training and awakening of the Chinese which would have such an enormous influence on the course of events on this planet.

The possible dominance of China may be regarded, therefore, as a most unfortunate potentiality of Japanese success. But how if Russia had carried all before her? Would humanity be any better off or freer from danger? Russia had started to masticate Man-

MILITARY ARCHITECTURE OF PORT ARTHUR FORT

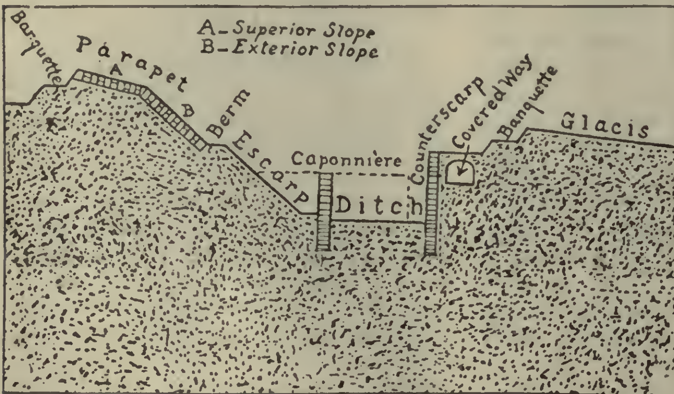


"Our sketch illustrates the terms which have been frequently mentioned in despatches describing attacks on the Port Arthur forts," says the accurate Manchester *Guardian*. "The approach to the defences shown above is conducted by parallels, that is, by lines of trenches parallel with the defences to be attacked, and advanced closer and closer by means of 'zigzag' trenches, the batteries advancing at the same time. The following is an explanation of the various terms:

"Glacis: The sloping descent toward the open country from the top of the ditch, cleared of any obstacles which might obstruct the fire of the defenders.

"Banquette: A step on which the defenders stand to fire over any parapet in front of them. Thus a banquette is shown a few feet below the level of the actual crest of the glacis. The defenders, standing on this, fire down the slope of the glacis. Another banquette is within the fort proper, a few feet below the parapet which rests on the escarp.

"Counterscarp: The face of the ditch nearest to the besiegers. There is thus a slight fall from the actual crest of the glacis to the banquette, and a further slight descent from the banquette to the top of the counterscarp.



"Covered Way: A passage in the counterscarp, running round the ditch. In this the defenders gather for a sortie, under protection from the besiegers' fire. It contains places of entrance and exit toward the inner works of the fort and the outside.

"The Ditch: Generally from 15 to 20 feet in depth and about 40 yards or more in breadth. The measurements, however, depend on the size of the other works.

"Caponnière: A covered work emerging out of the escarp and placed across the ditch. It contains guns, loopholes for musketry, etc., and exposes an enemy descending into and crossing the ditch to a fierce cross-fire. Hence the necessity to destroy the caponnière before the ditch is crossed.

"Escarp: The side of the ditch nearest to the inner fort.

"Berm: A step left between the escarp proper and the parapet. The parapet being of great weight, and pressing on the earth beneath (the escarp) tends to push it outward into the ditch. The berm is a device to relieve the pressure.

"Parapet: The rampart of the fort proper, sloping downward to the berm. Standing on the banquette, on the inner side of the parapet, the defenders have a clear field of fire over the escarp, trench, counterscarp, and glacis."

churia. She would not have stopped there. What would have happened if Russia had been able to arm and train hosts of Chinese fighting-men to carry out her Asiatic programme? The nations might well tremble at such a prospect. If China must have a bear-leader it is better that it should be Japan than Russia. What use will Japan make of her victory? Her leaders have an ambition to be thought civilised and modern. It is not rash to expect that they will always be found favourable to whatever is for the liberalising and enlightening of the East. They are the masters of the Pacific. They are sure to emerge from this struggle with greater maritime strength than when they entered it. They have lost some ships, but they have also gained some, and by the time their engineers have dealt with the sunken hulks in Port Arthur harbour, and have said their final word at Vladivostock, they will be more fit to meet an enemy at sea than they were on February 8, 1904. That is the master-key to the whole situation.

Even if we suppose that some months hence Kuropatkin would smash his way back to the walls of Port Arthur, what a hopeless task would still be his! The taking of the fort from General Stoessel was an enormous trial even for the not-to-be-denied Japanese. They had everything in their favour. Not a pound of food or ammunition could reach the garrison. The besiegers on the other hand were within two or three days' communication by sail with their own country. If Kuropatkin could get down to Port Arthur he would be only lengthening the lines of communication with his real base so many miles away. The besieged town could only be invested on three sides. On the fourth it would be open to the ships of all the world for the receipt of food, ammunition and medical supplies, for the supply of recruits and the externing of the sick and wounded. To subdue Port Arthur under such conditions would be a task that might well give pause to the most resolute, dogged and blood-careless commander.

CAN HE PICK IT UP?—*Selected*

The plight of Russia is truly epic. Whatever course is taken appears to lead inevitably to disaster. The second Baltic fleet is hung up in ocean, not knowing whether to proceed and fight or turn tail and fly. There is no spot of ground between Vladivostock and the Baltic where it can throw out its cables on a Russian wharf. At last accounts it was hovering off the coast of Madagascar, afraid to remain in territorial waters for fear of compromising French neutrality. If it decides to take the homeward track the Japanese will undoubtedly proceed to annoy Vladivostock. From this time until the opening of spring that harbour will be sealed in ice so that it will not be necessary for the fleet to do any blockading work. If the Japanese can cut the railway to the west Russia's second eastern stronghold will be isolated from all the world. The position of the great Empire is like that of a strong man in a nightmare. On her vast bulk a spell has fallen like a paralysis. It has been shown by calculation that the Siberian railway is hard put to it to maintain a stream of supplies sufficient for 300,000 men. Perhaps in these estimates the possibilities of local food supply have not been sufficiently considered. At all events, if the railway was inadequate in summer how much less adequate must it be in a Siberian winter? The difficulties with which the Russian commander is struggling are truly Homeric.

Humanly speaking, Russia is beaten. Nothing but a succession of miracles could rescue her from the morass in which she is mired. Pride prevents her from acknowledging her overthrow, but pride cannot win battles nor fight against fate. The sublime Romanoff will have to sue for peace. That event will not close the drama; it will be the opening of one, as

RUSSIA IS JUST A LITTLE TOO BUSY TO ACCEPT AN INVITATION TO ANOTHER PEACE CONFERENCE—*Selected.*

In the meantime the whole country is rocking and seething with internal agitation. The representatives of what we would call the municipalities were evidently desirous of constituting themselves a body which would have been the germ of a Parliament. When they assembled in Moscow, however, they were not actually forbidden to meet, but they were circumscribed in every possible way. *The Anglo-Russian*, a monthly published in London, England, by Jaakoff Prelooker, hails this meeting of the Zemstvos as the beginning of a revolution. In the latest number he says:—"The outcry: 'Autocracy is the foe! Down with Autocracy!' resounds now from all lips, from the temples of learning, public halls, and Zemstvo assemblies down to workingmen's gatherings and street demonstrations. The bear has awakened, and no power on earth can now send him to sleep again. Political rioting, armed conflicts with the police and the military with bloodshed on both sides have become quite the order of the day in most of the important towns. It is, indeed, the beginning of revolution, of an internal war, which cannot even be called civil war inasmuch as practically the conflict is between citizens on one side, and the police and the military at the disposal of the Autocracy on the other side." Prince Kropotkin puts the same interpretation on these events, but allowance must be made for the personal equation in both cases.

our children's children will know. Russian ambition in the Far East will be greatly circumscribed, but can so vast a power be cribbed, cabined and confined at all points? Will not her activities in the direction of the Sea of Marmora, the Persian Sea and India be correspondingly intensified? To the minds of Russian officials, the helplessness of the Baltic fleet for lack of coaling stations and Russian ports of call must be matter of intense chagrin. How convenient at the present moment would a stronghold in the Persian Gulf be! The efforts of the great northern Colossus to gain access to ports where she can breathe more freely will be a part of the history of the future. We may be sure that when the terms of peace are drawn an effort will be made to tie Russia down to an Asiatic *status quo*, with Japan, Great Britain, and perhaps other powers as guarantors.

John. A. Ewan.

GIRLS' COLLEGES

THERE are nineteen hundred girls attending the twelve girls' residential schools and colleges in Toronto. This number, although including the day pupils at these schools, does not include girls attending any small or private school—only those giving the full academic course leading up to the university.

Glen Mawr, Miss Veal's school on Spadina Avenue, is one of the most noted of the Toronto colleges, having been widely and favourably known for many years.

St. Margaret's College, on Bloor street, now has on its register one hundred and fifty students, and is fast gaining the place of first importance in Toronto. George Dickson, M.A., late principal of Hamilton Collegiate Institute and Upper Canada College, is the leading director, and with Mrs. Dickson as lady principal, St. Margaret's is an ideal girl's home—both intellectually and otherwise. A trip through the large building showed elegant dining-rooms, with their long tables spread with spotless linen and polished china, up-to-date class rooms, art department, practice rooms and chapel. An immaculate kitchen showed utensils and everything used in domestic science; a large, model garden bore evidence of practical exhibitions in gardening, and the spacious grounds told of many a health-giving game of tennis. The class-rooms at St. Margaret's have been recently built especially for the work, and excellent attention has been given to the ventilation. In every room, although the air is warm, it is perfectly fresh, the bad air being carried off by means of gas jets arranged in fireplaces, the hot air coming up from the furnace through registers.

"We have limited our resident students to forty," Mr. Dickson said. "This is so the home life can be well regulated and good. Our girls are doing very fine work. They publish their own college paper, *St. Margaret's Chronicle*, which is entirely a girl's paper. Our college goes in a body to hear all the big musical things that come to the city. When possible, we get a programme beforehand, and the numbers are explained to the students. Then they go prepared. Afterwards they write criticisms, which are published in the *Chronicle*. A review of the current number of this journal shows certainly a creditable production.

St. Margaret's, aside from its preparatory work for the university, prepares also for the Conservatory and colleges of music. Every Friday evening the pupils give a piano performance in order to gain confidence in playing before the public. There are more pupils from St. Margaret's taking the examinations of the Conservatory than all the other girls' colleges combined.

Havergal Ladies' College, which leads the list in point of attendance, has three hundred and fifty on its roll. Its limited number of resident students are in a splendid home, where the devotional life is particularly strong. The appointments at Havergal are all of the very first, and this ladies' college

is perhaps the first residential girls' school in Canada to separate the junior from the senior girls. Its aim is to keep the children childlike while they are young, and to occupy them with tastes and interests suitable to their age, so they will not busy themselves prematurely with the graver questions which must be present with girls of mature age. The college realises that the younger girls need, besides, a different discipline from that of older girls. There must be a more unquestioning obedience as well as more outlet for fun. They must have a playroom of their own, and go earlier to bed.

Havergal attaches much importance to the sports of the college. There are large lawns used for basket-ball and tennis in summer and skating in winter. This rink is used not only in the daytime, but in the evening, when teachers and girls skate for an hour before retiring. Dr. Caven holds that this exercise at the close of the day's work has been very instrumental in keeping off illness of all kinds. At the signing of the reports last June, the principal was surprised to find that girls who had been listless in their study and life formerly, had awakened to much life and interest in their work. On enquiring about it, she was usually told by the form mistress that the girls were in the basket-ball team. "Those who lead the games soon begin to lead the classes also, and control of mind follows control of body," said the principal. "The great point is to see that the rules of sport are as strictly observed by the girls as they would be by boys, and that they treat opponents with fairness and consideration."

Havergal last year had an average attendance of 115 boarders and 208 day girls. The resident staff numbered 25, and visiting teachers 18, making 43. The year's work was finished without accident or break of any kind from serious illness.

Bishop Strachan School, with its hundred and seventy-five students, needs no eulogy, as it is too old an institution and too well known. Special attention is given to the fine arts, and in every way is it a splendid seat of learning for the daughters of the Episcopalian Church. It was established in 1867, with the object of giving a thorough general education based on Church principles, and since then it has constantly kept pace with the advance of knowledge. The school is in large grounds on College Street, with space for tennis and croquet lawns, a nine-hole putting green, a bicycle track and a cricket field. An addition has lately been added to the building containing six single rooms for resident pupils and mistresses, four class-rooms, a studio, a manual work-room and a gymnasium. A fine, two-manual pipe organ, blown by a water-motor, has recently been built in the chapel to facilitate the growing demand for the study of the organ in connection with the services of the Church.

Branksome Hall probably stands alone in its noble striving after pure English. Girls are taken in very early, and thus every chance is grasped. This year a course of twenty lectures on "The History of English Literature" is being given by Rev. Alex. MacMillan, of St. Enoch's Church, and, although a broad education is furnished, that the pupils may be well balanced in learning, the natural gifts of the pupils are noted and developed. The school keeps in the foreground, however, the development of character, "for," as Miss Scott said, "since women are the home-makers, and the home is the foundation of individual and national strength, a high ideal of their privileges and responsibilities will be inculcated. I am fully persuaded that the Bible is the foundation of all true moral as well as religious development, and the Word of God is carefully studied." Ample opportunity is also afforded the girls to prepare to preside over households with intelligence, dignity and practical knowledge.

No one, who has not made a personal call at the colleges and met the earnest and excellent principals, can

form any idea of the importance or magnitude of the life there. Mrs. Gregory, the lady principal of Toronto Presbyterian Ladies' College, with its hundred girls, opened her dear, motherly heart to the writer, and said: "I wish that you could impress the people with the greatness—the importance—of the work to be done among our girls. We take the older girls here, and their problems are many and varied. A number of them are of an age when they must be allowed to think and act for themselves. It is their right, and we will not say to them 'Do this' or 'Do that.' We must reason with them. Some come from rich homes and indulgent parents, and have no idea of the serious side of life. It is this for which we must prepare them. We are ready and anxious to help them, but it takes time to win some of them. Often and often have I taken a dear, mistaken girl to my heart and talked and reasoned with her until she saw things differently. I am here to look especially after the home life of the girls, and my mother-heart is large enough for all of them."

"Yes," continued Mr. Gregory, the principal, "although we have a strong academic course—splendid teachers, music, art and physical culture—and are constantly aiming to make it even stronger, we realise that this course must play but a small part in a girl's future life. It is to make our girls into strong women, intellectually, physically, morally and spiritually, that we are working, and for this the home life of the college must answer."

"There is one type of girl," Mrs. Gregory said, "that is better away from the co-education of the high schools and universities, while others are benefited by the stronger element one gets in co-education. But we are prepared to carry those who wish it on into the university work."

St. Joseph's Convent, with two hundred and fifty-two girls in attendance; Loretto Abbey, with two hundred and fifty; Glen Mawr, with a hundred and twenty-five; Westbourne, with one hundred; St. Monica's with eighty; and Parkdale Church School, which we include because it is on the eve of becoming a residential school, with its eighty-eight pupils, are all excellent, with fine courses and very select. Much that has been said of the schools enlarged upon applies also to others of these, but all are one in their high ideals, noble aspirations and good spiritual life.

Toronto may well be proud of its girls' resident schools. *B. J. T.*

WOMEN WRITERS

ARE Canadian women being just to Canadian women writers?

Here is a question of some importance. If what Canadian women write is Canadian literature—there are those who deny it—then it should receive as much consideration as that written by men. At present this is hardly the position of affairs. What the men write appeals to everybody; what the women write, being mostly of a lighter vein, may have less reason for general recognition. Hence the women of leisure, the women of breeding and education should see the literary work of their sisters is not overlooked.

I venture the assertion, and I do it with considerable knowledge of Canadian book-selling, that there are not 1,000 women in the whole of this broad country able to give the names of two Canadian women who have written a volume. Not long ago, two young women who were attending the Normal School in Toronto were taking tea with me. I asked them the name of their favourite Canadian author—and they hesitated. At first they confessed they didn't have any. Finally, one of them fancied she liked Gilbert Parker—the only Canadian author she could name. They knew Tennyson, Shakespeare, George Eliot, Pansy, Annie S. Swan and Marie Corelli; but of Canadian writers they were absolutely ignorant. Yet within two months, those two young women were licensed to teach in the public schools.

On my shelves I find the following novels by Canadian women:

By the Queen's Grace, Virna Sheard.

A Maid of Many Moods, Virna Sheard.

Trevelyan's Little Daughters, Virna Sheard.

Little Lords of Creation, H. A. Keays.

The Mormon Prophet, Lily Dougall.

The Story of Sonny Sahib, Mrs. Cotes.

The Path of a Star, Mrs. Cotes.

The Imperialist, Mrs. Cotes.

Diane of Ville Marie, Blanche L. Macdonell.

Cot and Cradle Stories, Mrs. Traill.

Crowned at Elim, Stella E. Asling.

Where the Sugar Maple Grows, Adeline M. Teskey.

Gabriel Præd's Castle, Alice Jones.

Bubbles We Buy, Alice Jones.

The Night-Hawk, Alice Jones.

The Untempered Wind, Joanna E. Wood.

A Daughter of Witches, Joanna E. Wood.

Judith Moore, Joanna E. Wood.

Farden Ha', Joanna E. Wood.

Tilda Jane, Marshall Saunders.

Rose à Charlitte, Marshall Saunders.

Committed to His Charge, R. and K. M. Lizars.

Heralds of Empire, Agnes C. Laut.

A Detached Pirate, Helen Milecete.

In addition, there are a few volumes of poetry and one or two more serious books.

This is an inadequate collection, but I hope to enlarge it in the future. I buy only as I am able to read. Each of the above has received some attention, and there is not one that I care to part with. I want them for my children, and I hope that they will treasure them with pride as "Mother's Canadian books." It seems as if it would be more genuine, more meaning-full than "Mother's United States books."

Perhaps I am not setting a very high standard before me, but it seems impossible to understand the life of the country, if one does not examine it through the eyes of our cleverest women. *Mary Emerson.*

THE THEATRE

THE women of Toronto and of Montreal will tolerate almost anything on the stage. They seem to forget that the one privilege remaining to them is that of discountenancing actresses who bring disgraceful plays. Instead they consent to go to hear the vilest of conversation and the most suggestive kind of acting.

Montreal has recently been visited by a lady whom the *Gazette* describes in the words:

"MADAME REJANE'S ART IS SIZZLING"

The lady played "Ma Cousine" at "His Majesty's" and charged extra prices. The play itself is not so bad, but it would hardly be allowed into Sunday-schools. It deals with the love-problem of married people—as it is in Paris, not in Canada. As for the actress herself, the following paragraph from the *Gazette* is both clever and to the point:

"This Rejane sense of humour, which in reality amounts to mischief, was constantly called in play in her character last night. In "Ma Cousine" it illumined her work until the role of Riquette, actress of the Theatre des Fantaises-Amoureuses, became a brilliant, sparkling, and as many thought last night, extremely naughty creature. Her sense of fun may almost be said to be unique, so different is it from the brand handed out by English and American "funny people," to evoke a laugh. In her light moods (and she was nothing else last night), the actress reminded you of nothing so much as of a mischievous child who delights in doing those little risque things it knows it really ought not to do. And so it came to pass that the audience found Rejane doing things that must have shocked many or, at least, made them sit up. To witness her pantomimic dance in Act II, when madame, in afternoon reception dress, literally girded up her loins and proceeded to execute something in the way of a Parisian dance. It was a touch of realism which, to say the least, bordered on the vulgar, nor was it lessened by the devilish wink in madame's eye. True, she was endeavouring to allure a man by the dance. She succeeded, but incidentally shocked a large audience."

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

INDEPENDENCE

THERE is a cry just now for more independence among journalists, members of parliament and publicists. The cry in its present form is misdirected. Independence can arise in this country only by being born in the heart and mind of the average citizen. If party government has become partisan government, the blame is on the average citizen. It is his fault if politicians and publicists have become demagogues and manipulators; if the press is partisan in every fibre of its being. If he places party above conscience, above good government, he cannot expect the men whom he elects to have a different standard.

When audiences learn to refrain from applauding the blustering utterances of partisans and acquire the habit of cheering the man who is dignified, fair and free from frenzy, the public men of the day will infuse a higher tone into their speeches and discussions. When the supporters of a particular party learn to protest against a resorting to underhand and unfair methods of party warfare, these methods will become unpopular. When the people cease to cry "demagogue," "manipulator," and "corruptionist" at every public man on the other side of politics, these terms will be of some service to describe a few isolated individuals who deserve them. When the people in the constituencies learn to vote for independent candidates—independent Conservatives and Independent Liberals—there will be more independence in the Legislatures and in the House of Commons. At present there are not ten constituencies in Canada where a candidate not owning allegiance to one or other of the parties could get votes enough to save his deposit. The independent candidate is the mutual enemy of the party worker and party voter.

When the people who buy newspapers learn to protest against misleading statements and slanderous insinuations in the editorials of their favourite journal, the editors will cease to write them. At present if there is a particularly slanderous editorial in a daily paper there is likely to be a considerable number of narrow-minded citizens call on the editor to offer him congratulations. An honest protest is likely to have a cool reception. Hence it is that there are many papers in Canada which exist only because of their partisanship, though they serve no useful public purpose, and do but absorb a portion of the revenue which should go to journals that at least make some attempt to be honest and fair.

The voter who boasts that he never cast a Liberal vote in his life, or the man who swells his chest over never having cast a Conservative ballot in his twenty-five years of suffrage-using, is a man to be pitied. Personally, I do not believe in a Third Party, an Independent Party, a Labour Party, or a Socialist Party, but I do sincerely believe in such independence among Liberals and Conservatives as will tend to uphold the right and to suppress the wrong. I have met a great many members of Parliament and I have to acknowledge that I believe that the percentage of genuine independence, broad-based patriotism and intelligent citizenship is higher in these men than in the great body of the electors. I believe that most of them use their partisanship only when it is necessary for the pur-

pose of maintaining their position in the party, and that this unavoidable use of it is extremely distasteful to them.

The people who ask the politicians, publicists and editorial writers to be independent must first be independent themselves, and all these things will be added unto them.

THE NOMINATING CONVENTION

THE absence of interest on the part of business men in the working of the Nominating Convention is one of the weakest points in our political life.

The Ward Association meets to choose delegates to the Nominating Convention of the Riding. This is the first step. In this Ward Association meeting one finds a few young mechanics, a dozen lawyers, two or three business men, and a large number of party hacks. The party hacks outnumber the respectable element. At such a meeting in Toronto recently, a fireman, who, I believe, did not even live in the ward, was in command of a band of fifty young men and old who voted yea and nay as he, standing in front of them, directed. If a man was nominated whom he did not know his fifty votes went solid against that particular nominee. This is but one example of how ignorance, prejudice and self-interest predominate at such gatherings of free and intelligent electors.

Because the Ward Association meetings are not attended by the educated men—who sit in their cosy libraries and read editorials on political corruption—the result is a packed Nominating Convention. That is, it is packed with the friends of the candidate who took most interest in the proceedings, the candidate with the greatest desire to be elected or with the most money to spend. The Convention is called to order, and the rest of the proceedings are farcical. Amid greet cheering, the candidate who has spent his time and money in having the Convention packed, is chosen as the standard-bearer of the party. He feels the weight of the responsibility thus so suddenly and so unexpectedly thrust upon him. He promises to do everything he can to be elected and to get offices and contracts for those who are most faithful and most persistent. He paints the errors and weaknesses of the other party in lurid colours, and does all he can to arouse the worst instincts of those whom he addresses. In a short time, if he be clever, they are a crowd of snarling beasts, longing for the blood of their opponents.

And all this time the university professor, the immaculate doctor, the white-tied editor, the kid-gloved merchant, the fashion-plate broker and the high-browed financier are about their own business. "Politics are rotten," they say, "we wouldn't touch them." And so the governing of the country is in the hands of the working classes and the lawyers. The working classes must be manipulated, cajoled, driven, deceived and convinced. The lawyers, the younger lawyers, do the work. This, by the way, is the first step in the training of a judge. As soon as a lawyer has manipulated half a dozen nominating conventions he is made a county-court judge.

But it would be unwise to do away with nominating conventions. They are necessary to give us members of Parliament—and they are necessary to the selection of our future justices.

SALARIES AND REPUTATION

THE time has arrived when the salaries of the Dominion Cabinet Ministers and the Supreme Court Judges should be materially increased. The pay of the members of Parliament has recently had a reasonable increase from $1,000 to $1,500 a session, and that is sufficient for them at present. The salaries of the Executive and the Chief Judiciary are, however, still inadequate.

In the United States the President gets $50,000 a year, and it is proposed to increase this to $100,000, while the

Vice-President gets $8,000, which may be increased to $20,000. The Premier of Canada has not all the duties of the President and Vice-President because the Governor-General relieves him of much of the costly entertaining which is required at Ottawa. On the other hand, he has some duties in connection with his seat in the House of Commons which the President has not. His present salary of $9,500 is quite inadequate and should be increased to $15,000 at least. The Cabinet Ministers with portfolios, if generously treated, should receive $12,500 each instead of $8,500, though as compared with the Cabinet officers of the United States they are already fairly well remunerated.

The pay of the Supreme Court judges should be increased from $5,600 to $10,000 a year. The Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States receive $12,500, and it is proposed to increase this to $20,000. A prominent lawyer may earn $15,000 to $20,000 in the practice of the profession. The very best men should be chosen for our Supreme Court, and there is quite enough sacrifice when a lawyer surrenders $5,000 or $10,000 a year to serve his country in its chief court. Besides, these judges have social obligations which must not be overlooked.

Just at this stage in the country's development, the most honoured and most distinguished citizens should be found in the Cabinet and the Supreme Court. On these two bodies depends our future success. The Cabinet decides the administrative and legislative policy, the Supreme Court the judicial policy. The majority of the House of Commons may be men of mediocre ability, men who know little beyond the mere routine of manipulating a riding, but that body cannot go far wrong if the Cabinet of the day be strong, virile and intellectual. The judges in the provinces may be weak, or may be swayed by different sets of prejudices, ideals or ideas, but the judicial theories of the constitution will be upheld if there is a strong Supreme Court.

There has never been a whisper of reproach against any member, past or present, of the Supreme Court of Canada. They have been honourable and upright men. The families of the present and future members should be provided for, their financial burdeus should be lightened, and then their best efforts will be always at the service of the State.

The Cabinet Ministers since 1867—to go no farther back—have been honourable men with one or two exceptions. Most of them have given more than they received; few having increased their worldly possessions during their term of office. To be sure, it is presumed that the honour of being a member of His Majesty's Privy Council in Canada is supposed to be an honour quite adequate as a reward for the sacrifice required. Perhaps it would be were it not that there has grown up in this country a practice of sneering at public men. Every move they make is regarded with suspicion. Every motive is dissected for alien elements. The party press teems at times with unpatriotic, unjustifiable and irresponsible insinuations concerning the leading publicists and parliamentarians of the day. Indeed, the growth of intelligence in the press seems to be confined mainly to the advertising and circulation departments. Where there is wrong to be exposed and condemned, the newspaper editors are justified in speaking plainly and frankly, but instead of reserving their thunder for great occasions they dissipate it in creating a series of small shocks which are decidedly infantile in character. If this could be changed, a Cabinet Minister's position might be made as desirable an honour here as it is in Great Britain.

John A. Cooper

THE ATTITUDE

IT is not the thing itself, it is our attitude towards it. Books are useless until examined and read; and even then the reading is barren effort unless one reads with a purpose.

When you buy books do not decide on the book to buy by the size of the advertisement you read. If you hear that a book is equal to anything Scott or Dickens, or Kingsley or Hawthorne ever wrote, beware of it. Exaggeration is the bane of modern publishing. Remember that you went crazy over "David Harum" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and that these books are already forgotten. You loved dear old "Mrs. Wiggs," but she will be gone in a day or two. Do not let the money-making publisher excite you. There are a lot of fine people in the world who have not yet read any one of these three volumes. That now much-tooted book "The Masquerader" will be forgotten in a day or two—just wait.

What do you want from books? Is your demand merely for something to kill time, give you chills and "creeps" and keep you awake an hour longer in the evening? Then buy dime novels, they are so much cheaper. Is it to be able to say that you have read the current books? If so, you are lacking in judgment and taste. You are in the five-o'clock-tea, most-delightful-don't-you-know-oh-rather class. Get out of it. Shake the dust of it off your feet, and go up higher.

What should books give you? A knowledge of things unknown, a better grip on life by a greater knowledge of what is real and true, a wider human sympathy, a greater knowledge of the ethical issues of life. They should give you a profounder, broader view of civilisation; teaching you how to become greater in moral power, in ethical balance, and in mental equipment.

There are men and women in Canada to-day who are drunken and besotted with trashy novels. There are public and Sunday-school libraries in this country that do not circulate a hundred good books a year. There are bookstores in Canada and book-departments of large stores that do more to destroy the human intellect than any half-dozen cigarette stores in the same town or city. The stalls of these stores are filled with the scourings, the filth, the leavings of the United States market—bought at a bargain, sold at a bargain plus a percentage. Better one volume of Scott, Dickens or George Eliot than a hundred bargain volumes, written, printed and bound in the slums of New York.

THE SEA-WOLF

JACK LONDON should have called his book "Wolf Larsen," not "The Sea-Wolf."* The title chosen makes one think of an animal book, whereas the former title would have clearly indicated that it was the story of a Danish sea-captain, a man with a wolfish nature. Mr. London might reply that Wolf Larsen was an animal, and hence the title was not inappropriate. True, indeed, but animals do not read Spenser and Browning, do not delight in Omar Khayyam, do not command a sailing schooner in the sealing business. In so far as Wolf Larsen believed in brute strength he was an animal. Besides, he believed in neither right nor wrong:

*The Sea Wolf, by Jack London. Toronto: Morang & Co. Illustrated.

"Might is right, and that is all there is to it. Weakness is wrong. Which is a very poor way of saying that it is good for one's self to be strong, and evil for one's self to be weak—or better yet, it is pleasurable to be strong because of the profits; painful to be weak because of the penalties."

Larsen believed in strength as the arbiter of destiny; and, therefore, when he picked up "Sissy" Van Weyden, author and critic, in the open sea, and pulled him on board, he made him cabin boy, so that he might gain strength of body to assist his strength of intellect. Van Weyden objected, but his objections were overruled, and he was practically a slave along with all others who served on the *Ghost* under the most terrible tyrant in the North Pacific.

W. A. FRASER
Author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.
From a Painting by himself

This Scandinavian Lucifer is a character; whether he was worth creating is another question. He is a white-skinned, fair-haired savage born a few centuries too late.

"The frivolity of the laughter-loving Latins is no part of him. When he laughs it is from humour that is nothing else than ferocious. But he laughs rarely; he is too often sad, and it is sadness as deep-reaching as the roots of the race. It is the race heritage, the sadness which has made the race sober-minded, clean-lived and fanatically moral, and which, in this latter connection, has culminated among the English in the Reformed Church and Mrs. Grundy."

On this hell-ship Van Weyden had some startling experiences.

"Brutality had followed brutality, and flaming passions and cold-blooded cruelty had driven men to seek one another's lives and to strive to hurt, maim and destroy. My nerves were shocked. My mind itself was shocked. All my days had been passed in comparative ignorance of the animality of man. In fact, I had known life only in its intellectual phases."

How Van Weyden rose to be mate; how Miss Brewster, another waif of the sea, a poetess bound on a pleasure-trip to Japan, was picked up and kept a prisoner among these brutal men; how these two fell in love with each other, and strove to avoid a common fate; how they escaped in an open boat, and were shipwrecked on a small island, where two hundred thousand seals were the only inhabitants; how they finally escaped—this makes up a thrilling story.

MR. HOWELLS SLIPS

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS should hire an editor to go over his proofs, or his publishers should do it for him. Here are two sentences from his latest story, "The Son of Royal Langbrith:"*

"Her backyard, between this porch and the stable, was as clear as the front yard,

*New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: The Poole Pub. Co.

which dropped from the terrace where the house stood, and sloped three yards and no more to the white paling fence, in the gloom of four funereal firs, cropped upward as their boughs died of their own denseness, till their trunks showed as high as the chamber windows."

The second is like unto this, though not such a conglomeration of more or less loosely related statements:

"She was constantly finding him in the house of affliction, which she visited in her own quality of good angel, and it was without surprise or any feeling of coincidence that she now met him coming to the gate of a common patient, which she opened next after closing Mrs. Langbrith's."

The separation of "gate" and "which" makes the sentence ridiculous. At best it is too "loose."

If Mr. Howell's reputation is to depend on this book, in even a small measure, it will not last much longer. As a story it is flat; as a piece of writing it is execrable in many places; as a literary production it sorely lacks the fire of genius. It seems too bad that the Dean of United States literature should have fallen upon such weak days.

MR. CARMAN'S ESSAYS

BLISS CARMAN'S two volumes of Essays show his genius in a new light. In the first, "The Kinship of Nature,"* he discourses on the art life, strenuousness, beauty, ugliness, the luxury of being poor, and varying phases of nature. Each little essay is a literary gem, redundant in thought-producing power and suggestive phrases. In his second, "The Friendship of Art," he follows up his work in the first volume, laying stress on the artistic phases of life in opposition to the material. In other words, the first volume deals mainly with the objective side of life; the second with the subjective. Here are some of the headings from the latter: The Burden of Joy, The Tides of the Mind, The Training of Instinct, Speech-culture and Literature, The Secret of Art, Sanity and Art, The Creative Spirit, The Critical Spirit and Vanitas Vanitatum. Both volumes may safely be highly recommended and, being by a Canadian, have a special significance for the people of the country.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $2.00.

NOTES

Who has not heard of the Paisley shawl, once so important a part of a lady's trousseau? Matthew Blair is the author of a volume entitled "The Paisley Shawl and the Men Who Produced It."* This is beautifully illustrated with coloured plates showing the chief patterns used. It is especially interesting and valuable to all those interested in the application of art to industry. The men who made these fabrics were full of love for their artistic trade, and the lesson of their lives should never be forgotten.

The British War Office has issued a "Report of the Survey of Canada" by Major C. H. Hills, C.M.G. The idea in its preparation was to find, first, the value of the present maps of Canada; second, the adequacy of the existing survey; and third, the lines along which future surveys should proceed. The author makes important recommendations.

A very dainty volume of quotations is issued by T. N. Foulis, 3 Frederick Street, London, Eng. It is entitled "Seeds from the Garden of the World," and is by Mary Morgan (Gowan Lea).

Among recent minor publications are: "British Columbia's Claim for Better Terms," by George H. Cowan, Independent Ptg. Co., Vancouver, pp. 31. "Canadian Banking," by Duncan M. Stewart, Gen. Man. Sovereign Bank of Canada. Privately printed, Montreal, pp. 43. "Report of the Fifth Annual Meeting of The Canadian Forestry Association," Government Printing Bureau, Ottawa, pp. 127. "The Trust Company Idea and its Development," by Ernest Heaton, B.A., Oxon. Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co., pp. 45.

*Paisley: Alexander Gardner. Cloth, quarto, 84 pp.

Idle Moments.

A LA MEREDITH

CHAPTER I

"Will you be mine, Felicia?"

"For how long, Albert?"

"For fifteen years, dearest."

"No; but I will for ten years."

"Can't you make it twelve?"

"No; ten is the limit."

"All right. Here's the ring. Take good care of it, for I may need it again."

CHAPTER II

"Do you promise to take this woman for better or for worse for ten years?"

"Yes—subject, of course, to renewal of contract."

"Do you promise to love, honour and obey?"

"Yes; up to September 20, 1914."

"I pronounce you man and wife. Let no man put asunder in the meantime."

CHAPTER III

(Ten years later)

"Well, Albert, your ten years are up to-day. Do you want an extension of the contract?"

"No, thanks, dearest. I'm booked for the next ten years with Fanny Bishop. Her contract with Charley Bishop expires soon, you know."

"Why, of course. How stupid of me to forget. In that case I'll accept Arthur Bridgeport for five years. His contract with Adelaide is up next Friday noon."

CHAPTER IV

(Five years later)

"Whose little boy are you?"

"I'm Uncle Sam's little boy."

"Where are your parents, my lad?"

"Papa's doing six years with the late Mrs. Bishop, and mamma, I understand, is married at present to Mr. Bridgeport. Her contract expires some time next month, though, she having failed to get a renewal. Mamma's getting old, you know."—*Chicago Tribune.*

■

A GLADSTONE STORY

Mr. Chauncey Depew was breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone on a certain occasion; a number of other distinguished people were present, and the conversation turned on wealth.

"'I understand, Mr. Depew,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'you have a man in your country worth 200,000,000 dollars.'

"'We have,' said Mr. Depew.

"'And this money is represented by securities in railroads, Government stock and other first-class investments which could be dealt in at any moment?'

"'That is so.'

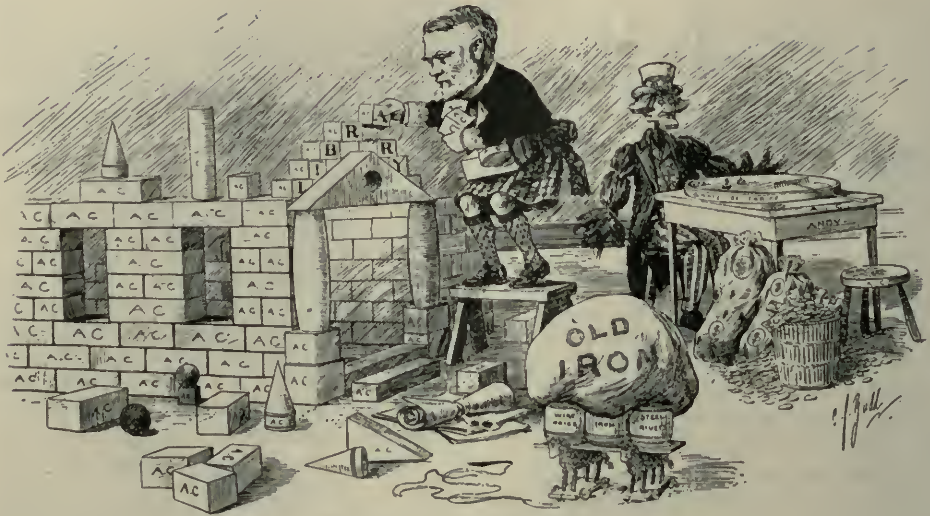
"'The owner of this wealth has power to provoke a panic and paralyse the trade of several countries!'

"'He could,' said Mr. Depew. 'But Mr. Vanderbilt is not the kind of man to do that.'

"'Still,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'it is dangerous for one man to possess so much wealth. It ought to be taken from him.'

"Mr. Depew pointed out that there was a man in England—the Duke of Westminster—who was also worth 200,000,000 dollars, and wished to know if Mr. Gladstone would desire that he should be dispossessed of his wealth in the same manner for the same reason.

"'No,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'be-



ANDY CARNEGIE AT PLAY

cause the Duke of Westminster is unable to part with his wealth—it is entailed.'"—*Selected.*

ANDY CARNEGIE

UNDER the title of "Our Boys," New York *Life* is running a series of articles. Here is what it says about the man who is injuring Canada by presenting her with money which destroys her self-respect:

"This is Andy playing with his gilt blocks. He loves to make libraries out of them, though Uncle Sam says sometimes when he comes in and watches Andy playing with them, that Andy is a perfect nuisance. Andy always has his name printed on every block so they will not be lost in the shuffle, and Uncle Sam is afraid that this is because Andy is too forward, but then Uncle Sam doesn't know everything.

"Andy loves to play all kinds of games, and when all the other little boys are around he loves to play horse with them. Andy is also very skilful at the game Tariff and he has beaten his Uncle Sam at it several times. Some Uncles would have gotten mad at this, but Andy's Uncle Sam didn't mind a bit, and only patted Andy on the back. Some of the poor little boys and girls who live near Andy have thought he was a little snob, but that is only because they were jealous. If they would only read some of Andy's compositions, they would know that he is all right."

HIS RETURN

He was ten years old, and when he slipped out of the house at daylight he left a note for his mother saying he was going West to fight Indians. A discouraging combination of circumstances, in which hunger, weariness and fear all played a part, made him think better of it, and he returned to the parental roof at 9.30 p.m. He was not received with open arms. Indeed, the family met him with coldness. The clock ticked, his father's newspaper rattled, his big sister studied obtrusively; even his mother didn't seem to care whether he came back or not. Nicodemus, the cat, not being in the secret, rose and rubbed his soft side caressingly against the culprit's leg. He stooped to pet him, and then, with a last desperate attempt to start the ball of conversation, he demanded, homesickly: "Is this the same old cat you had when I went away?"—*Argonaut.*

THE CARIBOU

THROUGHOUT Mr. Hanbury's book on the Northland of Canada, there is much information about the caribou, the number of which will probably run into millions, incredible as this may seem. There is, however, difficulty in estimating accurately their habits. The author says (p. 120):

"There is no doubt that caribou migrate. They go south in large herds in the autumn, and north in the spring. They cross the country east of Great Slave Lake, around Artillery Lake, and some distance east of it. They do not appear on the main Ark-i-linik River, but between Aberdeen and Schultz Lakes they pass with some regularity. The migration takes place on such a large scale, and over such a wide tract of country, that it has been assumed that all caribou migrate. The fact seems to be that the majority of the animals remain in the north throughout the year. I have myself shot caribou in winter along the west coast of Hudson Bay, and inland from the Bay; along the north and south coasts of Chesterfield Inlet; in the country north of the head of the Inlet as far as Garry Lake on Back's River. I have also killed them to the north and south of Baker, Aberdeen, and Schultz Lakes in winter, and I know

A DEER PITFALL AS MADE BY THE ESKIMO

They dig a hole six feet deep, and about it a wall four feet high. The deer walk up an easy slope, along which has been laid snow saturated with dogs' urine, of which the deer is fond. The thin roof gives way and the deer is trapped.

From "Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada"

others who have killed them in winter in the country about Wager River and Repulse Bay. On the Arctic coast, at White Bear Point, and on Kent Peninsula and at other places which will be mentioned later, caribou are always to be found during the winter. Thus, I think it may be held as proved that very great numbers of caribou do not migrate. In fact, if deer left the north in winter, the Eskimo on Back's River and southwards would have to leave it also, for their food is mostly deer's meat, the little musk-ox meat, seal, and fish they eat being scarcely worth considering. It is quite true that the animals which remain in the north frequently change their ground. They wander about, but their movements are not migratory.

"The third point to be noticed is, that, while many deer migrate, the course they will take cannot be predicted. The Yellow Knife and Dog Rib Indians and the Eskimo are careful observers of their movements, since their living mostly depends on the passing herds. They often state with confidence beforehand when and where deer will be found, but the information they give turns out wrong as frequently as right, and when they are shown to have been mistaken, they can only say they have never known it so before. The fact that famine befalls both Indians and Eskimo through failure of deer shows that they do not know the habits of these animals."

Their lack of fear is thus described:

"With long swinging trot a band of deer would approach to within three hundred yards or so, and would then stand stupidly staring at us as we passed. Then with an impudent snort, toss of the head, and jump in the air, they would be off. But their curiosity had been aroused, not satisfied, and with a dancing trot they would now advance to within a hundred yards of the sleighs, and then commence to cross our front, backwards and forwards, until their tongues lolled out, and they appeared to have enough of the game. The Huskies showed a laudable amount of self-restraint on these occasions."

The caribou are found as far north as Kent Peninsula, which is almost an Island. On June 1st, in that region, the author's party shot seven bulls in the morning.

THE APPLE PROBLEM

A LARGE number of answers to the apple problem of last month have been received. The problem was as follows:

"Two women are accustomed to sell apples on the streets, the one giving three apples for a cent and the other two for a cent. It chanced one day that one woman fell ill, and handed over thirty apples to the other to sell for her. The latter had thirty apples to start with, and sold the sixty apples at five for two cents, receiving 24 cents in all. If each woman had sold her thirty apples separately, the price received would have been 25 cents. How was the one cent lost?"

Christina H. Hadcock, Woodstock:

"Each woman has 30 apples to sell. By the time 2nd woman sells '5 apples for 2 cents' 10 times, she has sold all of sick woman's apples at '3 for 1 ct.' and only 20 of her own at '2 for 1 ct.' If she sells the remaining 10 of her own apples at '5 for 2 cts.' she will only get 4 cts.; but if she had sold them at her own price, '2 for 1 ct.,' she would have got 5 cts. Hence difference of 1 ct."

W. B. Allison, Edmonton, N.W.T.; Annie Thompson, Queensboro, Ont., and E. S. Stuart, Riverside, N.B.:

60 apples sold at 5 for 2c., or $\frac{2}{5}$c. per apple.

If 30 apples had been sold at 3 for 1c., or $\frac{1}{3}$c. each, and 30 apples had been sold at 2 for 1c., or $\frac{1}{2}$c. each, then the average price would be 2 apples for $\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{3}$, or $\frac{5}{6}$c.; or $\frac{5}{12}$c. each.

Difference $\frac{5}{12}-\frac{2}{5}=\frac{1}{60}$c. per apple, or 1c. on 60 apples.

Rossland subscriber, Rossland, B.C.:

The 3 for 1 cent apples would be at the rate of $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cent per apple, the 2 for 1 cent at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ cent per apple, therefore 5 apples (one-half from each woman's stock) would cost 2 1-12 cents, whereas the woman sold them for 2 cents, thereby entailing a loss of 1-12 of a cent on each parcel of 5 apples, or 1 cent on the whole 60 apples (12 parcels of 5 each).

These are the simplest solutions. Many of those received were unnecessarily long and complex. A year's subscription will be given for any such curious problem suitable for this column.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.
A Department For Business Men.

SPECIALISATION

"TO the artist, the scientist, the man of action, the danger lies in specialisation: the man has become absorbed in his trade; he is no longer a man, but a tradesman, whether his trade be commerce or art or philosophy. He can never be happy until he tries to be a man first of all, and wears his profession as lightly as he would wear a flower in his buttonhole."—From "Contentment," by Bliss Carman.

ANOTHER BOUNTY DESIRED

OF course, the habit of giving bounties must grow. If you give bounties on the production of steel rails, steel wires and lead matte, why not on everything?

This is the question the producers of copper ask. They met in Rossland on Dec. 9, and passed the following resolution:

"Resolved that in view of the great disadvantages under which gold and copper mining is labouring in this province, and the vast revenue derived from it by the Dominion Government, the Rossland Board of Trade do take steps to petition the Dominion Government to grant a bonus on copper as they have done on lead and iron, and that this board shall, as a preliminary step, invite the cooperation of the various boards of trade in the province with a view to presenting a unanimous memorial through our representatives in the Dominion Parliament."

Why not a bounty on the production of gold also; then a bounty on the production of potatoes, cheese, petticoats, white mice and scarlet geraniums? Quebec Province gives a bounty on babies, and there is some talk that Mr. Sifton is preparing a bill to give a bounty on children born in the Territories, the father of ten good, strong boys to be made a Dominion Senator or an agent of the Department of the Interior.

A Government that gives bounties ought to give them fairly, and only when there is some special, overwhelming reason. No such reason exists in the case of the present iron, steel and lead bounties, and the sooner the Government abandons them the more trouble it will avoid.

The Government might bonus magazines, of course, but they don't. Instead they allow United States magazines to come in free and charge Canadian printers twenty-five per cent. duty on any United States paper they may import. This works out as a tax of twenty-five per cent. on Canadian periodicals. A bounty of twenty-five per cent. instead of a tax of twenty-five per cent. would make the publishers very wealthy. But is not that the design of all bonuses?

STREET RAILWAY PROFITS

TORONTO is a large city and gets over $500 a day from its street railway.

Ottawa is a small city and it would like to have a similar percentage of profit, but its early rulers were not so wise as were those of Toronto. The profits of the Ottawa railway were $94,500 in 1903, and about $100,000 in 1904. The capital of the company (including probably a little water) is one million dollars. If Ottawa could buy the system for that amount, and borrow the money at 4 per cent., the annual net profit to the city would be $60,000. But Ottawa does not want to buy the railway just now, for the

simple reason that Ottawa distrusts its civic rulers.

THE NEW LONDON

[The majority of names in the new London Directory begin with Mac.]

I WEEP for London's vanished pride,
I weep for London Scotified,
Tear hair, wring hands and knock knees;
Dim are my eyes, yet I can see
My fellow-citizens will be
Soon nothing but MacCockneys.

Our native tongue we'll mend or end
And speak a Gaelic-Cockney blend,
Kail-brose serve for our feeding,
And we will don plaid, kilt, etcet—
No, no! unless I quite forget,
"Etcetera" were misleading.

Our sport shall be hop-scotch alone,
Bagpipes in every street shall drone
(This chief cause of my groans is),
And we shall hold as idle myths
That this was erst the home of Smiths
And Robinsons and Joneses.

M. S. in *London Chronicle.*

RECIPROCITY

CAMPBELL SHAW, of Buffalo, formerly chairman of the National Committee on Reciprocity with Canada, proposes a new policy, which is as follows:

PROPOSED NEW POLICY

1. That a joint commission be established for the purpose of instituting and developing a community-of-interests policy for that portion of the continent embracing the United States and Canada.

2. That the measures agreed upon by the joint commission be carried out by concurrent legislation.

3. That the joint commission be empowered to arrange for a gradual reduction each succeeding year of duties upon natural products, until all natural products are on the free list.

4. That the joint commission arrange for an agreement upon the following matters:

The bonding privilege to be assured, and simplified to prevent delays.

Protection of fisheries on Atlantic and Pacific coasts and in waters of common frontiers.

Protection of sealing industry in Pacific waters.

Abolition of Alien Labour Law.

Mining rights to aliens.

Right to construct naval vessels on the Great Lakes for use on the seas.

Maintenance of deep water in the Great Lakes' route to the seaboard.

Wrecking and salvage rights in common.

Conveying prisoners across over-border territory.

Better marking of border where insufficiently defined.

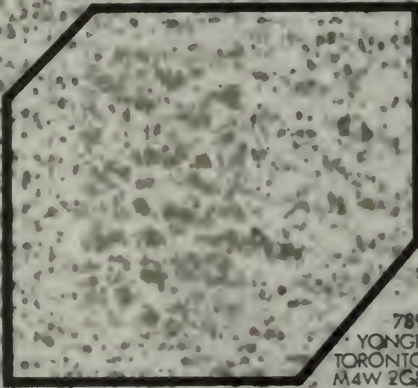
Readers will please notice that the pill is sugared.

A SCHOOL OF COLONIAL HISTORY

ONE piece of munificence often begets another, and the institution of "Rhodes scholars" at Oxford has now led to the endowment of a school of Colonial History there by Mr. Beit, says the London *Chronicle.* The endowment, which is to cost £1,310 a year, provides for a resident professor, assistant lecturers, a prize for an annual essay, and the purchase of books. Wisely administered, it will be the means of establishing a most valuable School of Colonial History. It is badly needed. Mr. Beit, in his letter to the Vice-Chancellor, speaks of the need being especially great "amongst those who, under the provisions of Mr. Rhodes's will, come to Oxford from all parts of the Empire." Certainly it is only proper that Colonial students coming to a British University should have the means of studying Colonial history. But this is a branch of knowledge which might be extended, even more usefully, among English students. The average Englishman's ignorance of Colonial history is, we fear, extensive and peculiar; it is probably surpassed only by his ignorance of Colonial geography.

NEW COMMERCIAL COURSE

THE University Council of Manitoba University has decided to add a commercial department as a regular course of study. A special committee had been appointed to investigate, and recommended this course of action. The scheme is to have a two years' course in commercial law, banking, political economy, and to grant diplomas to successful students. Winnipeg believes in education, practical, varied and adequate.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TO THE MEMORY OF BRAVE MEN

THE LAST STAND OF MAJOR WILSON ON THE SHANGANI RIVER, RHODESIA, 1893

See "People and Affairs"

From the Painting by Allan Stewart

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE CORNWALL CANAL CONTRACT

By NORMAN PATTERSON

HERE are few people who have ever considered the responsibility of the Dominion Cabinet as a spender of money. There are fourteen ministers with portfolios in that body, and each spends on an average more than four million dollars a year. In the year ending June 30th, 1903, the Dominion Government spent in the ordinary way $51,691,000, and contracted debts for several million dollars' worth of expenditures which are said to be "on capital account." In addition there were some "Special" items, which brought the total expenditure for the year to $61,746,000.

To spend four and a half million dollars a year, and get good value for it, is what is demanded of the average cabinet minister at Ottawa. Some have more to spend than others, but as the responsibility for the whole expenditure rests on the cabinet as a whole, the responsibility may be divided evenly for the sake of argument.

To successfully spend this amount of money each year requires a considerable business knowledge, a keen intellect and much sturdy commonsense. The speculative question might be framed, "If there were fourteen companies at Ottawa, each having four and a half million dollars to spend each year, would they select the present fourteen cabinet ministers as the best men for the fourteen positions?" This question is not framed to throw any discredit upon those fourteen gentlemen, but simply to show the grave business responsibility which each must annually undertake.

A MINISTER'S TROUBLES

Neither is it possible for any one of these ministers to devote his whole time to this work. The collecting of this amount of money, the consideration of a great deal of necessary legislation both public and private, the listening to interviewers of all sorts and conditions, the attention required of each as one of the leaders of a great

CORNWALL CANAL—A LOCK FULL OF WATER
In the distance, an open draw-bridge

HON. JAMES SUTHERLAND

Acting Minister of Railways and Canals in 1900, now Minister of Public Works

not once in a while make an improvident bargain.

Perhaps the most improvident bargains made by the Cabinet are those in connection with the Public Works and Railways and Canals departments. In these two are the annual expenditures greatest. Last year the Public Works spent about seven millions of dollars, and the Department of Railways and Canals about five millions. Two ministers are primarily responsible for twelve millions of expenditure, which is distributed throughout the whole of Canada. The difficulties are enormous.

AN IMPROVIDENT BARGAIN

One of the most notable examples of an improvident contract made by a department is that known as the Cornwall Canal Lighting and Power Contract, whereby nearly a million of dollars would have been uselessly paid by the Dominion Government had there been no Auditor-General. The main facts are simple.

In 1896, some time previous to a general election, the Hon. John Haggart, Minister of Railways and Canals, made a lease with a contractor by the name of M. P. Davis, giving him the right to use the water-power of the Cornwall Canal at a certain point for $1,000 a year for eighty-four years. The Government had already built a dam there in order to increase the water in this portion of the river and the canal, so that there was good reason why a fair rental should be paid. At the same time it was agreed that Mr. Davis should supply power at the rate of $63 per horse-power per year for such quantity as the Government might require, and electric lights at the rate of $109.50 per arc light of 2,000 candle power to the number required by the

political party which must consider its future in the constituencies, the informing the representatives of that party in parliament as to the advisability of certain courses decided upon in the interest of the party and the country—all these elements of cabinet ministers' duties make inroads upon his time and his energy.

Of course each receives some assistance from the permanent officers in his department, and from his colleagues and fellow-members. He gets advice from the Opposition and from the people interested in the spending of the money in the constituencies. Nevertheless, it would be wonderful if there were no mistakes. These men would be more than human if they did not occasionally go wrong, if they did not now and again spend a few hundred thousand dollars unwisely, if they did

CORNWALL—BY-WASH, LOCK 18, AND TAIL-RACE FROM TORONTO PAPER CO. MILLS
Photograph by F. Bisset

cently made a Minister of the Crown and designated "Honourable." Mr. Aylesworth at first told Mr. McDougall that Mr. Schreiber was right, and that, so far as he could see, the money must be paid. Given more data to work on, Mr. Aylesworth got new light, and thought "it would seem reasonably clear that payment was to be made only in respect of each night during which light was required and supplied."

This was defeat number one for the deputy and victory for Mr. McDougall.

It only remains to be said that later on Mr. Aylesworth rescinded his opinion and decided that the contractor could collect for 250 lights whether he supplied them or not. The Government, however, took the matter up and arranged a compromise with the contractor, and paid him *only for the lights actually supplied* between Oct. 24th, 1901, and Nov. 30th, 1902; for 100 lights between Nov. 30th, 1902, and March 31st, 1903, and for the actual lights supplied between March 13th, 1903, and June 30th, 1903. After that date Mr. Davis was to be paid for 100 lights for four months and 250 lights for eight months, in each year.

Let us examine another of Mr. Schreiber's remarkable contentions, so that the public may have still further proof of this gentleman's competence, efficiency and public spirit. This time it is a question between him and the secretary of his department, to whom he addresses a report on Aug. 25th, 1902, and which is signed "Collingwood Schreiber, C.E."* The question was whether the provision that the contractor should supply 400 horse-power of electrical energy at $63 per horse-power was just and necessary. There were two doubts in the mind of the Auditor-General: 1. That 400 h.p. were required; 2. That the price was reasonable. These two doubts have since been confirmed. Yet the deputy sought to justify what has been proven to be an extravagant contract. His letter gives the following statement:

On the above basis the following would be the apportionment of power:—

	No. H.P.	Total H.P.
New canal, lock and guard gates..	26x4	104
Old canal, lock gates............	20x4	80
New canal, sluice gates or valves..	26x1	26
Old canal, sluice gates or valves...	20x1	20
6 weirs (66 openings)..	66x½	33
Bridges	1x3 1x2	5
New canal, winches to help vessels through locks.	6x6	36

*This report will be found in the Auditor-General's Report, 1902-1903, pp. 32 and 33.

	No. H.P.	Total H.P.
Old canal, winches to help vessels through lock.....	5x6	30
Workshops, serving both Cornwall and Williamsburg canals......		60
		394
Six per cent. for loss of power between generator and motors ..		23
Total horse-powers *delivered*.......		417

To state it in another way:

The New Canal required	168 h.p.
The Old Canal required..........	100 h.p.
The winches required..............	66 h.p.
The workshops required...........	60 h.p.
Loss in transmission.....	23 h.p.
	417

Now, Mr. Schreiber must have known that the Old Canal was not used at all, that it was likely to be used only in case of a break in the new canal, and that the 100 horse-power at $63 per year to operate a canal not in use would be robbery pure and simple. It would be $63.00 a year, or $529,000 in eighty-four years, almost thrown away.

Further, when Mr. Schreiber made that estimate, he knew that the winches were not installed, and were not likely to be for some time, if at all; that no power was required for them. Yet he puts in 66 h.p. more. He is willing that the country should pay for 166 h.p. at $63 per h.p., which was not required. These two items would amount to $878,472. If all public servants are like Mr. Schreiber, the public service must be in a bad way.

THE LAST STRAW

The deputy also went further. He allowed an account to be sent to the Auditor-General, asking him to pay for 400 h.p. for eleven months, *before energy had ever been applied*, and while the canal was still being operated by hand. In other words, he desired the Auditor-General to make the contractor a present of some $25,000. Mr. Schreiber's generosity is wonderful.

On the other hand, the reasonable view of the Auditor-General is expressed in his letter of September 29th, about a month after Mr. Schreiber's estimate of 417 h.p. "delivered":

"The letter of the chief engineer does not touch the question raised by me. An application has been made to me to pay for 400 horse-power at $63 per horse-power per annum, to run from October 24th last, over 11 months now, while there has not as yet been the application of any electrical energy whatever for any Government purposes anywhere on the Cornwall canal. I raise no objection to the payment for the electrical energy when we get the use of it. It was provided under the contract of 1896 that the Government was to pay for only what it got, and there was no necessity to make a new and highly unfavourable agreement with Mr. Davis for electrical energy."

And how was this point settled? The answer is in the compromise agreement made between the contractor and the Government nearly a year later, when the account was reduced to 125 h.p. from installation in October, 1901, to July, 1903. That is, instead of paying the contractor $42,000, the Government settled for $13,125 (approximately).

THE THIRD CONTRACT

As a consequence of the protests of the Auditor-General, and the recommendation of three experts who investigated the subject, the Government did make a new contract for the supply of both electric power and light. Instead of agreeing to pay for 400 horse-power per annum, they are to pay for about 125 h.p., "until the present installation is added to or increased upon the written requisition of the Chief Engineer." Instead of agreeing to pay for 250 lights per night whether used or not, it is agreed to pay for 100 lights for four months and 250 lights for eight months. Under this contract, though still liberal to Mr. Davis, the country saves about half a million of dollars.

Had Mr. Schreiber been as earnest and as competent — one is almost tempted to add as honest—as Mr. McDougall, he might have prevented this extravagant contract ever being made. He was deputy-minister when the first contract was made by the Hon. Mr. Haggart; he was still in that important position when the new con-

tract was made by the Hon. Mr. Sutherland. He must have known that the contract was extravagant and that the country would lose a million dollars in this way. We have no evidence that he raised a finger to prevent it. In fact, there is no evidence to show that it was done on other than his advice. Neither Mr. Haggart nor Mr. Sutherland were engineers or electrical experts, and they must have been relying on some person's advice. If it was on the advice of Mr. Schreiber, then it is time that the country demanded a settlement with that gentleman. If it was done against his advice, then the circumstances should be made known in order that the current suspicions shall be allayed.

SOME OTHER OBSERVATIONS

A most peculiar incident in connection with this canal question occurred in the House of Commons on July 13th, during the debate on this subject. Mr. Reid, of Addington, got up to make a speech. He apparently did not know much about his subject, and it is doubtful if he or any other member of the Opposition even took the trouble to go over the canal and try to see things for themselves, as the Auditor-General did. Well, Mr. Reid had hardly got started when he made the statement that the Soulanges canal is about the same length and has the same number of locks as the Cornwall Canal. The following is the ensuing dialogue, as given in *Hansard:*

MR. J. D. REID. The Auditor-General states that the Cornwall canal has seven locks and two bridges and the Soulanges canal six locks and seven bridges.

MR. FITZPATRICK. My hon. friend would be amazed to hear that on the Cornwall canal there are eleven locks and on the Soulanges canal there are four locks, according to the certificate of the chief engineer of government railways, dated on the 2nd July, 1904.

MR. J. D. REID. Perhaps that may be right, but I quoted from the official record.

MR. FITZPATRICK. Not from the official record; you are taking it from the Auditor-General's Report.

MR. J. D. REID. I do not know that the Auditor-General is trying to mislead us.

MR. FITZPATRICK. Oh, I do not think so.

Mr. Reid left this point and tried another line, but Mr. Fitzpatrick continued his tactics, with the result that Mr. Reid sat down disgusted. It was good punishment for him, because there is too much talking in the House by members who are either indolent or incompetent, or both.

The explanation is this. There are eleven locks on the Cornwall Canal, but six are on the new canal and five are on the old canal, the latter, of course, not being used. If Mr. Reid had known the details of the subject on which he essayed to speak, he could easily have countered on that clever gentleman who is supposed to administer justice to Canadians. The explanation as to the number of locks on the Soulanges Canal is equally simple. Mr. Fitzpatrick succeeded in making Mr. Reid look foolish, and the member for a St. Lawrence constituency sat down in a decided mental mess.

The failure of both parties to thoroughly sift this matter to the bottom is a grave reflection on the honesty and integrity of the House of Commons. It was especially the duty of the Conservative leader, Mr. R. L. Borden, to insist on an investigation. That he did not do so may account in some measure for the recent lack of confidence in him shown by the electors at large.

THE JUNIOR PARTNER

HE MAKES AN ESTIMATE ON MATERIALS AND MEN

ONGER slashed viciously at the stick he was whittling.

"I don't see why the old man should feel like that," said he.

"Well, he does, an' that's all there is about it," replied Haliburton shortly. "Murphy's got no use for any one that's sharp enough to beat him. Seein' I fixed things so as I could dictate terms and make him hand me over a partnership maybe gives him a sort o' respect for me; but it doesn't make him like me any better. The only difference is, he realises now that the dog is liable to bite and watches me a little closer."

"Watches you? How do you mean?"

"Watches me almost as if I was tryin' to carry off stuff from the job. He's always slinkin' 'round when I'm buyin' anythin'. Probably makin' certain that I don't try any little deals on the side, and go graftin' for commissions. He doesn't say anythin', but I know darn well what he means."

"He used to be all right with you?" questioned Fonger.

"Sure," assented the superintendent; "until he commenced to think that I was runnin' the whole thing, an' then he got jealous. He's mighty careful now who he introduces me to. If he finds me talkin' to any friends o' his he slides into the conversation pretty quick an' walks the feller off with him."

Though of a sanguine disposition and not easily cast down, Haliburton was having his troubles. Deeply jealous of the use the superintendent had made of the opportunities that he himself had cast in his way, Murphy would like to have undone his recent actions. A partner, he felt, was by no means a necessity to him; and had it not been that Haliburton had held the whip-hand in the purchase of supplies, he would never have had anything to do with him. Now that that difficulty was safely over, he would gladly have dispensed with the superintendent's services had a reasonable opportunity presented itself. Profits made a larger pile all in one man's pocket than if divided between two.

So matters ran along until early in March. Then they showed signs of culmination in the letting of the pier foundations for the Ridout Bridge. Murphy felt confident of securing the contract. Not only did he have a stand-in with the powers, but, as well, he was in a position to put in a low bid. The bridge being located on the Aux Sable River, a mere twenty-five miles below where the Gore Valley Viaduct crossed it, it would not cost him much to transport his plant there. As soon as the Viaduct was finished he could float the equipment down stream, and almost the very next day be in perfect shape to begin work on the other job.

Then he received an unexpected check.

Hearing of the contractor's plans, Haliburton brought up the subject.

"They tell me you're calculatin' to build the Ridout Bridge," said he nonchalantly.

"I was thinking perhaps I might bid on it," replied Murphy, not committing himself.

"That's the same as sayin' we'll take it," commented Haliburton. "Ours is the only equipment in this section o' the country that's suited to that kind o' work; an' even if there was another, it couldn't be got there as cheap as this one."

Murphy noticed the "we" and "ours."

"I hadn't figgered on Murphy & Haliburton doing the work," said he dryly. "My idea was that John C. Murphy would be able to handle this job by himself."

Haliburton crossed his legs and settled himself deeper into his chair. "I guess not," he replied. "As a member of the firm that's buildin' the Gore Valley Viaduct, I've got an interest in this here plant. If any biddin's to be done, we'll both have a finger in the pie."

"What'll you take for your interest?" questioned Murphy hotly, very red in the face. "Considering that I gave it to you for nothing, it's a pretty high-handed proceeding asking me to buy it back; but rather than have any feelings about it, I'll give you something if you will make it reasonable."

Haliburton laughed at him.

"Gave it to me!" he snickered between bursts of mirth. "Yes you did—not! It's a lot you'd ever give any one. You gave it to me because you couldn't have made a red cent on it unless you took me in. But my share ain't for sale. I'm not thinkin' o' retirin' just yet."

"You'll have to sell," cried Murphy, losing his temper; "I'm not going to bid with you. Anyway, the big end of the thing is mine."

"That may be; but even if I only owned a dollar's worth I'd want my percentage on it," retorted the other. "However, if you don't bid with me you'll have to bid against me. I've got a footing in the contracting business now an' it'll not be hard for me to get backing."

"I guess he's got me skinned this time all right"

DRAWN BY HAROLD PYKE

Murphy knew that Haliburton was talking facts and this was presenting a new phase of the matter. It would never do to bid against each other. If it came to that, each would act on the assumption that it would be possible

to buy out the other's interest in the plant once the contract was secured. The probabilities would be that prices might be cut so low as to spoil a good thing completely.

Murphy knew a better way. After some fifteen minutes spent in wrangling over the thing he gave in.

"All right, then," he assented. "Whatever we do, we can't afford to cut the prices. The best thing we can do will be to tackle it together."

Something in the contractor's manner made Haliburton suspicious; but this was not a time for hesitation and he offered no remark.

The bids were to be opened on the first Monday in April at ten o'clock in the morning. Late the preceding Saturday afternoon Murphy and Haliburton met to arrange their estimate.

"We can do the job and make a big profit at about what it 'ud cost any one else," observed Haliburton after he had glanced through the specifications. "This havin' your plant right on the ground counts, I tell you."

Murphy grunted. Unobserved by Haliburton he was making a copy of the figures upon which they had agreed.

"I'll get down early and arrange about the security bonds," Haliburton remarked as he locked the office door.

"Sure!" Murphy thrust his tongue into his cheek.

The following Sunday, Haliburton spent the afternoon out on the work nosing around among the boiler-houses and lumber piles. When he went back to his boarding-house at six o'clock he found a note awaiting him, the address in Murphy's handwriting. With a premonition of coming evil he ripped the end off the envelope. It was short to the verge of curtness.

I have decided that it will be best for me to bid alone to-morrow.

MURPHY.

That was all.

Mechanically, Haliburton put up his hand and shoved his hair back off his forehead. It was a body blow. He felt as if he were standing on the edge of the world looking over into an abyss.

"The old rogue!" he muttered, recovering his breath and his vocabulary at the same time. "Waited till the last minute, so I'd have no time to arrange for backing to bid again' him. Knows my estimated costs, too, an' just about what my figger 'ud be in case I did manage to get in. He's a shrewd fox! I guess he's got me skinned this time all right."

The following morning the superintendent went into the city to see the bids opened. As he had anticipated, the contract was awarded to Murphy. He made no protest: he felt there was little use in crying over spilled milk.

"Swamped me pretty bad, didn't you," said he to Murphy, meeting him in the elevator. "Still, it might have been worse. I suppose that you want to buy my share o' the plant now."

A deal was effected at the original cost, less ten per cent. for wear and tear.

Haliburton said little about the unfair advantage the contractor had taken of him. The stock-clerk was the only person to whom he mentioned it.

"By Jove, Fonger," said he one morning in an outburst of anger as he thought of the trick that had been played him, "I ain't much on beefing if a man hits me in the wind when I'm not lookin'; I'm supposed to be able to look out for that. But I usually give two back. I'll make Murphy sweat for this yet; you just watch my smoke."

Murphy was having a tremendous run of luck. Within a fortnight after he landed the Ridout Bridge he caught two other large jobs and one smaller one. That put four jobs on his hands all at once. He regretted then that he had broken with Haliburton—that his steady hand was not to guide the work on the Bridge. Unfortunately, the time-limits on the contracts made it imperative that they all be pushed at once. Nor was it only a question of securing capable men to look after the work. To keep three large contracts

going from one month's end to another until the regular estimates came in required no inconsiderable amount of capital.

Thinking the matter over, he resolved to send for Haliburton.

When the superintendent arrived, Murphy was the soul of hospitality. He shoved the door shut and drew up his chair so that they could talk without being overheard.

"Haliburton," said he, "I'm afraid that I haven't treated you just the way I should."

"You've guessed right," assented the superintendent candidly; "you haven't!"

Murphy was considerably taken aback. He had not looked for such matter-of-fact speaking.

"Well," he pursued, hedging, "perhaps I shouldn't have bid alone the way I did; but there were complications which you don't know anything about that drove me to do it."

The superintendent sniffed audibly.

"You didn't bring me here just to tell me all this. What's your proposition?"

"My proposition is this," said Murphy; "I want to square myself with you if I can. How would you like a piece of the Ridout Bridge to do?"

"How much and on what terms?" questioned Haliburton briefly.

"The abutments, excavations and approaches. You can put me in a bid on it—a private bid, you know; I'm not asking any one else—and if the price is right, I'll hand it over to you."

Murphy was doing no slight favour—to himself! The Ridout Bridge consisted of but the two abutments and the centre pier. The middle one, being in the water, would have to be built by means of caisson work and compressed air. Murphy kept this for himself. It alone was about half the work. The abutments, however, were merely earth and rock excavation, and the approaches simply a case of filling. It meant a lot of work but no unusual difficulties.

Haliburton considered the scheme for a moment. Murphy had cheated him out of this very work in the first place; and yet, after all, even if it were only a sub-contract, it would be his first job entirely in his own name.

"I'll take you," he said at length, the sentimental reasons weighing against the practical; "send me your specifications and I'll make a bid."

"They'll be ready next week."

Looking over the specifications the following week, Haliburton observed two striking points about them—first, that a lump-sum bid was called for; and, second, that no quantities were mentioned.

"I suppose," thought he, "that the old man doesn't think I need any quantities, seein' I saw them in the original specifications. I'll have to send out and take some for myself."

Then he set about making out his estimate.

"Murphy wants to give me this job," he told Fonger. "There's no reason why I shouldn't charge good prices on it. Considerin' I've got the inside track to the extent of knowin' what the old chap figgered it could be done for, I guess it's up to me to make something here."

Murphy's contract price for the whole Bridge was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Haliburton's estimate for his "sub," which was just about half of the whole job, was one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

"It's pretty high for a 'sub,'" he explained to the stock-clerk; "but I guess, under the circumstances, it'll go. He wants to get it off his hands and would like me to have it to sort o' appease my mighty wrath, so I guess it'll do."

Murphy accepted the bid.

Then after he had accepted it he wrote Haliburton, furnishing him estimated quantities and asking for a price in detail. The superintendent read the latter.

"Great Scott!" he cried; "would you just look at here, Fonger."

The stock-clerk glanced over it.

"What about it?" he questioned; "I don't see anything."

Then Haliburton changed his mind and resolved to say nothing.

"No," replied he quietly, after a moment's thought; "I don't know as there *is* anything to see, either."

That night he made out his itemised bid. With infinite care he figured a price per yard for earth and rock excavation, for filling and grading, and for masonry and concreting. He worked it out and made certain that the totals of his lump-sum and detail bids agreed. Then he sent it to Murphy.

It was accepted almost off-hand. A month later Haliburton began work.

Then he discovered that he had even a better thing than he knew at the time he had bid on it. The test borings, by some freak, had shown quite a different quality of soil from that with which he found he had to deal. His work became practically a case of excavating in one spot, throwing the earth into buckets, and then, by means of a chain of derricks, passing it a few hundred yards back and using it for fill. He found that for the one handling of material he was receiving payment twice over. He had estimated on having to load the dirt into cars, run them five miles up the line, and then have them bring back a new load for fill and ballast. At the end of each month he put in estimates for the work accomplished during the preceding thirty days. They were promptly paid.

"I'd sooner have you here than on the other side of the fence"

DRAWN BY HAROLD PYKE

Busy with his other work, Murphy himself paid little attention to these payments, and beyond the mere signing of the checks left the matter entirely in the hands of his bookkeeper, Macpherson, a shrewd old Scotchman. The eleventh estimate, however, happened to catch the contractor's eye. "What's the total we've paid this fellow?" he asked.

The clerk hastily checked his figures.

"A hundred and thirty-five thousand," said he.

"What!" Murphy had laid his pipe on the table and was looking over the figures. "Must be something wrong with your addition, my man!"

The bookkeeper said nothing. Standing respectfully aside, he allowed the contractor to examine the book. Murphy hastily ran his pencil down the column. Then a panic ensued.

The previous estimates were spread out and the figures carefully compared; even the different items of the estimates themselves were carefully gone into. Three times was the column totalled. Yet the result remained the same.

The day was cool enough, but the contractor was mopping his face. His silk handkerchief was already damp.

"Macpherson," said he to the bookkeeper, "you'd better send young Jenkins over and have Haliburton come down here for half an hour. Tell him I want to see him."

"Haliburton," Murphy questioned when that individual arrived, "what on earth's the matter with these estimates? We've all been figuring for an hour and none of us can make head or tail of them. I wish you'd explain them to me."

A faint smile was playing around the corners of Haliburton's mouth. He glanced through the mass of papers which the contractor had shoved across to him.

"I can't see anything wrong," he replied.

Murphy was beginning to be convinced that everything was not precisely as it ought to be.

"Macpherson," he called, "hand me Mr. Haliburton's lump-sum bid and that bid in detail with our estimated quantities. Bring them into my office when you've got them; we'll get at the bottom of this thing. Come inside, Haliburton."

Murphy closed the door behind the bookkeeper as the latter went out. The superintendent lighted a cigar. He saw that the climax was due and settled himself for the storm.

The contractor paid no attention to the pile of papers which Macpherson had laid on the table.

"Now, then," said he shortly, "I'd like to know what this means. Your bid for that job was a hundred and twenty-five thousand. That was pretty near twenty per cent. higher than I could have got it done for. To-day I find that we've already paid you that, plus an even ten thousand more—and still you've got a full three months' work ahead of you."

Haliburton grinned. By courtesy, it might have been called a smile of triumph; as a matter of fact, it was just a grin, pure and simple.

"I reckon, Murphy, that maybe the principal trouble is your fault and not any of my making: I've only been sharp enough to take advantage of it. You see, you made a little mistake there a while back and overreached yourself."

"I don't see it." Murphy was beside himself with suppressed rage. Never had anyone dared to speak so plainly to him.

"No, I don't reckon you do. Suppose I put you next and show you what a regular mark you are. Do you remember that lump-sum bid of mine for a hundred and twenty-five thousand? Well, you'd have been all right if you'd had sense enough to stop when you got it. But you didn't; you wanted a detail bid and—well—I gave you one. The only mistake you made was that when you asked for the change and sent me over the quantities so as I could itemise the amount, *you underestimated the amount of work!*"

The contractor was gasping.

"Yes," pursued Haliburton, enjoying his discomfiture, "the whole difficulty that you're up against now lay in those quantities. You see, I made an estimate of my own when I made my first bid. Then the ones you sent over were 'way small—only about two-thirds mine—and to make the amount of my detail bid agree with the total of the lump-sum bid I had already sent you, it was necessary to make my prices per yard just about half as much again as I had originally intended. That's one place I came out ahead."

"And?"

That was all Murphy said. The shrewdness of the superintendent fascinated him. He hungered for more details.

"Then, you know, seein' your quantities came out less than what actually had to be done, there was a

pile o' extra work—an' that, too, at mighty good prices. That's what's keepin' me busy now. I reckon we'll be through in two or three months more."

"The deuce you will!"

Murphy was completely outdone—and, worst of all, entirely by himself. He had raised the prices on himself just fifty per cent. more than he need have paid and had made fully one-third of the job rank under the head of "extras," all of which he had to pay for at the same exorbitant terms.

His grasp of the situation was clear and intelligent; and yet it did not increase his wrath against the superintendent. In fact, the effect was quite the opposite. For every dollar out of which the superintendent had beaten him, his respect for the other's business ability jumped a foot.

"Haliburton," said he after a pause, "I guess that when I told you a while back I hadn't treated you right I was talking more horse-sense than I knew. I made a mistake ever to try to shake you; maybe I made another when I offered you a chance at the thing at all afterward—but that's no matter. Now, I've got another proposition to make you. You go right ahead and finish up this bit of work; put me in a bill for every item you can rake up; I deserve to pay it all for being such an ass. When you're through come right over to my office, and we'll hang out that old sign of ours again. I guess it ain't worn out. I'm not as young as I used to be, and I need you in my business. Besides, I'd sooner have you here than on the other side of the fence."

LINES WRITTEN BY A CERTAIN KING WHILE IN EXILE

BY M. B. DAVIDSON

A King was I;
My realm a woman's life,
My throne a woman's heart,
My courtiers her wishes and desires:
My palace was her presence, and her trusting hand
The royalist sceptre ever grasped by King:
My robe a woman's faith,
My crown a woman's love,
A King was I.

But now beyond the seas I dwell, an unthroned Prince:
For, madly blundering with the power I held,
My palace, sceptre, crown,
And state were snatched away—
An exile I.
And yet I wait in hope
To hear across the waves
That some of my old courtiers, faithful still,
Are crying through my long-lost realm: "Bring back our King."

PASSAGE PAID

A STORY OF THE EMPIRE

By W. VICTOR COOK

THE cholera was terrible that year in Aden. Whence it came, no one could tell, whether from the pilgrims and others from the arid Arabian desert inland, or whether from the dhows and sambuks, with their crews of half-caste Arabs and Somalis, that ply hither and thither in the blazing Red Sea. One thing was certain, that it did not come from the great galleries of rock cisterns, whence, from before the dawn of history, Aden, or Eden as the Arabs say, has drawn her supply of water from the hills.

Wherever it came from, the pestilence was there, and men with white faces and men with brown were dying daily and hourly. Aden is the sanatorium of the nearer East, and it is bad when the hospital is smitten.

From the camp, and the barracks, and the great fort that looks out over twenty leagues of sea under the shadow of the circular black rock from whose summit the Empire-flag flies over this lonely outpost, came every day little processions to the throb of a muffled drum; and in the native quarters the death-wail rose dismally, and thin, dark faces, blank with terror, or stolid in their eastern fatalism, stared on the dead as they were carried out from their midst, down the hot, narrow streets of dirty-white houses to the burial ground. The garrison was reduced, and those who remained were marched and countermarched over the barren peninsula to keep up their hearts. And still men died, and the hot, bright sunshine glared down daily on the bare, unshaded black rocks, which stand so lonely, rigid and stern to guard our highway to the East.

Among the rest, the hard-worked "P.M.O." (principal medical officer) died, and his assistant, too, and in their turn were borne out feet foremost, covered by the flag which they had served so well, behind the muffled drums. In all the rocky peninsula there was no qualified medical man left to minister to thirty-five thousand souls that were rapidly developing "cholera funk" in its worst form.

On the day of the surgeon's death a big dhow, with the wind at her heels, and tossing clouds of spray about her bows, sailed into the little quiet bay under Steamer Point, and dropped her anchor. Into one of the boats of swarthy, sketchily-dressed natives which put out to her, there descended a man in European dress, yet so browned by the sun, and so lank and grave of face that he might have passed for an Arab.

As he walked up towards the Residency this man met the surgeon's funeral, and raising a wide, rough hat of sun-baked straw, stood aside under the shelter of a narrow colonnade to watch it pass. Close beside him a couple of Somali camelmen had halted also with their animals. One of them said something to the other as the drums thrummed sadly by.

The man in the shadow started.

"What's that you say?" he asked with some eagerness.

The Somali who had spoken stared in amazement at being addressed in his own tongue by a European.

"*Akal* (master), I said it was the soldier's doctor," he anwered, when his surprise allowed him to speak. "Allah is great."

The man from the dhow said no more, but walked on faster when the procession had passed. By-and-bye he accosted an English private:

"Is it true that the doctor is dead?"

"He was took early this morning in 'orspital. It doubled him up all in a minute, and 'e was dead in five hours."

"Is it bad in the town?"

"Bad! Heavens!" The soldier stared at him fiercely. "Where might you have come from?"

"Obbia."

"You'd best have stopped there," said the private. "You won't live long here, guvnor. It's killing of us at the double, and we've no doctor now, God help us! But it's served, and we've got to eat it."

The brown-tanned man went on his way to the Residency, and encountered the Resident himself at the doors. He saluted.

"I met the doctor's funeral just now, sir. I have passed the medical examinations. I should like to offer you my services."

"Come inside," said the Resident. They went in, and the Resident, whose face was worn and anxious, looked curiously and a little suspiciously at the darkened skin, the curly hair, already grey, and the careless dress of the other.

"I have not seen you before," he said.

"I arrived from Obbia to-day."

"What is your name?"

"Jack Thornton. Once it was Surgeon-Major Thornton. That was ten years ago."

"Do I understand—?"

"I was dismissed the Service."

"Why?"

"For good reasons, sir. But I was counted a good doctor."

"And since then?"

"I have been in Somaliland for most of the time as an interpreter for Benadir Trading Company. I happened to be born with a head for languages."

"Why have you come to me?"

The ex-Surgeon-Major hesitated curiously and awkwardly; then looked the Resident in the face with tired grey eyes.

"You will, I daresay, put me down for a fool. I was dismissed, as I have told you. When I came to my senses, I wished to go home—home to England. You understand; I had been already ten years in India. But it came to me that I could not go home—you follow me—till I had retrieved my character; till there should be something I had done to serve the country I had disgraced. I waited, and waited, and there was nothing I could do. Then they said the cholera was raging here worse than for forty years. It came to me that this was my opportunity; for I am not young, and I wish to rest in an English churchyard. So I came to see if I could pay my passage. I have had a lot to do with cholera, and have lived through it twice myself. Will you take me?"

"Have you your papers, Mr. Thornton?"

The applicant produced several folded papers from a worn pocketbook, and handed them to the Resident.

"An M.D. of London!" said the Resident, after examining them. He did not suppress a note of surprise.

Thornton nodded.

"I have cabled to Bombay and Cairo," said the Resident. "The authorities will be sending a man as soon as possible, but there may be difficulties. Then there is Sir James Mackinnon, on his way out from London to study the disease on the spot. A brave man, Dr. Thornton."

"And the finest bacteriologist in England."

"You have kept yourself *au courant* with the doings of your profession?"

"I walked the hospitals with Mackinnon, and I have had the journal sent out to me."

"Well, if you are prepared to undertake the duties I shall be glad of your services till the authorities send, Thornton. We none of us know whose turn it will be to-morrow. With regard to pay—"

"I fear you have misunderstood me, sir. I can take no pay. I have made money. It is not much, but it will last the time that is left for me."

"As you please," said the Resident a little wearily. "But you will need some sort of outfit."

"I have loft a small chest on the dhow that brought me from Obbia.

What else is needed doubtless I shall find in the surgeon's quarters."

Accordingly it came to pass that Dr. Thornton was installed in the place of the dead man he had met on his arrival, and set to work to fight the pestilence.

Day after day he fought it, striving hand to hand, as it were, with Death. It seemed as if nothing could outweary the doctor. Early and late he laboured, going the rounds of the garrison, the telegraph quarters, and the town, till even the panic-stricken, nerved or shamed by his example, took heart of grace again. Yet still the little daily procession wound into the burial ground, and still the wild lament went up from the native hovels in the town. Everywhere he went the grave-faced doctor left a joke and a brave word for the faint-hearted, and where he got the jokes from was a problem defying solution.

The Colonel commanding the garrison remonstrated with him for overworking himself, and, failing to convince him, confided to the Resident his fears that Thornton would kill himself off before the new man could arrive.

The Resident meeting him one day galloping in the heat of noon to treat a fresh victim, pulled him up.

"Doctor, we shall be burying you before long," he said. "Where will the garrison be then? They tell me you hardly eat or sleep. Man, it can't be done!"

"It's got to be done, sir," said the doctor, reining in his lathered horse. The grey-haired man's eyes flashed; he had the enthusiasm of youth once more. "You don't understand. I'm all right. You are looking worried and worn-out, sir. I'll send you something to tone you up to-night. We must keep the outworks in good trim, or the enemy may jump on us unawares."

He was gone at a hand-gallop ere the pale and weary Resident could reply.

Day followed day. The doctor hardly knew one from another as he went about his tireless work. Gradually, very gradually, the pestilence gave way, or declined in rigour. No one had come yet from Bombay, but there had been no deaths of white residents for three days when, after three weeks, the boat that went out to receive the mails from the passing liners brought back Sir James Mackinnon.

The famous London physician landed in the morning. In the afternoon he visited the European isolation hospital, where half-a-dozen patients, motionless and apathetic, or tormented by horrible cramps, lay slowly recovering from the dreadful stage of collapse. Before sunset Thornton took him at his request to see some stricken natives; and at midnight a hurried messenger brought Thornton from his quarters, to find the plucky physician in the throes of the awful disease in the same building he had inspected a few short hours before.

All the rest of that night Thornton spent at his side. It was well on in the following morning when he left him at last to make his round of inspection and snatch a hasty meal. "Send for me directly if he seems to grow worse," he told the army nurse in charge of the ward. "Don't hesitate. Dr. Mackinnon is one of the most valuable men we have in England, and you and I must see to it that we pull him through."

In the afternoon he was back again. Dr. Mackinnon's was a rapid case, and already the critical stage was on him. He lay bloodless and livid, his skin cold and clammy to the touch, his eyes bloodshot and deep sunk in the sockets, his breathing well-nigh imperceptible. Thornton listened anxiously through his stethoscope. The heart of the man who a day gone was in the prime of his strength beat now so faintly that even with the aid of the instrument he could scarcely detect its pulsations. The brave physician lay far in the shadow of death. The very juices of life were dried at their source.

In such cases the minutes are big with fateful possibility. Thornton sat by the bedside, watching with tense and almost painful eagerness his unconscious patient, and from time to

time glancing at his watch. Would the longed-for reaction set in, and this life, so precious to his country, be saved to continue its career of usefulness? Or would the lingering spark die out altogether, and one of the greatest benefactors of his race die here, where he had come to help, a useless sacrifice on the altar of humanity?

An hour passed and there was no change; two hours, and still the coma lasted, and still Thornton kept desperate vigil, while the nurse glanced at him from time to time, with a quiet curiosity.

But the long tension was relieved at last. Faintly, very faintly, the signs of life returned into the corpse-like face; the livid hues faded, and the death-like set of the features relaxed. Thornton wiped the sweat from his own face, and rose, giving the nurse directions as he passed out. The crisis was over, and care and the physician's constitution would do the rest.

Crossing the parade ground he met the Colonel.

"Hullo, Thornton—seen your new colleague yet?"

What colleague, Colonel?"

"Finlayson—Surgeon-Major. Just landed from the *Indus*. I say—how's Sir James Mackinnon?"

"He has pulled through the worst. I think he will live."

"Good! By Jove, it would never do to let a man like that lose his life chasing germs in this God-forsaken hole. The country owes you something, Doctor. I suppose we shall be losing you, now Finlayson has come?"

"Yes—I've paid my passage, Colonel."

"We shall be sorry to lose you, Dr. Thornton. Upon my word, I never felt so grateful as when you took us in hand. The men were getting into a thorough blue funk."

Thornton thanked the Colonel; and walked on till he found himself on the barren, sun-baked hills. From an eminence he looked over the town and the sea, at the small shipping in the Back-bay, and at the diminishing bulk of a big steamer, which he judged to be the *Indus*. His eyes, as he gazed after her longingly, had a far-away look. She was homeward bound from India. It was nearly twenty years now since he had seen the white cliffs of Dover loom up from the grey-green Channel.

Returning from his walk, he found everything going well in the ward, where he introduced himself to his successor. Three hours had made all the difference to Sir James Mackinnon, and though he was still at death's door from utter prostration, his face was now turned away from it. Thornton went to his quarters and flung himself down to sleep.

There would be no homeward-bound vessel calling for a fortnight. The European quarter was practically free now, but there were still frequent deaths from cholera among the composite native population. Thornton took leave of the Resident and the officers of the garrison, and established himself among the frightened Arabs and Somalis, so as not to carry the peril back to his fellows.

Day by day he continued to fight the pestilence that devoured the unclean, ignorant natives. Their sullen suspicions quickly succumbed before the ministrations of one who could abuse them roundly in their own tongue, while risking his life to cure them. Scowling, dark faces relaxed as he passed; his ears were saluted with "*Mort, mort*" (welcome) as he paced the narrow alleys on his saving mission, and now and again he would be blessed with a grateful "*Kul liban, aban*," by victims whom he had dragged from the clutch of the pestilence.

On the day before the steamer was due, Thornton passed through the European quarter to make some purchases. He stood bargaining in a store, and while he spoke a horrid spasm seized him. Gasping with the pain, he snatched for support at the door, and turned to leave the place. Even as he did so a second spasm took him.

In half an hour he was in the cholera ward. Finlayson, the new garrison doctor, shook his head when he saw him.

"Poor fellow, I don't think he has the stamina to pull through. He looks worn out."

The nurse, who had conceived an admiration for the quiet, grey-haired man to whom the garrison owed so much, tended him like a sister to the end. His agony was short and sharp. "Is the ship come?" he groaned once in delirium. "I've paid my passage."

The nurse repeated the phrase to the Colonel when he came to ask after the patient, and she, with red eyes, had to say that he was gone. The Colonel repeated it again to the Resident.

"It's a queer example of the cussedness of things, sir, that the poor fellow should go and die just as the ship dropped her anchor. We owe him something for pulling us through a tight pinch."

"It was a man's work," said the Resident, "and manfully done. He told me he was a soldier in his time, but they kicked him out of the army. He didn't tell me why. God knows. He wanted to lie in an English churchyard.

"Poor beggar!" said the Colonel.

"Cover him with the flag," said the Resident, "and lay him with the regiment. It's the nearest we can do."

So it came to pass that Dr. Thornton, too, was borne out on a gun-carriage when the time came for his last journey.

"God rest his soul!" said the Colonel. "By Jove, look at the niggers! They're coming to the funeral."

"Well they may! He gave them his life," said the Resident.

"Pity to waste it so."

"I don't know," said the Resident slowly. "We've sown a few lives like his, up and down the Empire. They bring us a better harvest than Maxim bullets, in the long run."

Timidly, and at a respectful distance, a motley crowd of skinny, half-caste Arabs, and wild, high-cheeked Somalis, hung on the flanks of the procession.

"Wa, wa! brother," said a ragged camel-driver to his mate. "The cursed drum shakes my heart! Why do the unbelievers beat the war-drums over their dead?"

"Inshallah! To drive away the spirits, fool, of those the dead warrior has slain."

"But this was no warrior."

"I know not. But he was a true man, and laughed in the eyes of death. He saved my son, brother."

"See—they are at the burying-place. Allah give him paradise!"

A volley rang out over the grave.

"Ekh! That is for the evil spirits. Wa, wa! brothers, he is gone. *Allah akbar!*"

And from the huddled crowd of natives there went up a long-drawn, doleful cry.

TIPPING—A DEFENCE

By ALBERT R. CARMAN, Author of "The Pensionnaires," etc.

THAT travellers dislike and waiters appear to like the "tipping system" may be taken as a proof of our superficiality as a race. After much listening to the grumbling of travellers on the subject, I have gathered that they object to it chiefly because it is expensive and annoying—that it means a giving of something for nothing, and a possible exposure to a more or less mild rudeness if by chance they fall below the tip expected. That anyone should imagine that in paying so universal a tribute as the tip he is giving "something for nothing," must surely be construed as "lèse majesté" with respect to the great competitive system which keeps the world's business going. From the same travellers who growl at tipping, I hear pathetic stories of waiters who work long and toilsome hours for nothing but the chance to pick up tips; and of others, more hardly used still, who actually pay for the privilege of putting napkins over their arms and presenting themselves at your left hand. This, it seems to me, should suggest to the traveller the obvious thought that he is paying with his tip his share of the waiter's wages. To be sure, it does suggest it to many travellers; but that only serves to increase their sense of outrage, for they contend that they pay it over again in the landlord's bill.

Here is where their want of respect for the competitive system betrays itself. They would be ready enough probably to explain the willingness of the waiters to take positions with little or no pay beyond the "gratuities" of travellers by pointing to the swarms of even less well paid men behind them eager to take their places. That is all clear enough. Competition drives the waiter to his lowest price in spite of his wearing the uniform of gentility; but does it retreat before the august front of the landlord? Is he able to defy it, and pocket pay for the services of his waiters twice over—once from the customer and once from the poor waiter himself who works for the landlord for nothing? Most assuredly not. There is no fiercer competition as a rule than the rivalry of hotels; and at no point do they compete more keenly than in the cutting of rates. On the continent of Europe, for example, where tipping has its widest sway, population presses very hard upon the means of subsistence, and competition has crowded eager humanity into every crevice of opportunity. It may be taken for granted that when the traveller gives competition a chance to operate—that is, enquires prices of different establishments—he is not usually paying more for a thing or a service than it is worth at that time and place. If a landlord does not pay his waiters—or underpays them—he is able to sell you a set meal at a lower price than he otherwise could; and if he does not do it, some one else will do so, and in time will get his trade away from him. Economic law is, of course, something like a thick liquid and finds its level somewhat slowly, but it finds it.

So the traveller is really in the position of dealing at first hand with the waiter. He buys from the landlord so much cooked food, the use of table furniture and a place in which to dine, and he buys independently from the waiter the serving of his dinner. He may, of course, only partly pay the waiter, but I am taking the extreme case for the sake of clearness. Now he buys this service directly from the waiter; but there is no previous agreement as to the price to be paid. That is absoutely optional with the traveller, and he may, if he wishes, pay nothing. Yet it is the traveller who objects to the system, and the waiter who is sus-

pected of fostering it! As to the genuineness of the average traveller's objection, there can be no doubt; but I wonder what would happen if the waiter were offered a weekly payment, representing a fair average of his tips, in lieu of them. Of course, if he does not get the substitute, he wants the tips; but his eagerness for them may not mean that he likes that way of collecting his wages. In fact, the recent protest against "tipping" by the waiters of Paris, shows that they, at all events, do not like this method.

For the "tipper," however, the system would seem to be full of advantages. He is, to begin with, a joint employer, with the landlord, of the waiter. The waiter must please him on pain of losing part of his salary. A clerk in a store is in no such position, though his success depends upon pleasing customers and selling goods; and a customer can hardly fail to notice the difference in the attitude toward himself of a tipless clerk and a tip-earning waiter. Yet in everything but the tip they stand on similar ground. Thus, by reason of the tip system, the traveller is able to command a much more attentive and courteous service than he would otherwise get. It puts the waiter, indeed, into an entirely different attitude from that which he would occupy if tipping had never been heard of. He knows now that the size of his tip—*i.e.*, his wage—depends largely upon the amount of pleasing service he can seem to render to the traveller, and the result is that he is always seeking opportunities to be of use. Let him be paid a fixed salary and never get a tip and, if he is human like the rest of us, he will do his work well, but will let the opportunities for extra services seek him, not always to find him. In the course of a number of wheeling tours in out-of-the-way places as well as on beaten tracks, I have had to do with both kinds of hotel servants, and it makes all the difference in the world which sort you find when you ride up to a hotel in a rain storm. The man who sees a special tip in your soaked condition, offers to clean your bicycle, and does it thoroughly, so that he can call your attention to the fact, while another servant is delighted to take your clothes away and dry them with care and celerity. But at a hotel where tips have been too rare to be expected, you are apt to find the servants very busy on such an occasion, and unless you are dealing with the landlord himself, your dripping clothes may even be begrudged a place near the solitary fire. Usually, if you care anything for your bicycle you will clean it yourself, letting your clothes dry on you as you work. There are things to be said in favour of this system, but it is the system of doing without services, not of getting them. When you really want something done for you, it is emphatically not the best way.

"But it degrades the waiter!"

This is the most plausible objection one hears. Being of the "my brother's keeper" brand of argument, it deprecates a too critical examination, and it jumps so well with the feeling, instinctive with us of the English stock, that attentiveness is a kind of servility that it seldom fails to carry conviction. Then is not the notion as broad as civilisation that service is servile—and especially personal service? Therefore whatever makes the servant more a servant must degrade him. The logical outcome of this line of reasoning is that the churlish servant is the best servant, and that a proper social order would abolish all service. In the millennium, then, we shall all cook our own dinners and take turns in waiting on each other, with the result that many of us will eat some very bad dinners and the waiting will not all be done by the waiters. In fact, any seeking that kind of a millennium should look backward rather than forward, for the barbarian was a self-sufficient being, and the chief business of advancing civilisation has been the multidivision of labour.

But whence the stupid notion that personal service is servile? It springs partly from the fact that for a long time it was the task of slaves, but

probably more from the circumstance that it is not now very well paid. And neither reason is worth the ink it takes to write it. The man who serves your dinner well is performing as worthy an act as the man who cooks it well, or the man who grows good beef to be be cooked—or the man who lightens your proper punishment with his medical skill if you are tempted to eat too much of it. That being granted, anything that encourages the waiter to do his work with tact and something akin to enthusiasm, is not necessarily a bad influence. If waiting is not degrading *per se*, neither is zeal in waiting. As I have said before, the traveller is simply in the position of doing business directly with the waiter, and an effect is produced precisely like that which every lady shopper notices when she deals with the proprietor of a small store instead of with a salaried clerk in a large establishment. That is, the proprietor—and the waiter—take more pains to sell their goods, and this is no more degrading to the one than it is to the other.

Two elements, however, enter into the transaction with the waiter which are absent in the other case. One is the common impression, possibly often shared by the waiter, that the tip is a gratuity and not a payment for services rendered, and the second is the natural corollary of this, viz., the power of the traveller to let other things than the value of the service determine the size of his tip. He may arbitrarily cut his tip in half, or he may not know the sum usually calculated upon, and the waiter has no recourse but to look glum. But these need not be fatal objections to a system which otherwise works so well. A little thinking should reveal to both waiter and waited upon that the tip is not a gift, but the payment of a debt; while the cut in the waiter's wages because of the tips he is likely to get has, no doubt, been fixed by a study of long averages which takes account of the small tipper as well as his more lavish fellow-traveller. The improvement that the tipping system is most in need of is, undoubtedly, more conscientiousness on the part of the tippers. The tip should gauged by the value of the services and not by the momentary comfort of the traveller as he passes through the household parade on his way to his carriage. He is not distributing largess, but paying debts of honour, and he should do it with as scrupulous a care, at least, as the gambler shows in meeting his obligations of the same character. In a few places—among the porters at certain railway stations, for example—a tip tariff has already been introduced, but this, if it became general, would kill a vital part of the system. Under an iron tariff, a bad waiter would get as much as a good, and extraordinary services would not be provided for. Still, if travellers abuse the tipping system, presuming upon its voluntary character to pay little or nothing, and making it a point of grievance against the tip-earning callings, they will be met some day with a tariff, when they will pay as much as they do now and get less. For a tip fixed by tariff would be practically an addition to the hotel bill, and the waiter would become a salaried servant instead of an independent proprietor selling his labour to you on the common ground of another man's hotel.

Possibly the waiter would like this better. Many men prefer a salary to the chances of business. But that it would increase his real independence and self-respect is, I think, open to doubt; for indifference is not independence, and a man's self-respect does not suffer when he wins the wages of success in his chosen calling. As for the traveller, the day he succeeds in killing the tipping system, he punctures the softest air cushion that now eases for him the jolts of his journeyings over the highways of the world.

ROBERTS AND THE INFLUENCES OF HIS TIME

By JAMES CAPPON, Professor of English, Queen's University

V—THE *AVE.* REFLECTIVE POETRY, THE BOOK OF THE NATIVE

N 1892 Mr. Roberts published the *Ave*, a poem for the centenary of Shelley. In this poem he once more makes use of a grand traditional form of poetry, for the *Ave* belongs both by its elevation of style and its manner of treating the subject to that high imaginative form of elegy which Shelley's *Adonais*, Arnold's *Thyrsis* and Swinburne's *Ave atque Vale* have made familiar to English readers.

> A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
> For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
> Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

These lines, which Mr. R. W. Gilder wrote of the sonnet, might be applied with even more truth to this high form of elegy. There is no poetry which needs a more mystic, intimate and profoundly essential contact with its subject than this elegiac chant of the poet over his dead brother. It must be, in order to hold its place in that great line of tradition which reaches from the first idyll of Theocritus to the *Ave atque Vale*, a subtle and strangely perfect expression of the spirit and genius of the departed one. It is the modern poet's visit to the nether world of shades, in which

> Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,

he seeks the soul of his lost brother in the immortal gloom, and gives the world something like a farewell vision of him. And the worth of the vision lies not merely in the high, impassioned music of the song, but in the way in which the lost Bion's figure assumes the transcendent and almost impersonal outlines of an elemental spiritual force that has been withdrawn from the sum of life. In such work there is no room for the commoner style of characterisation and estimate which may fitly find a place in ordinary eulogistic and memorial verse. The strain is altogether of a higher mood, and the logic scorns the ordinary limits of thought, to use a mystic symbolism of its own. You may, if you like, use all the remote and unreal conventions which have distinguished pastoral elegy since its birth, but you must give them an atmosphere, a far depth of outlook over human fate and history, in which they become again, for once, all true. You may call upon Pan and the Nymphs with Theocritus, or upon the "mighty mother" with Shelley, or like Swinburne have visions of the "gods of gloom" and

> That thing transformed which was the Cytherean.

But all these things must be felt as a sincere symbolism of a mystery in which the fate of the poet living and that of his dead brother are alike bound or even blended. There is immense license for the imagination, yet nowhere is the call for sincerity in the deepest sense of the word more imperative.

In the *Adonais*, for example, the thought sweeps wildly through that vast, vague, pantheistic and Platonic universe in which Shelley's soul dwelt, but there is a transcendental harmony and unity in the assemblage of elements there, contradictory and incongruous as they might seem in the work of another. That is Shelley's world, from which his cry comes to us with a passionate sincerity:

> Dust to the dust, but the pure spirit shall flow
> Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
> A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
> Through time and change unquenchably the same,
> Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the dream of life;
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife.
. . . .

So in the *Ave atque Vale*, Swinburne's impassioned elegy for Baudelaire, all the strange forms of imaginative appeal from the "god of suns and songs" to the "god bitter and luxurious," are true formulas for the psychic life alike of the singer and of him who is the subject of the song. And the lyrical cry is in full accord with the feeling of the whole:

Not thee, O never thee, in all time's changes,
Not thee, but this the sound of thy sad soul.

This form of elegy, indeed, may be said to require for its happiest accomplishment a strong moral and even mental affinity to exist between the singer and his lost brother, otherwise the song lacking confidence and intimacy would fail somewhere of its effect.

Mr. Roberts calls his poem an ode, but, on the whole, he makes it conform to the requirements of the pastoral elegy. He begins by some stanzas which describe the scenery of his own Tantramar and the high intimations and visitations which came to him there. In this way, rather than by any more intimate and psychological method, he modestly ventures to associate his own psychic and poetic world with that of the poet of the *Prometheus*. The manner, however, in which he makes the transition from the one theme to the other is forced and unnatural. After describing the ebb and flow of the tides in the marshes of Tantramar, he continues thus:

Strangely akin you seem to him whose birth
One hundred years ago,
With fiery succour to the ranks of song
Defied the ancient gates of wrath and wrong.

That is a disenchanting glimpse of the artist's hand in a moment of embarrassment and difficulty, and quite destroys the impression of inevitableness which poetry should give.

After eleven stanzas devoted to Tantramar the poet begins a series of lofty characterisations of the genius of Shelley as exhibited in his principal poems. There is an imaginative brilliancy about these characterisations. They are large, loose and sweeping, but for that very reason they are particularly suited to the nature of the subject. Indeed, the large rhetorical fluency of the style has something which in its way resembles the wide sweep and movement of Shelley's own glance. The following stanzas are a fair example of the very mingled yarn of fine and commonplace in the *Ave:*

The star that burns on revolution smote
Wild heats and change on thine ascendant sphere,
Whose influence thereafter seemed to float
Through many a strange eclipse of wrath and fear,
Dimming awhile the radiance of thy love.
But still supreme in thy nativity,
All dark, invidious aspects far above,
Beamed one clear orb for thee—
The star whose ministrations just and strong
Controlled the tireless flight of Dante's song.

With how august contrition, and what tears
Of penitential, unavailing shame,
Thy venerable foster-mother hears
The sons of song impeach her ancient name,
Because in one rash hour of anger blind
She thrust thee forth in exile, and thy feet
Too soon to earth's wild outer ways consigned—
Far from her well-loved seat,
Far from her studious halls and storied towers
And weedy Isis winding through his flowers.

And thou, thenceforth the breathless child of change,
Thine own Alastor, on an endless quest
Of unimagined loveliness didst range,
Urged ever by the soul's divine unrest.
Of that high quest and that unrest divine
Thy first immortal music thou didst make,
Inwrought with fairy Alp, and Reuss, and Rhine,
And phantom seas that break
In soundless foam along the shores of Time,
Prisoned in thine imperishable rhyme.

I would not like to have to mark all the common and coarsely hazarded phrases in the *Ave*, but still there is a fervour and intensity of utterance in it which redeems its faults in this way and gives it as a whole the excellence of spontaneity and vigour. At times, too, particularly where the poet has the direct support of imaginative asso-

ciations from Shelley's own writings, the *Ave* has a fine and rare quality of imaginative characterisation, as in the apostrophe to the Baths of Caracalla and that sky of Rome from which Shelley, as he tells us himself, drew a subtle strength and inspiration while writing his *Prometheus Unbound:*

O Baths of Caracalla, arches clad
In such transcendent rhapsodies of green,
That one might guess the sprites of spring were glad
For your majestic ruin, yours the scene,
The illuminating air of sense and thought;
And yours the enchanted light, O skies of Rome,
Where the great vision into form was wrought;
Beneath your blazing dome
The intensest song our language ever knew
Beat up exhaustless to the blinding blue!

In the last part of the poem, from the twenty-first stanza onwards, the *Ave* begins to assume the character of grand elegiac vision and lament; the poet ventures on freer wing into the high, ethereal region into which the *Lycidas* and the *Adonais* followed their Greek models, and we hear again all the well-known elegiac cries:

Mourn, Mediterranean waters, mourn
In affluent purple down your golden shores!

or,

Not thou, not thou—for thou wert in the light
Of the Unspeakable, where time is not.

The general treatment in this part resembles most that of the *Adonais.* There is a free mingling of tones and fancies from every region of thought, the orthodox Christian hope, the conception of an "eventual element of calm," as Browning's *Cleon* describes it, and the classical Elysian vision, Homer, Plato, Job, Omar, Shakespeare and the rest of the immortals greeting the latest comer:

There face to face thou sawest the living God
And worshippedst, beholding Him the same
Adored on earth as Love . . . .
. . . .
In that unroutable profound of peace,
Beyond experience of pulse and breath,
Beyond the last release
Of longing, rose to greet thee all the lords
Of Thought, with consummation in their words:
He of the seven cities claimed, whose eyes
Though blind, saw gods and heroes, and the fall
Of Ilium, and many alien skies
And Circe's isle; and he etc., etc.

The poet even uses the great freedom of vision allowed in this species of poem to describe Shelley's disembodied spirit looking on at his own obsequies:

And thou didst contemplate with wonder strange
And curious regard thy kindred flame
Fed sweet with frankincense and wine and salt,
With fierce purgation search thee. . . .

In the ecstatic flow of images and utterance which characterises this last part of the poem there is a wonderful mixture of the true and the false, the beautiful and the commonplace, the grand and the grandiose. The *Ave* is a splendid rhetorical effort, a bold but somewhat unregulated flight of fancy through the empyrean, marked by many irrelevancies, of course, and mistaken toyings with every breeze that blows. It gives us some very fine characterisations of Shelley's genius, but it can hardly be said to create a new elegiac world for us or add a new and pure mould to the great elegies of the past. It owes something to the vigorous flow of its verse. The great 10-line stanza with the strong cadence of its closing couplet, made stronger by the shortening of the preceding line, is urged, through modulations and harmonies not always of the finest or smoothest kind, into great vigour of movement; and sometimes, as in the 18th, 23rd and 24th stanzas, reaches high melodic effects. In the *Ave*, as elsewhere, the work of Roberts has nothing either of the weakness or fineness of inlay work; its qualities are rather those of the improvisatore.

All the poems of Roberts which we have passed in review so far, belong more or less to the poetry of nature description, unless the *Ave* be a partial exception. But during the last decade of the nineteenth century the poet had evidently begun to feel that he had done his best in that region and might

now try something a little different. At any rate in his next volume, *The Book of the Native*, published in 1897, most of the poems have a new critical and reflective vein in them. It is a very mixed vein, as the character of Roberts' thought in poetry always is, drawing from different and heterogeneous sources with a kind of inconscient recklessness. The *Heal-All*, for example, is a pure Wordsworthian product in phrase, ethical feeling and reflection:

> Thy unobtrusive purple face
>   Amid the meagre grass
> Greets me with long remembered grace,
>   And cheers me as I pass.
>
> . . . .
>
> Thy simple wisdom I would gain,—
>   To heal the hurt Life brings,
> With kindly cheer, and faith in pain,
>   And joy of common things.

The *Quest of the Arbutus*, on the other hand, is pure Emersonian optimism with touches of Emersonian phrase:

> Because the tardy gods grew kind,
> Unrest and care were cast behind;
> I took a day and found the world
> Was fashioned to my mind.

But it ends suddenly on the chord of the sentimental:

> And then the world's expectancy
> Grew clear: I knew its need to be
> Not this dear flower, but one dear hand
> To pluck the flower with me.

That last is a note which has not been much heard in Roberts' poetry as yet, but is soon to rise much higher and almost silence all the others. But not yet. At this time the most striking feature of his poetry is a kind of philosophic mysticism, which might be considered as one way of escaping from the traditional point of view which had grown banal for poetry by much repetition. For the poetry of Roberts at this period, like Canadian poetry in general, still held by the old ethical traditions of the great English and American schools of the previous generation. It was virtually unstirred by the subtle reactions of thought, the love of ethical paradox and the neurotic delicacy of sensibility which characterise the French Verlaines and Mallarmés of the time. Not a ripple from the *Chat Noir* and the cafés by the Seine had touched it, as the verse of Bliss Carman, for example, had already been touched by the manner and sentiment of the *Romances Sans Paroles*. It was in the direction of a philosophic mysticism, then, for which Emerson had already in a measure prepared the American public, that Roberts now sought an escape from the ordinary, from the traditional, from the grand ethical highway of the poets now become too much of a common thoroughfare. The form which this philosophic mysticism takes in such poems as *Autochthon* and *The Unsleeping* may be described as a poetic treatment of the cosmic process, and owes a good deal to Emerson, whose curt and keen-edged phrase set the style for this oracular verse. Here are some lines from *Autochthon:*

> I am the spirit astir
>   To swell the grain
> When fruitful suns confer
>   With labouring rain;
> I am the life that thrills
>   In branch and bloom;
> I am the patience of abiding hills,
>   The promise masked in doom.
>
> . . . . .
>
> I am the hush of calm,
>   I am the speed,
> The flood-tide's triumphant psalm,
>   The marsh pool's heed;
> I work in rocking roar
>   Where cataracts fall;
> I flash in the prismy fire that dances o'er
>   The dew's ephemeral ball.

The Unsleeping is in the same style of thought, only in a different metre:

> I heave aloft the smoking hill:
> To silent peace its throes I still,
> But ever at its heart of fire
> I lurk, an unassuaged desire.
> I wrap me in the sightless germ
> An instant or an endless term;
> And still its atoms are my care,
> Dispersed in ashes or in air.

Modern science has taken much of the mysticism out of this old Emersonian vein. The idea of one power which works through all things has been made so definite by the far-reaching monistic conceptions of modern science

that it is a very easy task for any poet to personify it and illustrate it throughout the whole length and breadth of natural phenomena in the universe. It is a cosmic process which explains all and engulfs all in a principle of absolute identity. It includes everything without adding a definite idea to anything. Professor Rand, I notice, is quite as nimble in making use of it as Mr. Roberts is. His poem "I Am" has just as good a right to the title of "Autochthon" or "The Unsleeping" as these have to the title of "I Am."

> I am in blush of the rose,
> The shimmer of dawn;
> Am girdle Orion knows,
> The fount undrawn.
>
> I am earth's potency,
> The chemic ray, the rain's,
> The reciprocity
> That loads the wains.

In *Origins* the treatment is different. The cosmic process now appears as scientifically impersonal and involving the human race in the material chain of phenomena:

> Inexorably decreed
> By the ancestral deed,
> The puppets of our sires,
> We work out blind desires,
> And for our sons ordain
> The blessing or the bane.
> In ignorance we stand
> With fate in either hand,
> And question stars and earth
> Of life, and death, and birth,
> With wonder in our eyes
> We scan the kindred skies,
> While through the common grass
> Our atoms mix and pass.

At the end of the poem, however, Mr. Roberts rescues himself from the grasp of this sombre scientific necessitarianism in a manner which the professors of metaphysics will regard, I fear, as another instance of poetic levity:

> But in the urge intense
> And fellowship of sense,
> Suddenly comes a word
> In other ages heard.
> On a great wind our souls
> Are borne to unknown goals,
> And past the bournes of space
> To the unaverted Face.

This sudden leap of faith as an immediate antithesis to admitted scientific fact is hardly as happy as Browning's famous use of it against philosophic doubt:

> Just when we are safest, there is a sunset touch, etc.

Faith does not make a good antithesis to scientific fact; but yet, taking it in a large view, it is true that the word "in other ages heard" is the centre of that impulse which will not wholly yield the ground to science.

But, as a matter of fact, this logical opposition of diverging lines of thought gives the poet no trouble. In *Ascription*, *Immanence*, *Earth's Complines* and other poems of this collection, it disappears completely, and the cosmic process presents itself with equal facility as under the direct control of the Creator:

> O Thou who hast beneath Thy hand
> The dark foundations of the land,
> The motion of whose ordered thought
> An instant universe hath wrought.
>
> Who hast within thy equal heed
> The rolling sun, the ripening seed,
> The azure of the speedwell's eye
> The vast solemnities of sky.
>
> Who hear'st no less the feeble note
> Of one small bird's awakening throat,
> Than that unnamed, tremendous chord
> Arcturus sounds before his Lord.

Every age has its own language. *Ascription* is a fine new 19th century dress for Addison's Ode. Instead of "the spacious firmament on high" read "the vast sublimities of sky," and for the "spangled heavens proclaim," etc., read "that unnamed tremendous chord" which Arcturus sounds.

These philosophical poems are an interesting reflection of the general attitude of our age in matters of faith and knowledge. The easy way in which it holds in its mind diverging theories and lines of thought without caring to pursue them to the point at which contradictions make themselves harshly felt, accepting each to some extent as having its truth, bridging over difficulties with a hazy logic, and waiting without much anxiety for a solution which will preserve all it wants to preserve, this attitude, very characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon mind in particular,

has much practical wisdom in it. But one would not consider the poetry which reflects this attitude so naively to be much of a contribution to the interpretation of life. There are some sweet, natural notes, however, in *The Book of the Native* when the poet lays aside philosophic theory, which is generally a poor support for poetic fancy, and gives a free expression to what he feels, to what he hopes or fears, as in this, from *Kinship:*

Back to wisdom take me, mother,
  Comfort me with kindred hands;
Teach me tales the world's forgetting
  Till my spirit understands.

Tell me how some sightless impulse,
  Working out a hidden plan,
God for kin and clay for fellow,
  Wakes to find itself a man.

Or this from *Recessional:*

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
Worlds must go as well as we,
  In the long procession joining
Mount and star, and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb
Where the round year rolls sublime;
  Rolls, and drops, and falls forever
In the vast of time;

Like a plummet plunging deep
Past the utmost reach of sleep,
  Till remembrance has no longer
Care to laugh or weep.

That is the old lyrical note of Longfellow, a little amplified by modern phrase, but still simple and tender, and it seems to be the note most natural to Roberts in those reflective poems.

TO BE CONCLUDED

A RECKONING

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

"There will come a reckoning with England. * * * We recognise her as our old enemy, who has stood in the path of Russian development."—Prince Hespere Oukhtomsky.

YE who would reckon with England—
  Ye who would sweep the seas
Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft
  And Nelson flung to the breeze—
Count well your ships and your men,
  Count well your horse, and your guns,
For they who reckon with England
  Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would challenge England—
  Ye who would break the might
Of the little isle in the foggy sea
  And the lion-heart in the fight—
Count well your horse, and your swords,
  Weigh well your valour and guns,
For they who ride against England
  Must sabre her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warfare
  Your hordes of peasants and slaves,
To crush the pride of an empire
  And sink her fame in the waves—
Test well your blood and your mettle,
  Count well your troops and your guns,
For they who battle with England
  Must war with a Mother's sons.

RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR PICTURES.

GENERAL NOGI AND STAFF AT PORT ARTHUR

The great siege of Port Arthur, which closed on January 1st, will always be memorable in military annals. The greatest reputation in connection with it is that which comes to General Nogi, who is the central figure in this group of officers. He is conspicuous because of his beard. At his right hand is Major-General Ijichi, who was the officer empowered by the Emperor to sign the capitulation papers on behalf of Japan. The centrepiece on the table is a six-inch Russian shell which adds a touch of grim reality to this memorable picture of a memorable historic event.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

A JAPANESE CAMP BEFORE PORT ARTHUR

Here are pictured the shelter tents and picketed horses of a part of the Third Army Division of the Japanese besieging force, in a valley about four miles north of Port Arthur. The barren, rocky nature of the mountainous country gives a desolate air to the landscape. Even at this distance, shells from the big siege guns at the Russian batteries occasionally came flying over the mountains and ploughed up the ground in the camp where they burst. This picture was taken about October 1st, when the weather was still warm and the sun still powerful.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

A GROUP OF WOUNDED JAPANESE

This picture taken about October 1st also shows how strong was the sunlight at that time. The enormous number of wounded Japanese was the natural result of the absolutely fearless charges made by the brave soldiers of General Nogi's army. The grim horror of it all may be gathered from such a photograph as this. The price paid for Port Arthur was great, but such things are likely to occur again and again, until that distant time

"When the war drum beats no longer and the battle-flag is furled."

[*Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

JAPANESE SHELLS NEAR PORT ARTHUR

Some idea of the vast quantities of large shells required in a modern siege may be gathered from this unique photograph. Millions of dollars' worth of ammunition were expended in the great struggle for the possession of Port Arthur. These shells were loaded on small trucks, running over temporary tracks, and thus carried to feed the huge and hungry siege guns.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

QUEBEC—PLOUGHING NEAR ST. PRIME

AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS IN QUEBEC

By G. BORON

HILE the eyes of many people in this country and elsewhere have been turned towards the Northwest as a place where development was proceeding at race-horse speed, the Province of Quebec has been developing agriculturally at a rate almost unparalleled. For example, between 1891 and 1901, the value of the dairy products produced in the factories of that province increased 341 per cent.

The following comparison will show how, agriculturally, Quebec compares with the other provinces:

ANNUAL VALUE OF FIELD AND LIVE STOCK PRODUCTS

	1901
Ontario	$197,000,000
Quebec	85,000,000
Manitoba	24,000,000
Nova Scotia	16,000,000
Territories	13,000,000
New Brunswick	13,000,000
Prince Edward Island	7,000,000
British Columbia	7,000,000

It will thus be seen that the farms of Quebec produce more annually than is produced in all the other provinces and territories put together, excluding the Province of Ontario.

ITS RESOURCES

This province has a population of 1,700,000 people and an area of 347,000 square miles or as much territory as there is in France and Prussia combined. This vast district, through which runs that magnificent waterway and commercial highway, the St. Lawrence, is only barely touched by settlement and is destined to become the home of many millions.

Every one knows the almost inexhaustible resources of her forest domain from which the largest modern industries seek the raw material which they require. Her mineral wealth is

NEW QUEBEC—THE HOUSE OF GEORGE AUDET, A NEW SETTLER AT PETITE PERIBONKA. IN THE FOREGROUND HIS 15-YEAR-OLD WIFE

QUEBEC—A FIELD OF WHEAT NEAR HERBERTVILLE

becoming known and companies and associations in increasing numbers are being formed every day to excavate the bowels of the earth. Nor is any one ignorant of the almost unlimited capacity of her water-powers or of the boundless forces which they represent, and capitalists are flocking in from all quarters and starting new works and factories in order to utilise these natural powers which are capable of operating every human industry.

The fish of its magnificent rivers and its countless lakes, some of which are veritable inland seas, are, every year, acquiring greater value through the more perfect and rapid means of communication and transport. Lastly, the ever increasing visits of foreign tourists and the patriotic work of colonisation have revealed to the entire world the almost unlimited extent of land suitable for cultivation which the Province of Quebec is ready to give to those who are willing to accept it and to take advantage of its wealth of fertility.

RETROSPECT

For many years the population of the Province of Quebec was composed almost exclusively of farmers who devoted themselves principally to the raising of crops of wheat and other cereals, the magnificent valley of the St. Lawrence with its immense plains furnishing them with facility for the pursuit of that industry. The population, which was small in numbers and which increased so slowly during the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, was confined chiefly to the parishes bordering the St. Lawrence, and business communications were limited to exchanges between the neighbouring parishes. But

NEW QUEBEC—DWELLING OF MR. VILLENEUVE, ROBERVAL, COMPETITOR FOR AGRICULTURAL MERIT

QUEBEC—BARNS, HORSES AND CATTLE OF MR. ELIE LAPOINTE, COMPETITOR FOR AGRICULTURAL MERIT

economic conditions having become entirely dfferent throughout the world, a prodigious change having taken place in all branches of human endeavour, the Province of Quebec, irresistibly drawn into the movement, speedily effected such changes in its then existing conditions, as to have apparently become a new country.

In agriculture the change was so great that at this very time, the Canadian Northwest having become an immense producer of wheat, the province has had to a great extent to give up that crop, which formerly gave every satisfaction and has been compelled to turn its attention in another direction. It was then that it directed its efforts to the dairy industry.

In this it entered a field entirely its own and of which it may continue to be the unchallenged mistress, as all the conditions of climate and cultivation which it is possible to desire for the assurance of its success are found within her borders.

SOME STATISTICS

The farmers of Quebec are cultivating five million acres of land and some idea of the capital involved may be gained from the following figures:

Land	$248,236,261
Buildings	102,313,893
Rent of land and buildings leased	1,039,212
Farm implements and machinery	27,038,205
Horses	24,164,149
Milch cows	20,757,611
Other horned cattle	6,629,784
Sheep	2,376,471
Swine	3,142,925
Poultry	1,166,314
Bees	251,203
Thoroughbred stock	1,133,611

The progress made in the last ten years has, as intimated, been enormous, but is most remarkable in the value of the dairy products. This has now reached twenty million dollars annually. Of this, the factories pro-

QUEBEC—DWELLING OF MR. ELIE LAPOINTE, LA MALBAIE, COMPETITOR FOR AGRICULTURAL MERIT

FRENCH-CANADIAN FAMILIES—MR. OLIVIER CLOUTIER, HIS WIFE AND THIRTEEN OF THEIR EIGHTEEN CHILDREN (FIVE ARE ABSENT), NORMANDIN

duce about thirteen million dollars' worth, and the rest is marketed direct from the farm. Of this thirteen million dollars received by the cheese and butter factories, over eleven million dollars is paid over to the farmer. The number of factories increased from 728 in 1891 to 1,992 in 1901, producing eight million dollars' worth of cheese and five million dollars' worth of butter. The progress during the last three years has been just as satisfactory as during the previous ten.

The dairying progress may also be indicated in another way. The number of milch cows in the province increased by over two hundred thousand during the census period. In 1891 the figures were 549.544 and in 1901 they were 767,825. During the same period, the number of horses and sheep declined, but horned cattle other than milch cows increased from 419,768 to 598,044.

ORGANIZATION

This progress has been accomplished in a considerable measure by generous assistance from the Government of the province, although the general agricultural progress of the Dominion has been a factor in the situation. There is a Department of Agriculture at Quebec with a responsible minister, who is also a member of the Executive Council of the province. There is also a Council of Agriculture composed of twenty-three members.

Then there are seventy-five Agricultural Societies with a membership of 18,295. These are county associations working in harmony with the Department. They hold meetings, discuss, hear lectures, promote the distribution of agricultural literature, make plans for improving the breed of animals and the quality of plants and seed, hold exhibitions and do other work of a similar nature. Each society receives an annual grant in proportion to the number of members.

There are Farmers' Clubs, the operations of which are limited to the parishes in which they are organised.

These are 698 in number, with a total membership of 52,700. Each receives an annual grant. They have abandoned having exhibitions, but organise instead many competitions in crops, principally with the object of increasing the production of fodder and roots, and the employment of fertilisers.

The educational institutions specially devoted to the education are numerous. There are three Schools of Agriculture, at Oka, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière and Compton. The pupils receive a free education here. There is a Dairy School at St. Hyacinthe receiving Government assistance and another will be opened shortly. There is also a Girls' Training School at Roberval with a model farm attached. A School of Veterinary Art and nine Schools of Arts and Manufactures are also controlled by the Department of Agriculture.

There are other agencies used by the Government, the chief of which is the series of Competitions. The Competition of Agricultural Merit was established in 1890. Eighty-five per cent. gives "distinguished merit," seventy-five per cent. "great merit" and sixty-five per cent. "merit." The Competitions of Milch Cows are similar, but are conducted under local auspices. There are also Competitions in Products of the Dairy. The reports published on these Competitions are valuable and instructive.

THE DAIRY INDUSTRY

As stated above, the dairy industry is to-day the leading branch of agriculture in the Province of Quebec, and the better to assure the diffusion of the knowledge of the best methods of conducting it and the general advancement of this industry, the province has been divided into regional districts in which syndicates of proprietors of creameries and cheese factories may be formed. There are now fifty-two syndicates for the manufacture of cheese, and each of the establishments belonging to or forming part of them is visited several times during the summer by inspectors, experts in the manufacture of the products. These organisations are doing most valuable work.

FRENCH-CANADIAN FAMILIES—JOS. BEAUDET, HIS WIFE AND THEIR SIXTEEN CHILDREN, NORMANDIN (LAKE ST. JOHN)

The Government also employs seven general inspectors to visit the cheese

FRENCH-CANADIAN FAMILIES—MR. DESROSIERS, HIS WIFE AND THEIR THIRTEEN CHILDREN, ST. DAMASE, COUNTY L'ISLET

and butter factories which are not connected with the syndicates. Their visits have already produced most excellent results. The local inspector has charge of a group of factories situated in a comparatively limited district which he can easily visit in a month. The result is that the factories in this district are visited regularly, the instruction afforded is the same to all, and a greater uniformity in the quality of the product is assured.

In addition to the premiums granted for the construction of creameries and cheese factories, the Provincial Government assists in the construction of suitable buildings for the ripening of the cheese to the extent of from one to two hundred dollars, according to the dimensions of the building.

MEANS OF COMMUNICATION

The roads, formerly left entirely under the care of the municipalities, had fallen into such a lamentable condition that every person complained that the wretched highways in most parts of the country not only injured agricultural industries, but in many cases actually paralysed them.

Realising the importance of putting an end to this disastrous state of affairs, the Minister of Agriculture offered to pay to each municipality the sum of seventy-five dollars towards the purchase of a machine for repairing the roads.

QUEBEC—A LANDSCAPE ON THE SHORES OF THE CHAMOUCHOUAN RIVER, ST. FELICIEN, LAKE ST. JOHN

This far-sighted proposal bore immediate fruit, and a fair number of municipalities took advantage of the offer of the Minister.

Further, the County Councils have been asked to purchase stone-breaking machines for metalling the roads, and the Government comes to their assistance by paying half the price up to a sum of $1,200.00. In numbers of localities there is noticed the desire to put an end to that spirit of inertness which has always prevailed, and at the same time the determination to adopt all modern improvements both in methods and in implements which lead so surely and rapidly to the results desired to be attained.

CONCLUSION

Enough evidence has been given to show the magnificent development which agriculture is attaining in the Province of Quebec. It is a transformation so thorough, so vast, and so rapidly brought about, that it almost confounds the intellect.

HON. ADELARD TURGEON

Up to a recent date Minister of Agriculture in the Province of Quebec. He has been in the legislature since 1890, and a minister since 1897. He is a lawyer, but has conducted his department with considerable skill.

HON. S. N. PARENT

Premier of the Province of Quebec, Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries; also Mayor of the City of Quebec

A small people, almost unknown to the rest of the world, who had up to that time led a patriarchal life, attending solely to the cultivation of wheat, and passing a happy existence in their isolation, are suddenly, through an upheaval in general economic conditions, compelled to turn all their attention and efforts to agriculture in a direction absolutely new to them, the creation and carrying on of the dairy industry. Silently, without noise or bustle, and with a quiet courage and reliance upon their own powers and resources, they undertook the task, and after a relatively very short period of time they have become one of the most expert in the new industry and one of the most important purveyors of dairy products for the other continent. And when we consider the immense resources of this

THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS AT QUEBEC

small people by reason of the expansion they are capable of giving to the manufacture of butter and cheese, may we not reasonably ask whether a time shall not come when they will monopolise this industry and reap the advantages it affords?

Finally, looking at things from all points, if we consider that the population of the Province of Quebec exercises the same spirit of industry, the same bold spirit of energy, the same working and business intelligence in all their undertakings and in all the various sources of activity existing in the favoured land which they occupy, and if we further take into consideration the moral qualities for which they are distinguished, their powers of expansion, their deep-seated attachment to their native land, and the abiding conviction that they have a providential mission to carry out on the soil of America, we are justified in coming to the conclusion that a brilliant future is in store for this favoured people.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. 60-PROF. JAMES W. ROBERTSON

WHEN James Wilson Robertson came, a lad of eighteen, to this country in 1875, he had one or two considerable advantages. One was that he had been born a Scotchman. Another was the sound secondary education which Scotland had given him. A third was a habit of accepting responsibility, and a turn for thinking out the problems of daily life. And another was the driving force which lay within him. By race he is an engrafting of the Highlander upon a Lowland land-holding stock of great tenacity. The restless energy of the Celt was based upon the Lowlander's cool power of organisation.

The Robertsons engaged in business—prospered—lost their money. Young Robertson wished to become a physician—that bent of mind has never left him, and early hopes and studies influenced him when he threw himself into advocacy of the Victorian Order of Nurses, and into support of the cam-

PROF. JAMES W. ROBERTSON

paign against tuberculosis. But education meant money. That money must come from the family business. The family business was, in part, the buying of dairy products for export to Britain; a knowledge of the dairy business would help to put it on its feet. Moreover, he would have the winters in which to study. So reasoning, the lad set himself to learn the cheese-maker's trade. It was not highly regarded; there were no dairy schools; he must learn to do by doing; and so he went to work at $13 a month in a factory. Conditions were disagreeable; the work included floor-scrubbing; the occupation was far from that which a youth of Robertson's station would ordinarily choose. But it was the work which suited the situation. For one winter he attended Woodstock College, and it was Professor S. J. McKee, instructor in English, who had the most vital influence over him. Meanwhile he learned cheese-making, and as a member of the family business he found himself manager of a cheese factory. It became one of the best in the country. Then he managed several factories—his brand was famous. The winter months he gave to reading and the study of literary and scientific subjects. The young man, now 28, still hoped to go to the university. It is one of his innumerable theories that a man should not go to the university until he is in the thirties. But the Ontario Government intervened. It made the successful manager Professor of Dairying in the Ontario Agricultural College.

Here we have the man on the threshold of his public career, about to plunge into a whirl of activities. Inside of three months he would be in London, pulling the Ontario dairies exhibit at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition out of threatened disaster, and exercising

his invincible knack of catching the public eye. Soon he would be scouring the country, restlessly preaching co-operation and organisation in the dairy business. He himself reads formative influences in every event of his past. In childhood responsibility had been laid upon him, and the habit of thoroughness. Both had become passions. In youth he had borne a part in a temperance lodge. From that experience he had carried away a training in getting into touch with other minds, of appreciating an audience, of getting into sympathy with it, of trying to change the opinions of the men who composed it. He had not been arguing abstract propositions; he had not been pleading to a brief; he had been feeling for the minds of his hearers and seeking to turn them into channels through which his own passionate intellect raced. Again, for years he had taught a country Bible-class. He had exerted himself to grasp his pupils' difficulties; he had cast about for means to get their interest. That was his pedagogical training. He had the habit of estimating situations, and of disregarding the customary to take the course which his thinking indicated. Also, he had formed his method of organisation. Get a piece of work well done—then use it as a text to induce others to do the same thing on a larger scale. Do something in a small sphere first—then organise for its wider application. That is the method of a man who is uncommonly good at organisation and singularly successful in getting things done.

Of course there was class-room work at Guelph. It was done in such a way that from 1888 to 1890 he was, in addition, non-resident lecturer in Dairy Husbandry at Cornell University. But the class-room could not confine his energies. A speaker of infectious enthusiasm, a deviser of innumerable plans, he ranged the province as a lecturer to farmers and dairymen. For a time he would brood over and experiment with new schemes at Guelph, then he would rush forth and preach them. It was a big work to try to move hard-headed farmers, industrial conservatives for the most part, slow to take fire over new ideas, distrustful of the theorist, but endowed with an intelligence which is strong if obstinate. When the college professor faced an audience he had made sure of his acquaintance with the characters, the circumstances, and some of the difficulties and desires of his hearers. He had made very sure of the facts which he meant to offer them. He watched his audience; he sought for their sympathy; he studied clearness of exposition. Two facts may be noted. He made copious use of parables. He travelled with a pocket Shakespeare, and prepared himself for a meeting, not by looking over notes and authorities, but by an hour or two of reading, sometimes of Shakespeare, sometimes of Tennyson, sometimes of Isaiah, three very great masters of phrase.

Robertson's work falls into periods. By 1890 the organisation work which he had commenced in 1886 was fairly on its way. It is his outstanding peculiarity that he initiates movements and when they are launched searches for something new. He was looking forward to his hoped-for period of professional study, when the Dominion Government appropriated his energies. It made him Dairy Commissioner. Agricultural Agitator would have been an apter title. He flew about the Dominion, everywhere planning and organising, everywhere an originating mind and a driving force, everywhere adapting himself to local conditions. Force and ingenuity were equally marked in his methods. For example, he has uncanny expertness as a press-agent. Here is one crafty scheme which he steadily works upon Canadian journals. He is on excellent terms with British newspapers. He gets copious interviews, letters, statements, into them. Then the Canadian press copies what it might have hesitated to take direct. In 1886, when he was in London, he plunged into the Home Rule controversy, then the absorbing topic, writing letters urg-

ing that the salvation of Ireland lay, not in Home Rule, but in cheese and butter—as instanced by Canada. Naturally there followed a few details of Canadian progress in the making of cheese and butter!

Who can tell the tale of the Professor's activities since 1890? It is one of his practices to take up at least one new movement every year. Dairy organisation, live stock improvement, seed selection, chicken farming, fruit inspection, cold storage, market finding—the list is long. By 1899 he was beginning to think that this period of his life was closing. His agricultural work was so well established that there were many to continue it. Perhaps that season of study was ahead. Of course it was not. The Macdonald manual training fund was awaiting him. The idea behind manual training appealed to his own development through the uses of necessity. He flung himself into the scheme. Sir William C. Macdonald gave the money, Professor Robertson gave the familiar energy and the well-tried organising skill. Like all his plans, he stood by this till it had taken root, and then left it to be carried on by local authorities. Of what use is an institution which requires its founder's incessant supervision? If it is to be useful, it must so appeal to the people that they themselves will keep it running. Such is the Robertson point of view. But from manual training and experimental seed selection grew the movement to reorganise rural schools. And from the consolidated rural schools grew the plans for the great Macdonald institution at Ste. Anne de Bellevue. He is on the threshold of another division of his life. Since Egerton Ryerson no man has done anything vital for primary and secondary education in Canada. Will Robertson?

The man is forty-seven now, and looks forward to twenty years more of activity such as he has known since 1886. Tall and lean—face lean too, cheeks and jaw falling abruptly from an overhanging brow—grizzled moustache, thick and clipped—bright blue eye —on the whole face a somewhat overcast expression of grim, serious earnest —the Scottish burr still thick on the tongue—there you have his outward seeming. Inwardly, there is the strange mixture of burning enthusiasm, rapid, perhaps hasty, thinking, and cool sagacity in practical things. The man is eager, impatient, changeable even, interested in his projects in their earlier stages mainly, ready to catch at new plans, chock full of ideas and schemes. Many see that side most clearly. It may be doubted whether all his theories are founded on certainty. But he does things. When he made cheeses they sold at record prices. The agricultural movement with which he was so prominently associated, has gone far and no longer needs his presence. For a man dealing so much in organisation, he is noticeably independent of machinery. In his dairy work he set a different type of organisation going in every province. Organisation for him has meant scope—the ability to undertake more; economy—the ability to do work at least cost of labour, material and time; and efficiency—the ability to do better work with better results. Until the time for these came he dispensed with machinery. The work always has counted, not the manner of doing it; one of his traits is his intense satisfaction in good work. And another thing must be noted. He is able to work with other men. The efficiency and enthusiasm of his staff is a significant fact.

The tall, lean man with the intent look of serious interest on his face is a Force in Canada. He has done much for our greatest industry. He is about to try to render a similar service to our education. Good luck go with him!

Frederick Hamilton.

"Strangers, and yet not strangers"—p. 442
Drawn by F. H. Brigden

Author of "How Hartman Won"

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place.

CHAPTER X.

THE old Citadel was brilliantly illuminated. Lights gleamed in every window. The snow was shovelled clean from the footpaths and guardsmen had made smooth the drives for incoming sleighs. The full moon shone with softened lustre from a cloudless sky, filling the air with voiceless music, and enveloping with chastened beauty the wide stretches of ice and snow which mantled the earth.

Within the Citadel a bevy of pretty girls, aided by the junior officers, had decorated the doors and windows with elaborate care. Festoons of cedar, sprigs of holly and bunches of red berries, softened the light from the candelabra, while innumerable lamps of archaic design added variety and beauty to the scene.

The ballroom was decorated with bunting, and on the walls hung national and colonial flags—those of the 100th being added to do honour to the occasion; while the vice-regal chair was surrounded with rugs of rich and rare texture. In a tête-à-tête corner to the left of the main entrance, luxurious, long-haired, polar bear skins littered the floor, while, on the opposite side, the feet of the guests sank deep in rich furs from the West.

"What a characteristic room!" exclaimed Helen, as she stood for a moment at the wide entrance, leaning on the arm of her husband. "I never saw so many flags and beautiful skins in one room in my life."

"Nor I either. Still the setting is appropriate. The flags are a token of the present war, and the skins a trophy of the huntsman's prowess. Furs are one of the main products of the country, you know."

"I wonder if it can produce as many women," said Helen, glancing over the hall. "There are few but men here yet."

"All the more triumph for the women who are," was his answer.

The Governor and Lady Sherbrooke, together with Mrs. and Colonel Mason and Sir George Head, were receiving when they entered; and officers of the garrison and the *North King*, as well as civilians with their wives and daughters, were being presented.

"May I have the honour of the opening quadrille with you?" said Colonel Mason to Helen a few minutes later.

"I shall be only too happy," was her answer. But a faint flush suffused her cheek, for she would rather have danced the opening number with her husband.

"The guests are still coming, but the quadrille will be soon. *Au revoir* until then."

Harold and she passed on. More than a dozen ladies had by this time arrived, most of them young and some very pretty, with white shoulders and graceful figures. Not a few had flashing diamonds, brought by their mothers from the Old Land over the sea, and they sparkled like the eyes of their winsome wearers as they mingled with the men.

"How pretty they are!" said Harold *sotto voce*; "as fresh as if new from England."

"I don't see any of the blue-noses they talk about," Helen returned. "It must be a healthy climate, Harold, if it is cold."

At this moment Judge and the Misses Maxwell were announced. The Judge, a large and portly man, crowned with periwig, had a keen, intelligent face. He was accompanied by his two daughters. One was of the large blonde type, with blue eyes and flaxen hair always smiling in a decided way of her own. The other, Miss Maud, was cast in a different mould. No one would have taken them for sisters. Slight in build and quick in movement, there was a winsome charm about her, that was very engaging. Perhaps the most distinguishing feature in her manner was her strong, unconscious frankness. Her features were regular and her eyes almost black, while her wealth of dark hair and sweet countenance combined to make her irresistibly charming. One would think from the colour of her hair and eyes that she should have been a brunette; but her skin was exquisitely white, and the petal of a delicate rose seemed to have planted its hue upon her cheek.

In attire the two young ladies differed as much as in personal appearance. Miss Maxwell was dressed in white; but Maud had a robe of chameleon hue, that reflected in changeable lustre every flash of light that fell upon it from the chandeliers above. The delicate fullness revealed by the low corsage was partially hidden by a bunch of violets from her own indoor garden, while a little circlet of pearls and minute diamonds flashed upon her neck.

"What character there is in that face!" said Helen to Mrs. Mason a moment later, as the Colonel joined her for the dance.

"Yes, there is. Would you like to know her?"

"I would indeed!"

"I will introduce her after the quadrille is over."

"Thank you."

Sir John Sherbrooke escorted Mrs. Mason to the upper end of the room. Then came Sir George and Lady Sherbrooke, followed by Captain Osborne and one of the colonial dames, while Colonel Mason and Helen brought up the rear. Together they formed the set for the opening quadrille—and stately and beautiful it was as Helen remembered long afterwards.

All eyes were fixed upon the four couples. With elaborate bows and graceful formality they stepped through the figures of the dance. The measured music from the violins and harps beat a slower time in the days of our forefathers than now; and there was a dignity and solemnity in the first dance of the period—almost equivalent to the sacred decorum of a religious rite—that in this rushing age has been forgotten.

"Mrs. Manning—Miss Maud Maxwell," said Mrs. Mason after the dance was over. "You young ladies have each expressed a desire to know each other."

As they clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes, several seconds passed away—thoughts seemed to be uttered without words.

"Strangers, and yet not strangers,"

said Helen, "I could almost fancy I had known you for years."

"It must be the same feeling," said Maud, still holding the extended hand, "a delicious joy in seeing you, although we never met before."

"It is all owing to the talk you have made among us," said Mrs. Mason, taking each young lady by the arm and leading the way to one of the tête-à-tête corners already referred to. "Maud was always ambitious, headstrong, wayward. Perhaps a little chat between you two will do each good. There, I will leave you, but, with so many gentlemen and so few ladies, I cannot guarantee a minute by yourselves."

"Would you care for a companion in your journey west, Mrs. Manning?" Maud asked in a swift, low voice, as Mrs. Mason, accepting the arm of an officer, left them. She must speak while the chance lasted.

"Perhaps I would," was Helen's startled answer, "but after all that is said against it, I fear that I could not conscientiously advise."

"It would be simply glorious to go," said Maud, enthusiastically. "Out in the starry night with the trees cracking and the wolves howling, while you are rolled up in your buffalo robes, snug and warm, and safe from all danger."

"You young enthusiast! What a splendid companion you would make!"

"Would I?" and the girl's eyes flashed fire. "Oh, if I only could!"

At this moment Mrs. Mason returned to introduce another gentleman.

"Mrs. Mason," said Helen, as they arose from their seat, "do you know that Miss Maud Maxwell would like to be one of our party?"

"That is not surprising," was the answer. "I've known Maud ever since she was a baby, and she was always a Tomboy."

"Why traduce my fair name?" said Maud with a laugh.

"My dear, is it not true?"

"Please don't be so pathetic. I'd like to go; that is all."

"And you really mean it," Helen asked, looking gravely into the girl's face.

"Yes, I do. But, I suppose, there will be little chance. Father would oppose it, and, no doubt, Sir George would also. Still I would give anything to go with you. But I am engaged for this waltz—Mrs. Manning—Doctor Beaumont."

And she whirled away with him as Harold joined them. Helen followed the doctor for some moments with her eyes. His face had a French cast, although his skin was fairer and his hair lighter than is usually found in that race.

"The doctor is devoted to Maud," said Mrs. Mason, "although I do not think she cares for him."

"Is he the surgeon who is to go with the regiment?" Harold asked.

"I think not. Dr. Fairchild is the man spoken of. I suppose I should not mention it, but as you are one of the officers, it would do no harm to tell you. I believe that Dr. Beaumont would like to go. It will, however, be decided to-morrow."

"Thank you for telling us," said Helen. "I suppose it is out of the question about Miss Maud going."

"Entirely out of the question," returned the elder lady, emphatically. "If they should happen to appoint Dr. Beaumont she would not dream of going. H-m h-m," she continued, wisely shaking her little grey head, "that throws new light upon it—I do not believe she will really want to go!"

"My dear, if we do not commence we shall lose our waltz," exclaimed Harold, laughing. "It is half through already."

"A thousand pardons, dearie. It is our first since we were married. I wouldn't miss it for the world," and her winsome smile thrilling him again, as it had always done, they glided away over the smooth floor.

The next afternoon Maud visited Helen at the Citadel.

"Our little chat remained unfinished," were almost her first words. "I did not get a chance to speak to you again."

"You were sensibly occupied, and I forgive you," returned Helen. "I know I danced more than I have done for years, and yet only managed to have two waltzes with my husband."

"I like Lieutenant Manning," returned Maud. "I had a polka with him, and his chivalry took me, for he stopped before our dance was over to escort old Mrs. Tindall across the room. Most young men would have let the lady look after herself."

"I knew what I was doing when I married Harold," said Helen with glowing face. "You see, I think so much of my husband that I am willing to travel to the ends of the earth with him."

"I would have to love a man like that or I would never marry," said Maud.

"You'll find him some day, if you have not already. And what about Penetanguishene? Do you still desire to be one of our party?"

"Yes and no," was the girl's reply, her mouth assuming for a moment a set expression. "I'm afraid I said too much last night. Much as I would like to go I find it will be impossible, so there is no use even thinking about it."

"Perhaps later, when our fort is built and the war over, you will come."

"Possibly;" and her eyes melted into a dreamy expression. "Let me thank you for the suggestion. If I can I will."

"It is probably better so," said Helen, puzzled at such a speedy change of attitude.

At this moment Mrs. Mason entered the room.

"I have just received the latest news," she said. "It was announced at the officers' quarters this morning that Dr. Beaumont has received the appointment as surgeon to the 100th. Colonel Mason told me only a few minutes ago."

Helen involuntarily glanced at Maud, but at this moment the frank expression was absent. Did she know already?

"Is not this a surprise?" said Helen. "Of course I knew nothing about the appointment only that rumour last evening gave the place to Dr. Fairchild."

"So it did," said Mrs. Mason, "but his father is not well, and can ill spare him. Perhaps that is the reason of the change."

"I have just been taking back some of my own foolish talk of last night," said Maud, looking directly at Mrs. Mason. "My sudden fancy of going west with the regiment was inspired by the fortitude of this brave lady—just an enthusiastic idea that cannot be realised."

"But she has promised to visit me at Lake Huron after the war is over," said Helen.

"The very time you ought to go yourself," was her hostess' comment.

Mrs. Mason was one of those kind-hearted ladies who, having no children of their own, consider it their duty to interest themselves in the children of others. She always had two or three of her young lady friends under her wing; and was never contented unless endeavouring to pilot them to their destined haven. She must not only guide them aright, but see also that they did not go wilfully wrong. That Maud Maxwell — in her estimation — the sweetest girl in all Halifax, should be allowed to go on that desperate western journey was not to be thought of for a moment. If she could not prevent the newly-arrived bride from sacrificing herself on the altar of a "crazy idea," she certainly could prevent Maud from following suit. At all events she had decided to try.

What passed in the way of curtain lectures between Colonel Mason and his spouse after the ball was over, there was no one to tell; but the celerity with which the medical appointment was discussed, decided upon and ratified when morning came, was somewhat remarkable. Sir George and Colonel Mason were closeted together for half an hour after breakfast; and then a couple of orderlies were summoned, and messages dispatched to both of the doctors, containing the results of the decision. As a conse-

quence, Dr. Beaumont's mind was filled with conflicting ideas when he received the message. The first impression was surprise, for he believed it had been otherwise arranged. Still, as the decision was final, he must obey. But the thought of Maud disturbed him. To leave her at once might render his unreturned love hopeless. If he could have remained, possibly he might win her yet; but to go away now and stay perhaps for years, with the attentions and hearts of other men continually at her feet, seemed more than he could bear.

Still there was the other side to view. The post of surgeon to the 100th was a distinct promotion; for he and Dr. Fairchild were both army officers; and it flattered the spirit of rivalry which existed between them to be selected over his fellow. The illness of Dr. Fairchild's father was quietly hinted to both gentlemen as the probable cause of the change; but the possibility that Mrs. Mason might have had something to do with the final appointment, was not thought of, much less mentioned.

The die was cast, however, whatever would come of it, and Dr. Beaumont realised that he must prepare at once for the journey. The mixed blood of his parentage had made a strong man of him; for he possessed the passion and vehemence of the Frenchman from his father, tempered by the stolidity and integrity of the Scotch race from his mother.

After reporting himself at headquarters, and rapidly making preparations for the prospective march, it was late in the evening before he could spare time to call at the Judge's. He had sent no message to Maud. Still he hoped and believed that she would be ready to receive him. She must have heard of his appointment. Would she be glad or sorry? How would she welcome him? Was it possible that she would rejoice at being relieved of the attentions of an unwelcome suitor? Or was it imaginable that she would be glad of his promotion, and reward his devotion by encouragement on the very eve of his departure?

At any rate he would see and know the truth; and after walking past the house several times to soothe his nerves and check the rapid beating of his heart, he finally knocked at the door for a final interview with Maud.

CHAPTER XI.

HENRI BEAUMONT, although a native of Quebec, was a graduate of an English University, and it was in London, after obtaining his degree, that he received his appointment on the medical staff of a British regiment under orders for Canada. For two years now he had been stationed at Halifax and, although during the war with the United States he had seen some active service, his duties had been chiefly confined to professional work among the troops stationed at the Citadel.

It was there that Maud met him. Perhaps if she had been less indifferent, the conquest would not have been so easily accomplished. But the impression was made at the beginning, and notwithstanding her apparent coolness, time only seemed to strengthen his desire to win her.

His heart was in a tumult as he entered the house that night—hope and expectation did not balance each other—and minutes elapsed after meeting Maud before the loud throbs beneath his jerkin ceased.

"I am sure you heard the news?" he said retaining the hand, which she attempted to withdraw. "I am ordered to be ready to march with Sir George's men in two days."

"Yes," she replied, finally, retracting her hand, "and I congratulate you. Your friends, while sorry to lose you, will be glad of your promotion."

"That is very kind; but I would give the world to know that some one really cared."

He was growing serious already. So she threw back her head and with a gentle laugh exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear Doctor, you don't know how much we shall miss you!"

"Mon Dieu, Miss Maud! That is

very well. But you know what I mean. When I go away I can't return for a year at least. It is the time, the absence that I think of. Won't you give me a chance at all? You know how I love you."

"You have your chance now, Doctor—founding a fort—establishing a settlement—perhaps building a city. That should be enough for any man to face."

"But it is not enough, mon ami." The Doctor's face flushed and his eyes glittered as he drew his chair nearer. "I want my love returned. I have kept myself straight and pure for love of you. Mademoiselle! Do you care for me at all? Will you not give me one promise before you go?"

He was pleading very earnestly, a gleam of intense love illuminating his face. Maud's manner softened a little, although she felt no responsive thrill. She was not sure of her own heart, and was too wise to bind herself when she experienced no warmer feeling than that of friendship.

"You ask me more than I can give," she said. "If I do not love you, how can I promise?"

"Have I a rival then?" he asked with passionate earnestness.

"How dare you ask such a question!" she answered with flushed face. "I am in love with no one."

"Then why not grant my desire? In my heart no one can take your place. For long months I shall see only one other lady, and she the wife of a brother officer. But I will found a settlement and build a city, too, if you will only promise to be my—my sweetheart—when I come back again."

"Oh! you silly man! I promise nothing. Why not simply wait and see? When away on your long march (she did not tell him how gladly she would have undertaken it herself if he had not been going) your mind and time will be occupied with other things. You will never think of me."

"Never think of you!" he exclaimed passionately. "Perhaps it would be better for me if I never did. But I shall think of you every day when on the march and every night when in the woods we pitch our camp. When the smoke arises from the pipes of the men around our fires, my thoughts will be of you; and when rolled in blanket and buffalo robes, during the long winter night, I may see the stars through the tall trees, and hear the owls hooting in the forest; but beyond the stars I shall see your face, and in my dreams I shall hear your voice. No, Maud Manning, I may go away, but you cannot get away from me. You fill my soul, my heart, my whole being. You are my star, my light, my love,—and it will be the same in Penetang, no matter where you are."

Spite of herself his words thrilled her, and unconsciously she rose to her feet. She could not sit still any longer. What manner of man was this French-Scotchman? This passionate pleader, this determined lover? This soldierly fellow, who, while he worshipped her, accepted the order to march to the end of the earth, for time indefinite, without a single murmur of regret? She had never until now been seriously impressed with his personality. She had seen the impulsive, demonstrative side of his nature, but its integrity and strength, its staunch chivalry and unselfish devotion, were something quite new to her—and it was with a feeling not unlike reverence that she heard his last words. A species of humility almost akin to love was gradually stealing over her.

"I am sorry," she said at last, but her voice this time was low and sweet. "I should have told you sooner."

"Told me what?" he exclaimed eagerly. "That you never could love me?"

"No, not that." His intensity was so great, so real, that she dreaded the future that seemed imminent in his face. She must give him hope, however slight, until time could soothe the vivid chords of his being; and until she could read aright the inmost thoughts of her own heart.

"What then?" was his question.

"Can you not suggest something

else? We have always been friends," she said.

"Promise me to remain free for a year? I will do my best and come back then," he said.

"Yes, *Monsieur le Docteur*, for one more year I will not love anyone, for one more year I will be free." And the tone filled his soul with music. The cloud was raised—the veil was lifted.

"And I will write," he said. "Will you answer?"

"Yes," was her quiet response.

"Yet, oh, *Mon Dieu!* Think of the weary months of waiting," was his comment, but his face had lost its sadness.

They stood together under the chandelier. He, excited, determined, passionate, with love in every look and gesture; but controlling himself by a strong effort—She, introspective, observant, wary; and yet with a warmer kindliness toward her companion than she had ever felt before.

"I must go," he said at last. "Just a kiss to seal our friendship." And he threw his arm out to clasp her to him. But with one step backward she raised the hand that was held in his, and the kiss fell upon it—instead.

"Good-bye and God be with you," she said.

"And may He keep you until I return," was his prayer, "but shall I not see you again? There may be time enough to-morrow?"

"It would be better not."

She stood at the door and watched him descend the steps. Then he turned, and with a last look and a sweep of his chapeau he disappeared into the darkness.

CHAPTER XII

ON the day of the march the temperature was almost down to zero, and the sky a clear, pale blue. The order had been issued for the little column to be ready at nine o'clock sharp; and, cold as it was, the whole town was astir. Union Jacks were flying in honour of the occasion; and many people were out on the street to witness the departure. The few days that had elapsed since the arrival of the *North King* had not passed idly away. A score of teams had been purchased. Long sleighs, bob-sleighs, carryalls, had all been secured, and many of them loaded with goods that Captain Payne had brought over the sea for the building and provisioning of the prospective fort. Then there were fur robes and blankets; kettles, pots and tins for the journey; stoves of all sorts and provisions for the men; fodder and blankets for the horses; as well as the reserve supply of ammunition, all packed in capacious sleighs, with drivers ready and horses snorting impatiently for the order to start.

Punctual to the minute, the companies lined up in the square by the Citadel.

Sleighs for Sir George and the officers, one for Helen and Harold and another for the soldiers' wives, were there in regular order. Then came the heavy sledges of the commissary department, and last of all the "bobs," containing the building supplies and ordinance outfit for the new fort at Penetang.

As the bell of the little old church on the hill struck nine a salute of two guns from the Citadel was fired in honour of the event. Adieus had all been said; hand-shaking was over; and as the shrill tones of the bugles sounded the order to march was given. Then the crowd cheered and the sleighs started upon their long journey; while the soldiers in heavy overcoats, marching in file, and brought up the rear.

For the commencement of such a journey the day was excellent. The roads were good, the snow well packed; and soon the procession of ponies and sledges commenced to swing along at a rapid rate.

"Put my coat collar higher, please," said Helen to her husband as they neared the outskirts of the town. Quick driving had made her feel the cold air more keenly.

"Will that do?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "It keeps the wind out. These hot bricks for the

feet are delightful. What a glorious day for a ride! But look at that big snow bank right in front of us! Bateese! don't upset us, please!"

"Bateese navare upset. Et is only de dreef," returned the Frenchman, and with a crack of his whip he circled around the sloping end of the bank as the other drivers had done before him.

It was not so nearly an upset as Helen imagined; but she breathed more freely when the huge pile of snow was behind them.

"Do we meet many drifts like that?" she asked a little timidly, for it was her first experience.

"Oh! dat is noting," replied Bateese, tossing his head, "but dere is a great big wan, high as yer head, right on de slope by de beeg hill, jess befor' you cam' to de lumber camp—Gar—he be a fine wan."

And the Frenchman cackled and cracked his whip again.

"Still we can pass it all right?" said Harold.

"Nevare can tell," returned Bateese, shrugging his shoulders. "It ees on de end of a heel, where two winds meet—an 'eet may be flat as de diable in de mornin'—an' so big at night dat you couldn't see ovare de top if you was ten feet high."

"How then do you manage?" inquired Helen, who, seeing a twinkle in the eye of Bateese, was regaining courage.

"Oh some tam you go 'roun', some tam over top after deegin' de snow awa—and some tam," he continued very impressively, "you make a tunnel—camp all night in de meedle—and deeg out on t'oder side next day."

"And what do you do with your horses while camping?" Harold asked, in an amused tone.

"Oh! dat's easy," replied Bateese with perfect gravity. "We jess deeg places for dem beside de camp—don't have go out in de cole to feed em. Dey eat snow for vater, and de leetle fire keep us all warm."

"That's a pretty good one, Bateese."

"Oh no, jess a leetle wan; tell you some more bime-by."

And the Frenchman's infectious laughter was joined in by both Helen and Harold as they scudded to the jingle of the sleigh bells merrily along the road.

In a couple of hours, the riders had left the heavy sledges and the soldiers far behind. They had passed the principal clearings. Open fields became less frequent, and the stretches of forest more continuous. Sir George had inquired minutely into the nature and difficulties of the road; and although he believed that the march for days would be outside of the war arena, he had sent forward a strong scouting party to reconnoitre.

The direction they were taking for the first part of the journey was almost due north, following the sleigh track, which finally joined the Truro-road along the banks of the Shubenacadie.

The troops and heavy sledges would come up later, but the order was to make the first halt at a lumber camp on their line of march, at which arrangements were already being made by the scouting party for their reception. By noon the Colonel's sleigh headed the file at the top of a long hill. Dr. Beaumont was with him.

"There it is!" he cried. "Yonder are the scouts."

"You know the place then?" said Sir George.

"Yes, I've often been here. Mr. Mackenzie has one of the finest lumber camps in Nova Scotia. See, he is out now talking to Sergeant Banks."

"A thrifty Scotchman, eh? I hope Banks has managed it. I would like the whole troop to dine at the camp without touching our rations. You can settle with Mr. Mackenzie afterwards," he concluded, turning to Captain Payne.

"It will be a great relief," returned the latter, "and give us a longer march this afternoon. Nothing like making a good start on the first day."

The Sergeant saluted as they drove up.

"Mr. Mackenzie, this is our Colonel," he said, touching his cap.

And a tall, massively built Scotch-

man, with shaggy hair and rugged features, grasped Sir George's hand warmly.

"Your men have been telling me about you, sir," he exclaimed. "I am glad to see you. You must a' be hungry after your cold ride. The cook's doin' his best to gie ye all a bite. Come right in. Your men can feed their horses at the stable. Guid sakes, you've got a leddy with ye! and some women folk too!" and he finished by doffing his hat gallantly to Helen.

"Yes, we are hungry and glad to call a halt, Mr. Mackenzie, and I know Mrs. Manning will be tired enough to rest."

Here Harold introduced his wife and the group went inside. The huge shanty was built entirely of logs, the inside walls hewed flat, the chinks filled with wood and then covered level with plaster. One side of the long wall was not more than six feet in altitude, but the opposite one was twice as high to allow for the sloping slab roof. Scattered along the two sides were a series of little windows, while in the far end a pile of dry logs was burning brightly in a huge fireplace. Dining tables of pine boards, supported on crossed sticks, stretched the length of the room and were already laden with platters and cups in preparation for the meal. The cross-head table was built in a similar manner, but instead of benches on either side, there was an array of chairs; and perhaps in honour of the occasion, clean white sheets were spread upon it for the coming meal.

The rough, homely comfort about the place seemed attractive after the cold drive, and elicited warm compliments from the Colonel.

"Oh, it will do for the woods," returned Mackenzie, good-humouredly. "We keep our men warm and comfortable and feed 'em well. The consequence is that they like the job; and every man of 'em is glad to come back to the camp when the season opens again."

"But does not the war interfere with your work and make your men enlist?" the Colonel asked.

"Yes, sometimes, but it is a good thing to have a reputation. If peace was declared to-morrow, I could get twice the men I need. As it is, half the young men in the colony have listed. And yet I have all I want. But dinner is almost ready, so, Sir George, you and your men might put your things in my office here—and Mrs. Manning," he exclaimed with another bow, "I haven't got a leddy's boudoir, but if you're not afraid of an old bachelor's quarters, you might fix and rest yourself in my own den."

"I shall be only too glad," returned Helen. "This big shanty is so comfortable I am sure I should be too warm if I kept my furs on."

"Well, just make yourself at home. You are welcome to any little thing I can do for ye. But, ma· sakes, what became o' the other weemen?"

"Oh, they went off to the men's kitchen with their husbands," returned Sir George. "You know Corporal Bond and Private Hardman were of the reconnoitring party."

After closing the heavy doors of Mackenzie's den Helen laid her wraps upon his bed. Looking about her she soon discovered a mirror, and without delay arranged her hair. Then she washed in the pewter bowl and sat down in his arm-chair, the only seat in her room. Soliloquising, she began to realise what was before her. Through the little window she saw that the shanty was close to the woods, an impenetrable forest closing in on every side. Only half a day out from Halifax and, notwithstanding the presence of her husband, in a certain sense, alone. And if alone, when blessed with the rude comforts of the log camp and the generous cordiality of the owner, what must it be when out in the forest night after night through all the long months of the winter? There could be no shadow of turning now—no possibility of retreat. Still she did not lament. It was only that life seemed more tense—more binding—infinitely more positive and real!

A few minutes later Harold came for her, and they joined Mr. Mackenzie, Sir George and the officers at the head table in the big hall of the shanty. Their host placed Helen to his right hand and Sir George to his left; then the big gong sounded, and the shantymen in smock-frock and blue jean overalls filed in and took their places.

"That's a motley crowd, Sir George," said Mr. Mackenzie. They could easily be observed by the Colonel, for his seat commanded a view of the whole room.

"I see you have many nationalities here—German, English, Scotch, Irish, French," said Sir George.

"But Johnny Canucks are on top every time," was the answer. "They stand the work well and make fine lumbermen. They have their peculiarities though. See how they spread their molasses on their pork instead of their bread."

"Like the Dutchman sleeping on straw with his feather bed on top of him."

"Or the Irishman with his potatoes and point."

"Yes, but the French and the Dutch make the most of it, while Pat contents himself with a joke."

"And on it he fattens," returned Mackenzie with a laugh. "But I tell you my men are well fed; the grub's rough but wholesome and we often eat a calf or a deer at a meal besides a pile of other stuff. Our table doesn't differ much from theirs either," he continued, "but to-day in honour of our guests, particularly Mrs. Manning and yoursel', Sir George, I told the cook to make it extra fine. By George, he's sending us griddled tenderloin, roast turkey and stuffed partridges as well."

Then they had baked potatoes, cranberry sauce, saluratus cakes and tea.

"We've only got brown sugar, Mrs. Manning, I'm sorry to say," he continued, turning to Helen, "and unfortunately our coos are all dry."

"It's a genuine feast," returned Helen, "and I'm thirsty enough to drink anything." With an effort she controlled the muscles of her face as she drank the beverage. Lumber-camp tea in those days was a nauseous drink to any one but the woodsmen themselves.

By-and-bye the meal was over, and Helen made a hasty run to the kitchen department to see what the women were doing. The lumbermen too filed out of the room to make way for the soldiers who at that moment were marching down the hill. They were hungry after their long tramp and did not require a second bidding when word came that the tables were ready.

In offering to settle for the meal so freely granted, the response was a surprise to Sir George.

"Take pay for a feed?" cried the Scotchman with a laugh. "Not much; I reckon we can stand it without smashing the camp. Thank ye kindly though."

"This is too generous altogether," was the protest.

"Not at all," replied Mackenzie. "Scotch bodies are canny, but when they say a thing they mean it."

"Well! We'll not forget you," said Sir George, as he grasped the generous donor by the hand. "Perhaps some day our turn will come."

Soon the teams were ready again, and several of the marching officers took the places of those who had ridden. The result was that Chaplain Evans was assigned to a seat in Helen's sleigh while Harold walked with his men.

"It can't be helped," said the Lieutenant as he gave his wife a momentary caress. "I will have to ride and march turn about until Quebec is reached. But you are in good company and there is no danger."

"Well," replied Helen, forcing a laugh, "absence will make your presence all the dearer, so good-bye, sweetheart."

"Until to-night," was his answer; and, throwing her another kiss, he placed himself at the head of his men.

"How much farther do we go to-day?" Helen asked of Sir George who came to speak to her for a moment before getting into his sleigh.

"About fifteen miles I think? We want to camp at Shubenacadie to-night. There will be accommodation in a settler's house for you and the women, but for the rest of us, the men will have to put up shanties and the sooner we get away the better. The scouting party went ahead two hours ago on snowshoes, so they will have them started when we arrive."

"But what after to-night?" said Helen.

"I'm afraid we'll have to camp, women as well as men," said the Colonel with a shrug; and stepping into his sleigh, the cavalcade started.

CHAPTER XIII

FOR more than an hour that afternoon the drive was rapid, the country less undulating and the road smoother. Still the way was always through the woods. Tall pines everywhere stretched skyward, while on the lowlands, ashes and elms spread out their grey branches, in vivid contrast to the evergreen above. Scrub oaks on the hillocks still carried the dead red leaves of the past year; while here and there a beech or a maple added its varied beauty to the winter landscape.

Although the road lay for miles along the banks of the Shubenacadie its waters could only occasionally be seen. Now and then a wider vista opened, and a bit of the dashing river, rendered free here and there by a more rapid current, added picturesqueness to the view. At other places the bed of the stream was covered with ice, save for an occasional rollway, where the lumberer had piled his saw logs thickly upon its broken surface.

The drivers had covered more than half the distance to the proposed camp, when they reached the top of a long ridge stretching out on either side. At the foot of the incline, a stranger sight than they had yet seen attracted their attention. It was a circle of Indian wigwams, in the lowest part of the valley, no doubt placed there to protect them from the winds that prevailed in the uplands. One of the lodges was taller and broader than the rest, but in other respects they were alike and of the usual cone form.

In the centre of the circle was a huge log fire, around which was gathered a promiscuous lot of Indians, squaws and papooses, watching the approaching sleighs.

"Are these Indians always friendly?" the Chaplain asked of Bateese, as they gradually neared the little Indian village.

"Oui, Monsieur, yees," was the answer. "Dey be Micmacs, and Micmacs goot Indians. Not like de Hurons, who scalp all de tam. But let white men cheat a Micmac, or run away wid heem squaw, den, by Gar, he have revanche. He follow dat man till he kill him wid his hatchet, den put him in de ground; and no wan ever heard of him no more."

"Whew!" exclaimed Helen with a little shiver. "They must be very good Indians indeed if they kill a man for cheating."

"Ah, Madame! So dey be; just treat Micmacs square and dey treat you square, too!"

"How do they build their wigwams?" the Chaplain asked. "They are very substantial looking."

"Vell, I tell you. I been in dem many's de time. Dey juss as warm as Madame's boudoir wid leetle stove in it. Dey make 'em of cedar poles, tight in groun' and fastened together tight at top. Den dey bind dem roun' all ovare wid strong green bark put on like shingles, and so close dat water can't get in. Dey make 'em in summare so it dry by wintare. Nex' dey put in straight spruce branches all over de outside and spruce green branches all over de inside—till it is like deh man from de contree—green all de way tru."

"Bateese, I didn't know you were so witty," exclaimed the Chaplain.

"Vel, by Gar, ef a man drive all de tam day after day all wintare long, most tam wid no wan to spoke to; an' 'is femme or ees fille a tousand miles away, ef ees no jess t'ink of someting funny he die."

By this time the chief with a number of his tribe were out on the road, and on the approach of Sir George's sleigh he threw up his right arm and shouted:

"Kwa."

"Yer honour, the spalpeen means how do yez do?" said Pat in a low voice. Sir George's driver was a Hibernian.

"I'm very well, thank you," replied the Colonel, extending his hand. But the Indian ignored the proffered cordiality.

"Be jabers, he can talk English, too, for I've heerd him," muttered Pat in a still lower key.

"Kwa wenin," next said the Indian, looking straight into the eyes of Sir George.

Pat this time remembered more fully, so he turned and spoke aloud, "He means, who are you? Tell him your name, Sir George, and he'll answer yez in English."

"Sir George Head, Colonel of the soldiers of the Great Father."

"It is well. White Bear—Chief of Micmacum tribum. Always everything two ways me speakum," replied the Indian in a dignified manner; while this time he accepted the hand of the Colonel, retaining it firmly in his own for some moments. The Micmacs, in their association with the whites, had made a strange jumble of the language. Still, White Bear's English being intelligible, a few minutes' conversation followed.

The Chief told him that he had seen the scouts already—and after telling him that Sir George and his soldiers were coming, they had gone ahead to prepare for the night's camp.

Evidently from the way the Chief and his braves strutted around, they had put on their best costumes in order to meet the representative of the Great Father.

The Chief was armed with a tomahawk, and dressed in full Indian costume, with leggings, moccasins, hunting shirt and wampum belt; but his head-dress, though of mink, was made in civilised style. The men, who stood a few feet in his rear, were dressed in more nondescript fashion. Two or three had muskets and more than one hatchet and long knife could be seen beneath the blankets they wore. Further back, but outside the wigwams, the squaws were huddled together, and beyond them the children.

"Great Father send braves, Yankees you fightum?" said the Indian, feeling quite proud of his English.

"Not this time," said Sir George. "The Great Father sends his men to trade with the Indians up the Ottawa and on the great lakes toward the setting sun."

"Takum squaws too?" was the next question, with a side glance at Helen and the women in the next sleigh.

"Not many squaws," replied Sir George gravely. "Just enough to make the men behave themselves. More will come by-and-bye."

"When White Bear make bargain squaw nevil speakum," said the Indian, sententiously.

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Manning?" cried the Colonel to Helen, who was near enough to hear the words of the conversation. "But we must drive on. I am glad to have met you, Chief!"

Again they shook hands; White Bear once more raised his right hand above his head as before, and, simultaneously, the band of Indians joined in the parting salutation of "Kwa."

The tone was so fierce and loud that all the women started. It sounded more like a war-whoop than an expression of good-will; and they were glad indeed to commence their journey again. But the Indians remained where they were until the last of the sleighs had passed. Then Sir George raised his busby in salute and, in answer to his courtesy, White Bear pulled off his mink skin and once more yelled "Kwa." Whereupon the sleighs quickened their speed to make up for lost time, while the Indians returned to their lodges.

TO BE CONTINUED

"TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY"

BEING THE RECORD OF A CHILD'S AFTERNOON

By MARY STEWART DURIE

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

— *Wordsworth.*

ONE angel who trailed them sat in the middle of the croquet lawn, which was starred with yellow dandelions and mottled with the leafy shadows cast by a wide-branched, old linden tree, which grew at the south end of the lawn.

When the Angel looked up at the sound of a squirrel's chattering overhead, she could see nothing but dark, gnarled branches, and broad, round linden leaves green against the sunny blue of the sky. It was a pretty, pretty world and made, she felt half-consciously, for her particular benefit. She was only six years of age, so it is not surprising that her wings still remained invisible. Indeed, there were times within the memory of man when her nurse, Miss Betsy McGrath, late of Ireland, would have considered horns and a tail more fitting adjuncts to her small person than the angelic feathers; but these occasions were rare and happily brief.

In fact, the Angel was almost as clever at the dual personality business as the famous Dr. Jekyll himself. Cleverer, perhaps, when one comes to think of it, for there were three of her, to wit—the Angel, Her Satanic Majesty, and Mrs. Jerusalem.

Mrs. Jerusalem was the mother of a large and healthy family of dolls, and it was *she* (begging the Angel's pardon) who sat under the linden tree that fair summer afternoon. Her family were seated at a small, red-painted kindergarten table close by her side. They appeared to be partaking of a slight *déjeûner* while their parent watched anxiously for lapses in table etiquette. At the farther end of the table sat the eldest son of the family, Jack, a rakish-looking youth whose costume and general appearance led one to believe that he had followed the sea in his early days. Evidently a sad dog, he slouched forward carelessly at the table and gazed with an impudently, supercilious expression at his sister Rosaline, whose white woolly locks suggested an Albino ancestry. Suddenly a dizziness seemed to seize the reprobate. He leaned over unsteadily to one side, and toppled completely, his china nose crashing ignominiously into his plate of jam.

"Jacky Jerusalem!" exclaimed his parent in horror-stricken tones, "is that the way a gemplman behaves at luncheon? Not when *I* was a little girl! Your manners is *servantly*!"

Mrs. Jerusalem rose hastily, her short white frock sticking out stiff and crumpled above a pair of fat, bare legs. She picked up her son who lay stunned, his head in his plate, and proceeded to administer justice in summary fashion. Her exertions made her quite red in the face, for not only was it incumbent on her to chastise the son of her bosom, but also to produce the wails suitable to the occasion.

"Naughty—naughty—naughty boys what falls into the jam don't never go to heaven!" she interjected, punctuating her words with chastening hand. The sawdust poured from a gaping wound in Jacky's arm, but he appeared indifferent. It was a tame ending to the scene.

A butterfly, all gold and brown, floated airily past her head. In a moment the rôle of Mrs. Jerusalem was cast to the winds, Jacky was flung prone to the earth, and the Angel was flying in hot pursuit of the delicate, lazily-moving creature. Up a long, sunny gravel path she chased it, her golden hair making a halo for her bare head, her wide, shade hat hanging

at her back by its elastic: down the shady lane that ran close to the back garden fence, where the rhubarb grew rank, and where crabapple trees spread their low, knotty branches wide, and reached across the picket fence and into the enchanted country of "next door."

The butterfly lighted at last on a fragrant spray of wild currant low enough for the Angel to reach. She whipped off her hat and pounced with the trapping instinct which still lingers unabated in the human breast, but the flying thing eluded her and sailed away light-winged, leaving an eager, little, white-clad figure standing on tiptoe and gazing earnestly at that point in the fence over which her prey had disappeared.

Where had he gone? Where did he live? Did he like being a butterfly?

The Angel picked a rhubarb leaf and fanned her small, flushed face with it, while she considered these unanswerable questions. She sauntered back to the lawn swinging her hat by its elastic. On the way, she brushed against a clump of spearmint that grew at the angle of two paths, and its spicy fragrance made her remember something—she could not quite remember what—something about chasing butterflies there before when she was quite a *tiny* child, oh, years ago!

It was warm. She flung herself down on the smooth grass of the lawn at the edge of the linden tree's shadow, and lay blinking up at the sky with heavenly eyes. A delicate little cloud or two drifted peacefully in the blueness. Where did the little clouds come from? she wondered. Were they baby angels flying about and playing up there? Perhaps some day she would be a dear little white cloud—a truly little angel—if she were good, oh, very, very good, like the little girl that—

"Gabrielle! Gay! Where are you?" Jimmy McShane, the gardener's son, dropped agilely over the fence which divided the vegetable field from the garden, and came running towards the Angel. He was eight years old, and wore a blue-checked gingham shirt, a trifle patched, and blue dennim knickerbockers suspended by real braces. His hair was sandy, his nose of the *rétroussé* variety, an altogether charming combination, to Gabrielle's mind. She admired him fervently, and Jimmy adored her. Their reasons for this mutual admiration differed widely—naturally.

The Angel admired Jimmy because of his age, which exceeded her own by two years; because he could climb trees and turn somersaults, and because he had freckles, which she considered a desirable form of facial adornment; whereas Jimmy adored the Angel because he was rarely allowed to play with her, because she considered his tree-climbing and somersaults as feats, and because in his small, reverent, Irish heart there was an inborn admiration and respect for "the Quality," to which august body, he had been assured many times by his father, "Miss Gabrielle" belonged.

"Gay," he called; "Miss Gay, where are ye, sure?"

"Here, Jimmy, Here!"

An alert and inquiring Angel, ready for any contingency, ran to him swinging her long-suffering hat.

"Pa's afther tellin' 'bout the circus, Miss Gay, an' I'm goin' till it this mortal minute. Come an wid me, if ye like!"

Gay regarded him doubtfully, not sure of her subject.

"Where there's p'cessions?"

"No, no, sure the percessions is all over, but it's the circus, wid the sarpints an'—"

"And girrafts and campbells, Jimmy?"

"Yes, sure, an' bears and lines an' ladies that ate snakes, and everythin' else. Come an, Miss Gay!"

"Little girls can't go by theirselves to circuses, an' Mummy's away, an' Betsey won't let's."

"Aw, Miss Gay, you ast Betsey nice, ast her rale swate like, an' she'll let ye."

"You ask Betsey, Jimmy!"

"No, you ast her yerself, Miss Gay. Quick, there's a good girl!"

"No, *you*. Aw, Jimmy!"

She looked at him with appealing eyes, and he relented.

"Well, well—we'll count, and whoiver it comes to 's got to ast her."

The Angel awaited the decision of the oracle with solemnity:

> "Inty, minty, fig o' tay,
> Il dil dominay;
> Orky porky stole a rock,
> Inty, minty, dickety dock.
> O-u-t spells out."

"There, Miss Gabrielle, it's you has to ask Betsey, darlint."

The Angel's lip quivered ominously. "Betsey won't let me go. She's cross."

"Aw, well, niver mind, sure. Lave her alone thin an' we'll go ourselves."

This was a new and delightful alternative. Gay looked bewitched with joy. She laughed breathlessly.

"Let's!" she exclaimed, with a smothered little shriek of delight; and, catching hands, the pair ran down the shady avenue, and out at the old white gate, to the hot, dusty road, while their two hearts beat high with expectation and the perils of the enterprise.

The road was very long, very dusty, very warm.

"Will we soon be there, Jimmy?" Gay had enquired several times, repressing a tired little shake in her voice, but at last the happy hunting grounds had been reached. Crowds of people were streaming across a large field, where the great white circus tents lay in the blazing sun. Gay grasped Jimmy's hand nervously as they walked in the midst of the throng. As they neared the entrance to the largest tent a man with greasy black hair and a rasping, twanging voice, was calling out blatantly:

"Come, ladies and gentlemen, here's where you secure your programmes for the greatest show on earth. Buy a programme, ladies, that you may know what is going on and what is taking place!"

Something about the sound of the man's voice frightened the Angel indescribably. It was all so strange, so foreign to her, this crowd, the queer people, the nasty voices. She clung to her protector's hand, wordlessly.

"Tickets please!" another strident voice was calling, just at the door of the tent.

"Tickets! Have your tickets ready, ladies and gentlemen!"

Tickets! Jimmy gasped. He had forgotten that one had to PAY. He caught Gay's sleeve and pulled her forcibly out of the crowd into an open space. He explained the situation sorrowfully, feeling himself a miserable failure, almost forgetting his own keen disappointment in trying to soothe hers.

"O Jimmy," she cried in a disappointed, bitter little wail, "I am so tired an' I didn't know I was till you told me about the tickets. An' my slipper hurts, but it hurts worse about the girafts and bears."

Jimmy choked back an inconvenient lump in his throat.

"Sure if yer little slipper's hurtin' yez, we c'n take it aff of ye. There sit down on the grass, Miss Gabrielle darlint, an' I'll take it aff for ye! Bare foot's the best, anny way. There!"

He removed with painstaking care a little dusty slipper, and Gay limped along wearily, one white stocking in the dust.

He had found a sheltered spot near a spare, cone-shaped cedar tree that grew opposite the lemonade booth, and leading the limping little Angel to it, seated her on the grass there. She was tired and very thirsty, but would not descend to the babyishness of tears. She knew now how thirsty poor Elijah must have felt, that time in the desert. Betsey had told her about him. Poor Elijah!

She wondered if, by any chance, he had had to sit opposite a lemonade booth when he was so thirsty, watching people drinking beautiful pink lemonade—a much more delicious and more *recherché* variety than Betsey or even one's mother could make. The Angel's spirits flagged. She had expected fairyland. The glamour which had surrounded circuses had vanished

entirely. It had all been a bitter disappointment.

Jimmy knitted a freckled brow in thought, while he pensively nibbled a stalk of grass. What was to be done next! Gay regarded him in forlorn inquiry.

"Jove!" exclaimed a manly voice behind them. "By jove, if that isn't Margaret Driffield's small sister. What under the sun—!"

"Valancey!" cried a small voice, brimful of joyous welcome, as the Angel cast herself precipitately upon the youth.

Valancey Roswell picked up the small, forlorn person, who clasped his clean linen collar with joyful abandon. Then he looked sternly down, and asked for explanations from the freckle-faced escort.

These must have proved sufficiently satisfactory, for in an incredibly short time Jimmy McShane found himself safely ushered past the greasy gentleman at the entrance who insisted so cruelly upon people's producing tickets, and seated on a delightfully uncertain circus grand stand, by Valancey Roswell's side.

As for Her Satanic Majesty, she sat, wreathed in smiles, on the accommodating Roswell's knee, gazing about her with wicked enjoyment. Such a lark! What would Betsey say, if she could see her now!

The clowns were charming. She could not always quite catch what they said, but it made her laugh anyway. She was distracted to know which ring to watch, for there were three rings. Whether to watch the elephant who was having his tea and not behaving very well,—just like the young Jerusalems, or whether to watch the lady in green who was about to slide from the top of the tent by her teeth, or whether to watch the ponies. Ah yes! she loved the ponies, and the tight rope ladies, but best of all—(oh far best!) did she love the Queen of Sheba.

This lady came in towards the end of the performance. First, King Solomon and his retainers, and his dancing girls, then camels and riders, and slaves waving feather fans, and *then* the Queen of Sheba, gorgeously apparelled in green and pink sateen, flashing with tinsel and tin sequins. Gay drew a long breath of supreme satisfaction. A real princess, like those in the fairy tales.

> "Superfine lemonade
> In the shade. Ten cents!"

The pink lemonade was coming around on a tray, the glasses clinking deliciously.

Jimmy looked appealingly at Gay.

"Pink lemonade and popcorn!" he whispered, but Gay's thoughts refused to come to earth!

She turned with adoring eyes from her heroine to Roswell.

"Valancey, dear, isn't she *sweet?* Did you ever see such a pretty person before?"

Valancy bit his lip and looked in the distance for inspiration.

"Never!" he said fervently.

But the Angel hardly heard his reply. She was watching the pageant with rapt expression. One idea dominated her, the glory of being the Queen of Sheba in a circus. She had decided upon a career for herself.

Conversation flagged on the way home. Gay was pondering deeply as Roswell carried her in his strong arms. There was Betsey McGrath still to be appeased. As Roswell put the child down at the gate she tucked a warm little hand into his confidingly. She hoped for his protection against Betsey's onslaughts.

"Valancey, dear, you were sweet to take us. Come up and see Margaret," she said.

One strapped slipper was still missing and she was very tired, but—what did it matter? She had been to fairyland and her soul was satisfied.

The Jerusalem family were still seated under the linden tree when the wanderers returned. A wild-eyed Betsey met them half-way down the avenue, and caught the Angel to her ample and starchy bosom.

"Aroon!" she murmured, "is it back ye are to yer owld Betsey, darlint.

Come wid Betsey an' have yer teas, my blessed lambs!"

"Betsey, dear, I love you very much!" whispered the Angel, her head pillowed against Betsey's apron-bib.

This was her outward speech. The true inwardness of her thoughts at that moment was otherwise.

"Be good and you will be lonesome," says Mark Twain.

"If you are only naughty *enough* your nurse (even if it's Betsey) will forget to be cross to you," thought the Angel.

THE PRISONER OF BAALBEK

By JAMES W. FALCONER

GRANT had suddenly displayed an unexpected zest for bargaining. The cause of his former silence was the Syrian fever, induced partly by an intemperate use of Turkish Delight, his favourite sweetmeat; and until we crossed the Lebanons my companion had denied himself the Eastern relaxation of beating down the Turk. Perhaps the whiffs of winter had revived him, and the unwonted grandeur of the ascent past Brummana into the highlands, where the rivers of Syria had their snowy homes, and where cedars grew.

The railway journey from Beirut was the slowest on record, 16 miles in four hours; but no lover of the beautiful could complain that it was too slow. The mosques and the American college, the trees and white houses, the ill-fated quarantine ground, all stood out in the earlier ascent. On the more elevated hillside a mingling of greens added to the scenery. The darker hue of the flat-roofed mulberry, whose leaf, changed into silk, would ere long adorn some Parisian beauty, vied with the light green of the grapevine whose juices would fire the wit of that Parisian's courtier; and these greens with the red tiles of the houses gave colour to the landscape.

As we passed out of the realm of human labours into the abode of Nature's bolder work, a whirlpool of mountain-peaks seemed to be encircling us. Deep scars were visible on the lofty rock walls. Sudden droppings of precipices, and the empty spaces of former hills, suggested the battle scenes that Milton dreamt of, when Satan waged his war on Heaven and

"Sidelong pushed a mountain from his seat."

Emerging upon the open side again, we beheld far below us the clearly traced shore line, and the blue of the Mediterranean, whose waters to the further west were lost in the haze of the sky, and joining the vault of heaven seemed to rise up to the atmosphere we breathed, which now was crisp and keen, cooled over these eternal snows.

All this revived Grant, so that when we arrived at El-Ma'allaka he was a new man. There was much noise and movement about the station, which was filled with passengers to and from Damascus, while a few, like ourselves, were waiting to go by carriage to the famous ruins of the temple of Baalbek. The table was a credit to the station-mistress. Among those who enjoyed the meal were several of the normal type of tourists, a captain of the Turkish infantry whose pock-marked face was marvellously illuminated when he mentioned the beauty of his native Damascus, and a youth from Jerusalem who had donned all of the costume of the West, some of its language and very little of its courtesy. His familiarity was preparing him for a fall.

During the service of dried figs,

more like the "naughty figs" of Jeremiah than to our taste, Grant slipped out unnoticed to interview the liverymen in the yard; and such was his success that on my appearance the platform was the centre of what in our undemonstrative West would be called a riot. There was evidently an uprising of charioteers.

"Only ten francs to the Temple." This was the sentence which rose shrill and clear above the hubbub of sounds; and at its delivery a fresh outbreak of voices, cracking of whips, and wild gestures. The usual price, including the return journey, was twenty francs for each person; and the guild of unsuccessful applicants was indignant.

But Grant was calm: his triumph was kingly. The fever had departed. He was tasting a new kind of "Turkish Delight."

True, our carriage was not of the best, and jolted as if quite conscious of the bargain; the horses seemed to catch the spirit of the carriage, while the driver would stop every now and then to take in some straggler by the way, pleading as his excuse that each was his brother. However, we arrived in the early afternoon in time to visit the Temple, and with the pleasurable knowledge that it was the cheapest trip of the journey.

In a few hours we had finished our inspection and had turned to the hotel on the eastern slope, discussing as we went the labour involved in the quarrying and moving of the giant stones, and that labour now a waste, a haunt for the antiquary to sport in.

While we talked of the temple ruins a woman came towards us, tall and bold of form, with the customary looseness of attire and a shawl on her head. The sun shone dark on her burnished face, the same light which farther west was colouring the snows of the Lebanon with a rosy hue. The face was uncommon for the East; the hair and eyes were fair, and a flush passed up and down the cheek. As we waited for the inevitable "Backshish," a voice spoke in purest English: "You look at ruined temples, but there are more ruins here than the temple of the Sun." The eye flashed, and the words were fierce, only as they died away the fierceness gave place to a deep sadness, as when the infant's petulant cry of anger tones off into the low wail of one broken-hearted.

"How do you speak English so well?"

"It had been well for me had I known no other tongue."

"You speak in mystery."

"It is no mystery to me, but only misery."

"What troubles you, good woman?"

She waited, scanned our faces and, as if satisfied, made answer:

"Will you listen if I tell my story? It can be of no avail—I must remain; but the telling of it will relieve me; and when you hear it you will know that there are other broken things in Baalbek besides the fallen pillars."

"We will gladly hear you, and help you also if we can." So Grant encouraged her; for he was kind and easily moved to pity. The following was her tale:

"I spent my childhood in the Province of Nova Scotia, on a farm remote from the sound of railroad, and far from any meeting-house or village. My parents had migrated from Scotland and, being too poor to buy a farm, had gone inland to cut out a home from the native wilderness. After devoting every moment to their toil they earned the reward which honest effort seldom fails to receive, so that in my time the landscape had been transformed. My father had made all the improvements himself, following the method of home production. The wooden cottage was built from our own trees and, though there were some faults in the sills, these were concealed in winter by the annual banking of the tan bark, while in summer my mother planted along the edge her flowers, of which she loved most of all the lupins and the bleeding-heart. I used to pick these to pieces and wonder if hearts could really bleed. The fields of grain and grass, alternating with crops of roots, were my father's

pride, and he would tell of the cart-loads of stones which had gone to make the farm the richer, and which were now used for the front wall along the roadside. He had cleared, burnt and stumped every acre of the fair hillside. And it was an object worthy of his joy, though the world has scant admiration for the heroes of the soil who recover the forests and drain the swamps.

"But success had claimed its wage, and, by degrees, work, like a slave-master, had bound him over by a fast contract. The struggle was impressed on him and my mother, even as on yonder stones of the temple you watched the chisel marks of the past. Sometimes they would rebel against their fate, but their protest was in vain, so that when years brought affluence and a prospect of lessening the tension, the time for such relief was ever postponed. My mother was not of the ordinary type, being the supplement rather than the complement of my father. She had not limited her efforts to the female duties of the farm, and the chores about the yard, but had loved to work in the woods and the fields. They were both chips of some harder block, and the stream of a common work had worn them into one shape.

"They treated me as a member of another state from theirs. My girlhood was passed in ease, free from that incessant toil which followed them. Every stone they lifted from my path; and, while in my heart I knew that their care of me was a labour of love, yet my rebellious nature would whisper that all was due to their love of labour. My parents had given me leisure, but had not furnished me with the social necessities of leisure, so that I was a creature living without an atmosphere. My world was uninhabited. I was a foreigner at home. They gave me all that care could give; they could not give companionship. They were prisoners of labour, and I was a flippant child of ease; and we passed our lives in closest separation. Most of all was it tedious in the long winters, when the snow came in November and blocked the road, while it was well on in May ere the frost had heaved out of our slaty soil. Mails were irregular; visitors were very rare. I chafed against my lot. I only faintly perceived their love. I rebelled against their labour."

A pause came in the story, as she looked to the distant hilltop, and then continued:

"Into that silent anarchy of our home an agitator came. I can remember so well watching him as he climbed the road. His figure was unusual and could not be mistaken. The stalwart form only partially concealed the traits of his class, for the swing from side to side, and the stoop of the head revealed him to be one of those pedlars who crowd our Province in such numbers. His manner was as striking as his form. A soft accent and pleasant smile put him at once on good terms with his company.

"He came with our December storm, and that winter it was impossible to move for many days; and into our snowbound home he brought great pleasure. He told of the romances of the Middle Sea, of the thrilling tales of Druse and Meronite; of the beauty of Damascus, the river Barada and the slopes of the Lebanon. He stirred my mind with the Scripture prophecies of the time when the nations of the earth would return to the land of promise at the second advent of the Saviour to this world. He told of a large estate of his family near Baalbek, into which he would enter when his father, now aged, had passed away. He told of more than one "Temple of the Sun." Thus he gave me my atmosphere; peopled my silent world. He entered my realm and became my king. Enough to say that ere the last snows fell that winter we were married, and escaped together to our 'Promised Land.'"

Another furtive glance over her shoulder, and she read our thought, "What of your farm and heritage?"

"Yonder is my home;" and she pointed to a field of several acres on the distant hilltop, where slight

patches of green were visible. "That is our farm. I am its keeper. Within the room he dwells who brought me; and our heritage is all but gone. He is a lover of indolence, and I am the reluctant slave of labour. Often do I wonder at my parents, and at the irony of events that I should by force be driven to their calling. I have so often asked if there is not something in the blood that has transmitted it. Doth fate ever follow people thus? So still I rail at work; and when I think of the curse of the land I wonder what murder I am guilty of. Is it my parents' character that I have killed?"

When she stopped Grant questioned her as to her return home.

"Who can escape the passport system of this land of captivity? Besides, he watches and will soon call for me. I go back to my lot; and of late I have been regarding it a little more kindly. I recall the glow that would brighten my mother's brow when a day's work was accomplished, and my revolt passes into submission. I begin to feel that I am more their child than formerly. Their spirit, though late, is passing into me. And amid it all I remember the words of a perfect child who was one with His Father, and who said, 'My Father worketh hitherto and I work.' I think, too, of the motto that hung over our mantelpiece at home: '*Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.*' Then I cease my flippant ways and check my complaint."

The shrill voice of a man cried out: "Marie," and with no farewell she had gone. The sun began to set; the Lebanons, that were so rough in daytime, passed through that wondrous range of colours that repeats itself each evening in the East, and the ruins of the temple seemed to hear the message of the old sun god, and the six pillars stood out as if no destruction had ever entered, while a ray of gold followed the woman as she hurried off.

In the morning early our coachman called and asked the prepayment of the fare, that he might settle with the innkeeper. We gave him the stipulated ten franc piece. He took it and chuckled, and said he would not drive us back to the railway until we paid another.

"It only meant one way."

THE FUTURE CALLS UPON THE EMPIRE

By DOUGLAS KERR

AT the present time there are serious reasons why Canadians should consider well before accepting the words of Mr. John Morley in his recent visit to our country, when he warned us against paying any practical heed to European politics. If we, in Canada, are to make any account of our connection with the Empire, we must of necessity recognise the Empire's inevitable relation and ever-shifting responsibilities all over the world. Great Britain has ever to face new situations as a world-wide power, and of late has had to adjust herself to changing conditions and redistribute her forces to meet these. In this latest redistribution of her military and naval armament Canada is involved; and the effect is ostensibly felt in the withdrawing of the garrisons from Halifax and Esquimalt, and the removal of her fleet from our Atlantic and Pacific waters.

In spite of Mr. Morley's warning we

may glance across the Atlantic and see the cause of these imperial decisions. Too heavy an expenditure on military upkeep is creating even in the Conservative Government of Great Britain a desire to curtail in some form the burden of taxation. And the menace of Germany's naval ambitions is awakening such concern in the Old Country that the concentration of Great Britain's only European arm of strength near home is made absolutely necessary.

If we further enquire into the causes of German naval growth we shall find a state of affairs which calls upon the people of Canada to take a livelier interest in the affairs of the European Continent. While these affairs necessarily lie beyond the range of the average reader's immediate interest, no observer of European politics can view with disregard the tendency on the part of Russia and Germany to walk hand in hand. In Russia there always has been a dearth of freedom of political thought and necessarily a dearth of freedom of thought in general. But till lately it was not recognised that also in Germany—once the home of original literature and research, there is setting in a reaction in favour of absolutism, which under the present régime bids fair in time to equal the present sterility of freedom of the neighbouring Empire. In Russia the artificial means of suppressing even thoughts of constitutional government have so long been in practice that their danger to civilisation passed unnoticed. But the tendency in Germany is recent. It is only lately that experienced observers and writers have noted the certain trend of the Emperor of Germany towards absolutism. The machine-like precision which has marked this retrograde evolution has helped considerably to keep the eyes of the world blinded, but recently most alarming lights have been thrown on the designs of the reigning houses of Russia and Germany and their adherents.

We can only instance in evidence a few of the significant episodes. It is well known that Germany, that is the Kaiser, has guaranteed the peace on Russia's German frontier if the Czar finds it necessary to withdraw the garrison there for Far Eastern purposes. This does not only mean no invasion of Russian territory, it means the overawing of the Russian Poles. What may not be so well-known is that recently the German Ambassador at St. Petersburg asked for, and was granted, Russian decorations for German policemen, who had been instrumental in bringing to book certain enemies of the Czar in Germany. A little and a great incident which proved the hand-in-hand policy of these two Governments.

In the several self-governing nations within the reach of Russia's land arm, the minions of autocracy are making themselves felt. Pressure on the Government of Sweden was lately brought to bear on the editor of an anti-Russian journal. The police of Holland have been doing the bidding of the Chief of the Secret Service at St. Petersburg. The most recent information goes also to prove that the Danish Parliament realises the danger of the situation by its taking cognisance of the manufacture of munitions of war for Russia within the Danish Government factories.

Now let us look at a few of the indications of the trend of Emperor William's personal policy. What the police of Russia do this astute ruler does personally; he undermines, or tries to undermine, the constitution of every free State within his reach, never forgetting that first and foremost his own subjects must be deprived of their constitutional rights. Already he has a natural weapon to use. The methodical and systematic nature of the German people make it easy for him to unconsciously mould the public service, and semi-public service, into a great automatic machine, with which he hopes in time to crush the free-thinkers, writers and workers into a recognition of his own supreme authority. This heedlessness of the constitution has answered his purpose so well at home that he has tried, and in

some cases successfully, to use the same methods in his dealings with foreign States. His Bagdad Railway scheme, and his drawing Britain into co-operation against Venezuela, are instances of his desire and power to ignore and override constituted authority even in Britain, for the British nation on these two matters were not consulted. There is still darkness, and always will be, as to how these affairs actually came to a head without previous Parliamentary discussion. In the one case the people realised in time the deep-laid scheme, in the other only after they had made themselves the laughing-stock of the world.

But what does this artificial building up of power portend? Why are Russia and Germany walking together? Let us take the latter question first. The Czar and the Kaiser must, from geographical necessity, either be a danger to one another or become firm friends. Personally Emperor William has a vast influence over the weaker Nicholas, and one can almost see his impetuous diplomacy being carried out through his agent at the Czar's Court. That there is a very good understanding as to whose commerce may at the present juncture be harassed by Russia, nobody doubts. Certainly the schemes emanating from St. Petersburg for the annoyance of British and American shipping, savour much of German intelligence and method.

So these two monarchs are joining hands from reasons of policy and of mutual interest, and from a fear of the influence of the free-thinking countries of France and England. As Poland was swallowed, so do these two monarchs hope in time to swallow up more peoples. It is in the blood of the German and of the Muscovite this desire to Germanise and Russianise. To do that successfully there must be no voice of the people within the State. For either Russia or Germany to have an opposition, such as the British Government had during the Boer War, would mean an end to the ambitions of the Czar and Kaiser. There is no influence behind the German throne. Behind that of Russia there is supposed to be the power of the Grand Dukes; but only time will show which is the real mover of the millions of the Czar, whether his cousins the Dukes or his friend the Emperor William.

Whether successful in the East or not Russia will press north and west, as Norway and Sweden with all too good reason fear. And a glance at the map of Europe will show that Germany can hardly content herself with her present northwestern boundary; for to the average German it seems anomalous that her chief commercial waterway, the Rhine, should find outlet to the sea through Dutch territory. The only two powers who will resist these movements, first politically, and then, if needs be, physically, are France and England. At present these are the bulwarks of European liberty, and if Europe is not to become the plaything of Russia and Germany, and all its races subjected to their influence, the Anglo-French *entente* must be recognised and strengthened by the moral support of the great North American people. Already we have seen an unconscious instinct of common danger drawing these two old enemies together. Frenchmen recognise very vividly the impending danger creeping out of the near East. There is a note of gladness, almost of relief, over the friendliness of the two peoples. The erasing of difficulties has nothing to do with this feeling of new strength. It is there; and, unconscious though it be, there must be something to cause jubilation. Peoples do not at once grasp the situations they are in. History shows that common interests and existences are unconsciously felt before being publicly recognised.

In the present light of European affairs can Canadians afford to think with Mr. John Morley? We say most emphatically, no. At this time, when England is preparing herself internally and abroad to meet a crisis in her existence, it behooves Canadians to morally and materially help the Empire, not alone for the sake of Empire, but for the preservation of what is best in

Europe and what must ultimately be best for our own Dominion.

In the eyes of the whole world Canada recognised and was forward to the rescue when Britain's cause and honour were at stake in South Africa; and a more recent expression of unity and sympathy in the response of our citizens to the appeal of one of our great newspapers in connection with the cry of the poor in the Motherland shows how deep and strong is the present desire of Canada for the well-being of our common heritage. Why then should not intelligent Canadians look with interest and, if need be, with concern, on the future of Britain, and discern the signs on the European horizon and elsewhere, which must ere long chequer the path of Empire?

THE TAXATION OF FRANCHISES

By ALAN C. THOMPSON

HE application of steam and electricity to transportation has greatly increased and cheapened travelling facilities and the conveyance of merchandise. With every extension of our railway system demand has kept pace; settlements often precede their projection, and then clamour for their construction. Nothing perhaps has contributed more to the settlement of our waste places and the spread of modern civilisation than the ease and cheapness with which men and things can be carried from place to place. With the development of this and numerous other services, such as the distribution of gas, water and electricity for light, power and heat, has grown up a class of corporations whose business it is to carry on these public services for their own profit. Although many of these conveniences were all but unknown within the memory of persons still living, they have come to be regarded as absolutely essential to the comfort and well-being of the community.

It was natural that, when first projected, in a new and sparsely settled country like Canada, the enterprising citizens who promoted such undertakings should be liberally aided by the public, and certainly no corporation has any such cause of complaint for the lack of assistance or because of a grudging or bargaining spirit manifested on such occasions. The aid took various forms; sometimes they were granted exemption from taxation, but more often they obtained money or lands, and not infrequently both. In the very rare cases where no bonus or exemption was accorded them they got the privilege or franchise for their business as a free gift.

In the early days of these enterprises it was usually considered that the franchise itself was of no value; and those who were public-spirited enough to risk their money and energies in developing the country in this way were conferring the favour. As, however, the country grew in population, and greater strides were made in opening up and developing our resources, it became apparent that the mere right to carry on these public services had a monetary value varying with the kind of service, the population, and the fertility of the area tributary to it. This value first became recognised in the case of privileges connected with our cities and towns, and the municipal authorities, always impecunious, viewed with a hungry eye the untaxed privileges of the corporations. In consequence of the development of these values being more recent than the various acts which determine the rights of taxation of our municipalities, the law was

vague and obscure. The courts were applied to and, with that liberality of construction with which the law appears always to be interpreted when the interests of private corporations are opposed to that of the public, it was held that the franchise was not a tangible property, but of the nature of good-will, and therefore exempt.

That this decision is not based upon facts is apparent when it is considered that while a good-will is extremely difficult to transfer effectively, there is no trouble about the transfer of a franchise, and its transfer absolutely secures to the holders all the profits of the privilege; while cases are on record of franchises being sold for large sums immediately upon their being granted, and before anything was done to develop them. So far there appears to have been no attempt to reopen the question, or even to get the opinion of the Privy Council on the matter, though for many reasons in addition to those given above it is probable that the decision is not good law, as it certainly is bad policy and contrary to common-sense.

A franchise may be defined as the right of using public property for private gain. This public property invariably involves the use of land in some form. A franchise then is not good-will, but the right of using land, and is virtually a leasehold, and to all intents and purposes is real estate. In England, for the purpose of taxation, it is so classed, and there is little doubt that were the courts again called on to consider the case they would find the existing assessment acts of the various provinces quite wide enough for their taxation. A conservative estimate of the value of the franchises of Canada which at present escape taxation is $240,000,000. This, at the average rate of taxation, would yield a revenue to the municipalities served, or rather controlled by them, something like $4,000,000 a year. It is little wonder then that the taxation of franchises is one of the live questions of municipal government, and already several of the states of the American Union have adopted the principle, and the taxation of franchises form part of their recognised source of revenue. The State of New York passed an act for this purpose as early as 1900.

Those who advocate the taxing of wealth or value wherever found should require no convincing that this immense value should no longer escape. While those who contend that privilege alone should be taxed see in franchises a great source of public revenue hitherto untapped, and one, too, which will reduce rather than increase the burden which industry has to bear. A serious difficulty, however, appears to meet us at the very outset: that is the finding of a satisfactory method by which to determine the value of a franchise. There are many different kinds of franchises; some, like the Toronto Street Railway's, are exclusive monopolies, others, like some steam railways, have more or less competition from other lines. Then there are gas companies who, though they have no opposition from other gas companies, are yet subject to the competition of electricity. The length of time the franchises have to run is an important factor in the value; some are perpetual, others are limited to a term of years, in which case the value will grow less and less as the term draws to a close. All these considerations have a direct bearing on the selling value of the franchise, but have absolutely nothing to do with its value for the purpose of taxation. The taxable value should be based upon the earning power of the privilege, and can readily be ascertained by capitalising the net earnings at the current rate of interest and deducting the actual capital invested; this will give the value of the franchise. Thus if a company have $100,000 invested in an electric lighting plant, and after paying all expenses are earning $15,000 a year, this capitalised at 5% would represent a value of $300,000; by deducting the actual capital invested of $100,000, we find that the value of the franchise is $200,000.

In this way the question of compe-

tition or the time the franchise has to run would not be a factor in the estimate, but simply its earnings for the current year. The next year, if competition cut down the earnings or the increase in population added to them, the assessment should be varied accordingly. So far from a terminable franchise being of less and less value as it approached its expiration, it would grow more and more valuable if, as is usually the case, the population kept on increasing.

It is this fact, that the value depends on the presence of the people, that is the strongest argument for the taxing of these privileges.

The value is a public value; it is created by the people, not by the operators; and every increase in population or in their wealth and intelligence, adds to it. It is essentially a land value and, like every other land value, gets a direct benefit from the expenditure of public money and the existence of good municipal government. Gas companies must use public streets for their mains; the telephone and telegraph companies must have ground in which to plant their poles or bury their wires; the electric and other railways must use land for their rails, and without the use of land they would all be as helpless as a man in mid-ocean. It is sometimes claimed on behalf of railways that these lands are of no more value than the adjoining farm land, and that their right-of-way could be duplicated at the same cost per acre as the adjoining farm, and, therefore, they should not be assessed at any higher figure. But this is not true, for without their franchise they would have no right to cross the public highways, and without this their property would be simply a series of disjointed strips, valueless alike for railway purposes or agriculture. Again, it is urged that where a corporation pays for their franchise, either by a lump sum or by an annual rent, they should not be asked to pay taxes. But the question is not how they got it, but what is it worth? and there is no more reason for exempting them on the score of purchase than for exempting the purchaser of a lot from the municipality. The city of Toronto owns the island that forms the harbour, and leases ground to tenants; but though they pay rent to the city, this does not exempt them from city taxes and, though the rent is fixed for a term of years, the tax on the land is increased with every increase in the land value. The principle of taxing land values is a part and parcel of our municipal system, consequently it is only necessary to establish the fact that franchises secure the right to use land, to prove that they are really included within the scope of our present system of taxation, and that they have been up to the present escaping their fair share.

No doubt this view of the case will be combatted by the beneficiaries of the present interpretation of the law, but even if this view is wrong it is no reason why the law should not be amended. Nothing in legislation is so thoroughly understood as that our system of taxation is subject to change without notice and without compensation to the interests adversely affected. If then the public interests demand the taxation of these values, and this is generally conceded, any doubt of the legality of such a proceeding should be dissipated by such amendments as shall make it absolutely clear, and make franchises liable to assessment at their full value based upon their earning capacity.

Current Events Abroad.

IT needs no prophet to predict that politically Russia cannot always remain as it is. The tendency towards self-government is as certain in a community as is the desire of the individual to order his own life in his own way. It is to little or no purpose to say that the Russian peasant is dull, unambitious and unenterprising. That is all true; and if there was to be no change until the moujiks brought it about, the Czar might sleep soundly in his palace. The populace of St. Petersburg, however, if the army got out of hand, would be quite competent to overturn the dynasty, and the myriad-headed peasantry would hear of it in such a vague and distant way as to be practically unmoved by the intelligence. If the icons in the corners of their dwellings, with the sacred lamps burning before them, gave no sign, they would consider that all was well. Everything, therefore, depends on the fidelity of the Imperial guards and the disposition of the workmen of St. Petersburg. Both are drawn from these same icon-worshipping peasants. In their rural seats their good-nature, thoughtlessness and stolidity are proverbial. Has city life changed these characteristics? The Nihilist propagandists are undoubtedly in their midst prompting them to disorder and revenge.

Had the Czar possessed the bonhomie and quick tact which our own Richard displayed when he ranged himself at the head of Wat Tyler's men, after that disturber had been slain, and offered himself as their leader and champion, it would not have been necessary to record the slaughter of the late unhappy Sabbath. But the Czar is evidently not such a man. He appears to have resented Father Gopon's demand much in the spirit that an upstart *nouveau riche* would resent a demand for a conference by his coachman. Autocracy should always be open to receive the petition of those over whom it rules by Divine authority. Peter the Great's description of himself as the autocratic monarch, who has to give an account of his acts to no one on earth, but has a power and authority to rule his states and lands as a Christian sovereign according to his own will and judgment, does not, it is true, leave a loophole for the idea that he should in any way consult his people or listen to their cries. And the attitude of his successors has ever been that the Russian people

THE RECIPROCITY QUESTION

THE CAUSE OF THE COLD WEATHER

(Uncle Sam doesn't seem to find the latchstring out at Miss Canada's front door. But he must make it clear that he means business, and is able to take a reciprocal view.)

—*Record-Herald* (Chicago)

are the useful instruments by which the political aims of their rulers are to be accomplished.

But personal rule logically implies that the ruler must admit the ruled to personally state their grievances or desires to him. In so vast an Empire as Russia such a method of learning the complaints of the people is, of course, impracticable; but when a portion of his subjects desire to avail themselves of that means of communication he should have respected their wishes at any hazard. The word hazard, however, may supply the keynote of the refusal. The Czar cannot at any time meet a miscellaneous number of his people without incurring great danger. When it is possible to carry in a form not much larger than an orange enough destructives to blow a ponderous state carriage into the air, what security would the Czar have that some Czolgozs would not take advantage of the admission of the rabble to an audience to wreak the murderous commissions of the Nihilists upon him? The painful fact is that while the young monarch is the Little Father (Batushka) to millions of his subjects, to a few others he is the tyrant whom it is a duty to destroy.

There is a strange fascination in watching the course of events on the Neva just now. It seems to some of us that we are witnessing the enactment of a drama which we read years ago in the fervent prose of Thomas Carlyle. It is a repetition, but on an immeasureably vaster scale, of the experience of seeing at the theatre the dramatisation of an interesting novel which has been in everybody's hands. The invariable impression is that it is now and then compared with the story, and these workmen's riots on the streets of St. Petersburg, Lodz and Warsaw bear the same relation to the epic of Carlyle. They indicate the mere clumsy passions of the coarsest texture of human nature compared with the refined malignity and theatric rage that conceived at once the feast of the Supreme Being and the daily journeys of the tumbrils to the guillotine. It is presumptuous on the part of us who are so far from the scene, and amid facts so foreign to us, to pass an opinion of what is to be the end of all this, but it is not rash to conclude that the power of autocracy has been more shaken in the past two months than in the past 200 years. Within that period it has lost reputation for the one quality for which alone it might be endured, namely, efficiency. The power that humbled the Swedish conqueror at Pultowa, which drove in irretrievable ruin across the Beresina the greatest warrior the world has ever seen, at the head of the most formidable host the world has ever seen created a glamour that dazzled subject and non-subject alike. The power that is humiliated on land and sea by a little-considered race of dwarfs, and that admittedly is unprepared, ill-organised, and even lacking in patriotism, has

ONE VIEW OF MR. BALFOUR

MR. FACING BOTH-WAYS

I'm not for Free Trade, and I'm not for Protection;
I approve of them both, and to both have objection.

—Westminster Budget

THE GREAT QUESTION IN SPAIN

ALFONSO SEEKS A BRIDE —*Life* (New York)

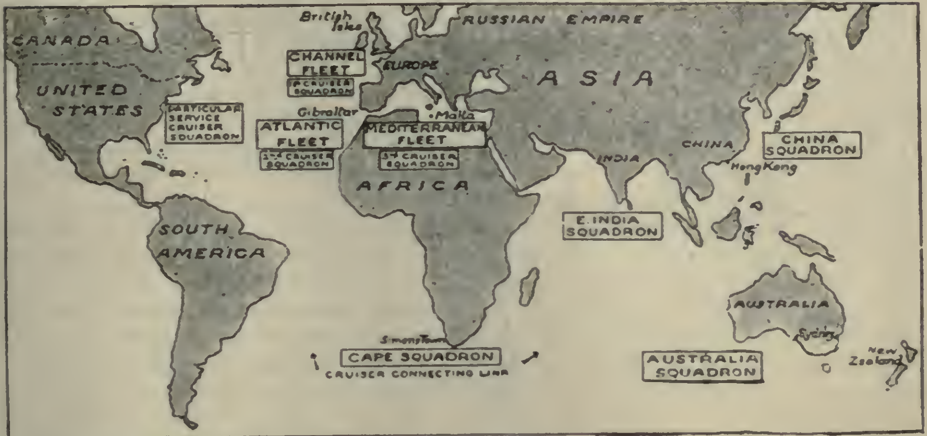
been unveiled and discovered for what it really is—a corrupted and arrogant oligarchy with a weak princeling at its head. It has produced nowhere the strong, dominant figure that towers above the weltering sea of humanity and controls its tides. Not even a Mirabeau. One voice alone rises above the din—the voice of Tolstoi, a second John the Baptist, but he prophecies of no coming saviour, but asks his countrymen to turn their eyes backward on the lowly Nazarene and find in His life and example an escape out of the slough in which they are mired. But his words are read by a hundred to whom they are not addressed for every one to whom they are. The Russian peasant is more concerned about where he is to get his next surfeit of vodka, and lights the lamp before his ikon when the day after headache and repentance comes.

Meantime the two great armies are facing each other buried in the earth, not so much to escape each other as to escape a more insistent and searching foe—the Manchurian winter. The Baltic fleet is still outside the ken of the telegraph wire, in the trackless wastes of the Indian Ocean. The delay may be interpreted as being favourable to that power which is popularly supposed to have the greatest resources, namely, Russia. But she may be only accumulating at Harbin what will prove to be a rich spoil for the Japanese when the day for ruinous overthrow arrives.

Some of the British newspapers are giving us a most fantastic interpretation of the Monroe doctrine. Canada need not fear an attack from an enemy, they say, because the United States would regard an invasion as contrary to the Monroe doctrine. Canada will only be attacked by a European power as a possession of Great Britain. In any war in which Great Britain may be engaged the people of this country will be engaged in also. It would be preposterous for the United States to permit us to send aid to Britain and yet prevent Britain's foe from endeavouring to punish us for doing so. Our American neighbours would have to take one position or the other. They would either have to prevent us aiding Britain or suffer us to take whatever knocks were being given in the contest. If they tried to prevent us aiding Britain they would be interfering in something with which they have no business. Canadians do not need or do not ask for protection from the United States. We do not recognise the Monroe doctrine as applying to Canada. This was a British country before ever there was a Monroe doctrine or a United States to announce it.

Our neighbours will perhaps begin to think that instead of widening the scope of the Monroe doctrine it would be the part of wisdom to narrow it. They have just been compelled to take charge of the affairs of San Domingo. American officials will be put into the custom house, and the duties devoted

MAP SHOWING THE NEW DISTRIBUTION OF THE BRITISH FLEET



The concentration of the British fleet in new squadrons, mainly in the Atlantic Ocean, has occasioned much comment. This, apparently, is due to the growth of the German navy.

to meeting the legitimate expenses and obligations of the island. It is said that the San Domingo negro is rapidly reverting to barbarism. Cases of cannibalism have been reported from the interior. The condition of the negro in the United States and in the various West Indian Islands would form a very interesting enquiry and, from what I have seen, I apprehend that the enquirer would find that the negro of the British possessions is altogether a more civilised and self-respecting being, although his material surroundings are not as favourable as in the South, than his brethren elsewhere north of the Caribbean sea.

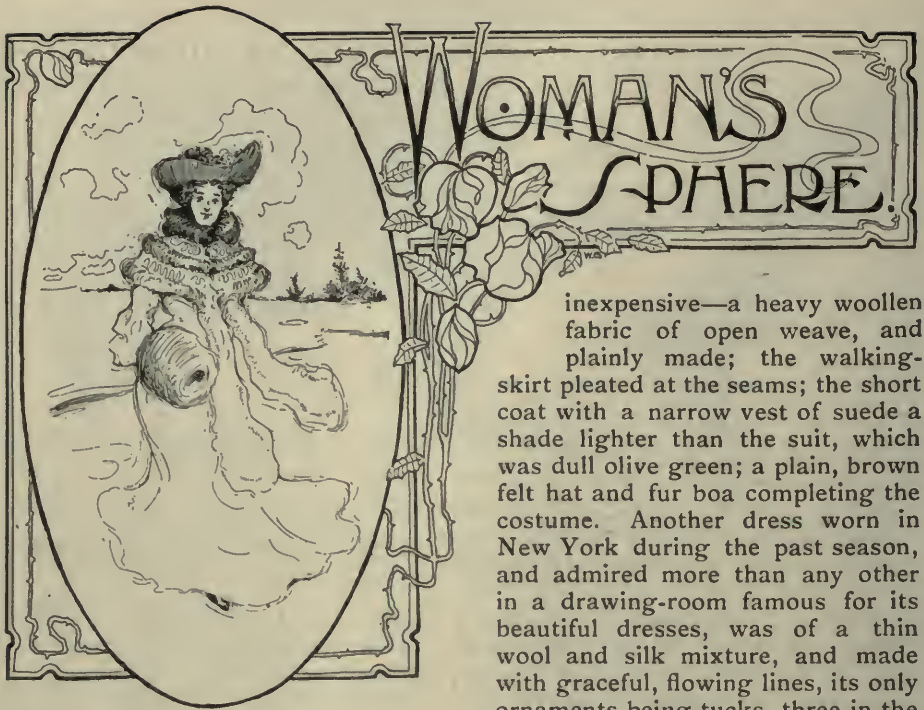
John A. Ewan

LOVE'S ROUNDELAY

BY INGLIS MORSE

A RED-ROSE wreath my lady wears
And scent of jasmine in her hair,
While in her eyes a lovely air
Doth sweeter grow with passing years.

Her face and form and soul are mine—
Ah, mine they are forever more!
Just as I dreamed in days of yore
My dream of her sweet self divine.



inexpensive—a heavy woollen fabric of open weave, and plainly made; the walking-skirt pleated at the seams; the short coat with a narrow vest of suede a shade lighter than the suit, which was dull olive green; a plain, brown felt hat and fur boa completing the costume. Another dress worn in New York during the past season, and admired more than any other in a drawing-room famous for its beautiful dresses, was of a thin wool and silk mixture, and made with graceful, flowing lines, its only ornaments being tucks, three in the skirt, and three in the bodice, with a fall of soft, white lace round the top of the bodice. So much for simplicity in form and colour.

TAWDRY APPAREL

TO-DAY in large towns and cities the effect of the bargain-counter is plainly evident; you can almost see the price-tags dangling from the various articles of wearing apparel. As you pass by the motley crowds on popular thoroughfares, you recall to mind the various periodical displays of new goods, the countless ready-to-wear or neat sailor hats, and the cheap but good dress materials; and you find yourself wondering what becomes of them, and why the people as a community do not look well dressed. Individually, and I do not exclude any class, the well-dressed woman is the exception. By "well-dressed" I do not mean expensive toilets, showily attractive, nor bearing the stamp of any fancy-priced modiste, but I do mean toilets of good material and quiet colour, and of much the same colour throughout, and neat and attractive by virtue of simplicity. Take as an example a costume noticed recently in Toronto. The material was

On the other hand, take as examples several dresses seen on the street-cars during the past year. One was of calico, and made pretentiously, as a print gown never should be. The more furbelows on such a dress the shabbier it looks when the end of its first season is at hand. The colour, too, had not been selected with a view to durability, and so it had faded to an ugly shade, and beside, was soiled and limp-looking. And yet in spite of all this you would have passed it by unnoticed had it not been for the brand new deep collar of black sequined net which scintillated about the woman's shoulders. It was the incongruity which attracted attention. And the bargain-counter was at fault—or, was it? Why was such an article ever manufactured? In the beginning whence came the demand for the tawdry thing? And once on the market, was not the merchant justified in getting it off his hands at

any counter after a change in fashion had sealed its fate? Another woman, wearing a soiled print dress, had on a hat trimmed with bedraggled plumes, than which there is nothing uglier. Plumes should be worn, if at all, only by women who can afford, and have the sense to burn them at the first sign of wear and tear, and not pass them on to make some badly-dressed person look worse. May the day soon come when they will no longer be offered for sale! They are a luxury which many who wear them can ill afford and, when you look over a city and see the great numbers worn, you cannot but think with pity of the men who toil indoors from morning till night to pay for these, and many other useless, senseless ornaments.

Then there were other women wearing cheap, shabby, and loud-coloured flowers; and others again, decorated with soiled or tattered laces; and still others bedecked with much cheap and vulgar jewellery. And again you ask why are such things ever manufactured? And why will women wear shabby flowers, and cheap lace untidily, and various medleys of ugly garments and vulgar ornaments? If only the government of a country would take the matter in hand and deal with the manufacturers of these despicable goods as it does with the makers of spurious coin!

At the present time, however, there are at least two forces at work which give promise of better things for the future in Canada. In the first place, there is the plain shirt-waist suit, with corresponding hat for women of all classes. It is taking a surer hold as the seasons come and go, and should satisfy the most fastidious of those who have been on the watch for a conventional dress for women. Taboo anything that is more masculine. If there is danger of your being influenced by any fanatic on that question, imagine what you would think of a man you might meet wearing, for instance, a woman's skirt with his ordinary coat, and carrying a lace sunshade; that is, if you care at all for a man's opinion.

Secondly, there is the Salvation Army, which I think is responsible for a certain vital influence in the right direction among various classes; and while it prohibits laces and feathers, aud artificial flowers of all kinds, and jewellery, would it not be preferable not to see these at all, rather than to be confronted at every turn with the meaner sorts? I think so. And yet cannot the happy medium be found and maintained? For instance, if a woman will wear lace, let it be good, and clean, and whole, and sparingly used, as the French use it, to show the pattern; let her artificial flowers be modest in colour, and fresh-looking; her plumes, if any, be kept for special occasions; her jewellery be only of the best, and useful, and modestly worn. Let her resolve that she will never open her purse to pay for a tawdry article of any description and, above all, avoid forming the habit of bargain-hunting. It is, at best, a pernicious one.

In small towns women, as a class, are better dressed, and there is this one criticism for the farmer's daughter. It is in the matter of hat-buying she is at fault. She must have, apparently, a pretentious one, at no matter what cost to the remainder of her costume. She is seen frequently in town in a shabby suit, but wearing a handsome hat, sometimes even a pattern hat; and you cannot but wonder if, ostrich-like, she imagines her body is as is her head.

Annie Merrill

A DEFINITION OF LOVE

IN Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, A Ladder of Swords, there is an interesting conversation between the heroine and Queen Elizabeth. Angèle tells how Michel saved her from death, though he was seven times wounded. She points out that his action had need of recompense. The following part of the conversation is as follows, the Queen speaking first:

"And 'tis this ye would call love betwixt ye—sweet givings and takings

of looks and soft sayings, and unchangeable and devouring faith. Is't this—and is this all?"

The girl had spoken out of an innocent heart, but the challenge in the Queen's voice worked upon her and, though she shrank a little, the fulness of her soul welled up and strengthened her. She spoke again, and now in her need and in her will to save the man she loved, by making this majesty of England his protector, her words had eloquence.

"It is not all, noble Queen. Love is more than that. It is the waking in the poorest minds, in the most barren souls, of something greater than themselves—as a chemist should find a substance that would give all other things by touching of them a new and higher value; as light and sun draw from the earth the tendrils of the seed that else had lain unproducing. 'Tis not alone soft words and touch of hand or lip. This caring wholly for one outside one's self kills that self which else would make the world blind and deaf and dumb. None hath loved greatly but hath helped to love in others. Ah, most sweet Majesty, for great souls like thine, souls born great, this medicine is not needful, for already hath the love of a nation inspired and enlarged it; but for souls like mine, and of so many, none better and none worse than me, to love one other soul deeply and abidingly lifts us higher than ourselves. Your Majesty hath been loved by a whole people, by princes and great men in a different sort—is it not the world's talk that none that ever reigned hath drawn such slavery of princes, and of great nobles who have courted death for hopeless love of one beyond their star? And is it not written in the world's book also that the Queen of England hath loved no man, but hath poured out her heart to a people; and hath served great causes in all the earth because of that love which hath still enlarged her soul, dowered at birth beyond reckoning." Tears filled her eyes. "Ah, your supreme Majesty, to you whose heart is universal, the love of one poor mortal seemeth a small thing, but to those of little consequence it is the cable by which they unsteadily hold over the chasm 'twixt life and immortality. To thee, oh greatest monarch of the world, it is a staff on which thou needest not lean, which thou hast never grasped; to me it is my all; without it I fail and fall and die."

She had spoken as she felt, yet, because she was a woman and guessed the mind of another woman, she had touched Elizabeth where her armour was weakest.

CANADA'S GLORY

The days grow dark with a dreary gloom,
The shadows are weird and deep,
The wind is singing a mournful dirge
While the red sun sinks to sleep.
The dusk is gathering cold and chill,
The shadows beckon the night.
The naked trees stand gaunt and lone
Outlined on the fields of white.

IN the old days of our childhood, we counted on having our first snowball fight somewhere about Guy Fawkes' day, and we were confident that we should find the walks clear and dry and ready for ball playing on All Fools' day. Now the autumns have become later each year and the winters loiter on their way seemingly forgetful of the claims of spring. If the arrival of the seasons continue to change we may expect shortly to celebrate an Australian Christmas languishing on our lawns beneath the spreading trees.

As in connection with most things that belong to one, we are censured if we display inordinate praise, so no doubt certain individuals will attack me if I draw attention to and become too enthusiastic about the climate of our country. When we pause to consider the climates of different countries, we can realise that in no country under God's blue skies have they a climate to compare with Canada. That is, considering it all the year around.

Down in California, about which certain people like to boast, consider the disagreeableness of the off season! Abominable heat; in many places the

A BAND CONCERT IN EARL'S COURT, LONDON, ENGLAND
Photograph taken on Whit-Sunday

roads sprinkled with oil in order to keep down the dust. Out-of-door life impossible between noon and sundown, and innumerable other conditions which prevail for nearly half the year. Farther north again in Washington Territory and Oregon they bask in a delightful five months of rain when a woman is afraid to venture out of doors without top-boots on. I saw a pair of these top-boots once and the wearer remarked that she always had hers made to order as shop boots were scarcely strong enough to keep out the water.

The off season in the south is too well known to dwell upon. A New Orleans girl remarked to me once, "Its real abominable down there after June and one simply must clear out or run the chance of going to bed with fever."

Even dear Old England over the sea becomes so tangled in mists that umbrella factories are most productive concerns and the girl with straight hair is compelled to wear a wig or look eccentric.

Here we have no off season. They are one and all glorious in themselves. The limpid summer with its roses and sunshine, the sun scarcely ever too warm for comfort. The golden autumn with its fruit and incomparable foliage. Then the clear bright winter with the invigorating air and that ever-present sunshine. I think if ever a country deserved the sun for an emblem, Canada does. And then the spring—the glorious, budding spring when, if we feel a trifle impatient to see the snow still linger in the hollows, we have only to brush the white mantle aside and see the tiny green things actually sprouting!

The writer sometime ago contributed an article on Canada to an English magazine. Some reader, who will likely not be satisfied when he passes the golden gates, wrote to the editor and took exception to a certain remark about the country. The editor left the question open for discussion. In the next issue several letters appeared by Old Country people who had either lived as residents or had visited in Cnaada for some time and who thought that too much praise could not be given to the Land of the Maple. An honest conviction will usually make itself heard.

Esther Talbot Kingsmill.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

THE SHANGANI PATROL

LAST July there was unveiled in Rhodesia, within hailing distance of Cecil Rhodes' tomb, a monument to Major Adam Wilson and his devoted followers. The monument bears the simple inscription:

TO BRAVE MEN

In December, 1893, Major Wilson was sent in pursuit of the fleeing Metabele leader, Lobenguelo. He crossed the Shangani River at a ford about twenty yards in width. Instead of finding a fleeing enemy he found him in considerable force. Wilson at once sent word that he needed reinforcements. His twenty men was thus increased to thirty odd, and he camped near the river over night. In the morning he found bodies of the enemy between him and the river. He again sent for help, but the main body of the British was itself beating off an attack. In the meantime the ford had become a raging torrent three hundred yards wide, and assistance was difficult. Major Wilson found himself cut off. He ringed his horses and made a final stand for over two hours and a half against an ever-increasing enemy. Ammunition ran short, as attack after attack was repelled. One by one the little party was shot or assegaied, Major Wilson being about the last to die. Every man not already dead was killed in the final rush. There is no more tragic incident, no record of greater bravery in the annals of the Empire then the story of the Shangani Patrol. The calm courage, the unflinching facing of certain death on the part of this little body of men, made a great impression upon the natives, and did much to inculcate a respectful admiration for the race which these men so nobly and so magnificently represented. It has made more easy the work of the British in South Africa and has helped to lay the basis for confidence and co-operation.

THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS

ONE of the most remarkable and reassuring political verdicts ever rendered in Canada was that given in Ontario on January 25th. The Liberal administration, with the Hon. George W. Ross as premier, was defeated at the polls by a majority of 35,000 votes, mainly because of electoral abuses of which a certain section of the party had been guilty. As a consequence Mr. Ross has resigned and a new cabinet has been formed under the Hon. J. P. Whitney. In the new Legislature Mr. Whitney will have a majority of thirty-six, there being 67 Conservative members and 31 Liberals. This is the first Conservative victory in Ontario in thirty-three years.

If political affairs in Ontario have been disgraceful in the past, this verdict effectually wipes off any stain on the Provincial escutcheon. The people showed clearly their ability to rise above party allegiance when there was a clear-cut issue as to political purity. The old administration was punished, the new administration was warned, and the general political tone of Canadian life has been materially improved.

PUBLIC EXPENDITURES

THE other day, in the House of Commons, a member of the Administration defended a certain course of action by stating that a similar practice was followed by his political adversaries when in office. Surely that Minister must have forgotten his oath of office. A wrong is a wrong no matter which political party is guilty of it, and it cannot be defended by any

such miserable subterfuge as this. A Conservative wrong followed by a Liberal wrong does not make either act just and equitable.

There are thousands of dollars squandered annually in this country—even millions—because there is no definite principle underlying the distribution of new wharves, post-offices and other public works throughout the provinces. The Conservatives had no such princple when they were in office, and the Liberals have been but little better in this regard. The people recognised the inefficiency of the Conservative administrators, and turned from them; a Liberal administration was put in power, and one member of it proceeds to justify his conduct by saying the Conservatives followed the same practices. The only ray of hope in the situation is that the Cabinet Minister who resorted to that excuse probably did so in a moment of thoughtlessness, due to the fact that he is new to his work. Yet, even allowing for that, such a defence must not go unchallenged.

The present administration has given the country many reforms, and it is to be hoped that the good work is not ended. Fresh from the country, with a splendid majority and a new lease of political life, it should be more earnest than ever in placing the expenditures of all public monies above party or local exigencies, basing it as far as possible on principles which will apply in Nova Scotia and British Columbia as well as in Ontario and Quebec.

The people interested in political patronage in the constituencies would probably protest much if such a reform were initiated, but a higher standard of conduct is expected in a Cabinet minister than in the average local party worker.

WHITELAW REID
The new United States Ambassador to Great Britain

THE BIBLE AND THE SCHOOLS

IN *The Daily Chronicle*, of London, England, there recently appeared an editorial on "The Bible in the School," in which this significant sentence occurs:

> "At present there is danger, lest the nation, weary of the unending strife among the sects, may be driven to seek peace by secularising education."

The United States and Canada have already been driven into that position, and in public schools on this continent the Bible has no prominent place. In France the movement towards secularising education has been going on for some years, and the struggle is graphically pictured in Zola's last novel. In England the same difficulties have arisen and the same influences towards secular schools are in evidence.

There is no objection to the Bible in the schools on the part of any considerable class; it is sectarian education which causes the trouble. The Roman Catholic Church, the most enthusiastic upholder of church or separate schools at present, is anxious to teach church doctrine rather than moral principles; and the same is true of the English Church in Great Britain. These or-

ganisations are unwilling to rely on their church services, their Sunday-schools and the home teaching for keeping the rising generations within the bonds of religion. They desire to enlist the services of the school-master. The idea is a good one, where there is only one view of truth and religion. As there are many views, the public school-master finds it impossible to serve many masters.

Just now this question is again to the front in Canada, since the Roman Catholic Church desires to insert in the constitution of the new provinces now being erected in western Canada, a provision that separate schools are an inalienable right of the Roman Catholic population. By such action they hope to prevent Roman Catholics supporting the secular public schools even when they desire to do so. Under the Canadian constitution of 1867 this right was preserved to them in Ontario and Quebec, and it is a considerable advantage to them in these two provinces. In Manitoba, created a separate province three years later, they have to a great extent lost ground, because the declaration concerning Separate Schools in that province was not equally binding. They propose to prevent any such conditions in the new provinces. Whether the majority of the people, who stoutly stood for the right of Manitoba to decide this matter for itself, will take a similar attitude in regard to the new constitutions is a question which is agitating the public to-day. The answer will be interesting, perhaps politically dramatic.

THE SPEAKER ELECTED

ON Wednesday, January 11th, the House of Commons elected as Speaker the Hon. R. F. Sutherland, M.P., Windsor, Ont., the Clerk presiding on this occasion. The speech of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is worth reprinting:*

Rt. Hon. Sir WILFRID LAURIER (Prime Minister). Mr. Flint, the first duty which devolves on this House at the opening of this new parliament is to at once proceed to the election of a Speaker. I need hardly remark that the position of Speaker of this House, under our parliamentary system of government, is second to none; is, in fact, equal to the highest in the gift of either the Crown or the people. In the first place, the Speaker of the House of Commons is the channel of communication between the House and the Crown; he is the mouthpiece of this assembly; and, in the olden time, in the earlier parts of the history of the motherland, when the relations of the Crown and parliament were not as clear and as well defined as they are at the present moment, this part of the duties of the Speaker was of paramount importance. But we live in calmer and happier days, and the duties which the Speaker performs in this line are, we may say, only perfunctory. But, on the other hand, the duties which the Speaker has to perform as presiding officer of this House have increased importance. These duties require special qualifications which it is not always easy to find combined in the same person. In the first place, it is expected of him who fills this chair that he shall be of a mind at once judicial and fair, that both sides of the House and all parties may expect at his hand a uniform and fair treatment. It is expected of him also that he shall be well versed in parliamentary law. I have to submit to the House that in our judgment, and I believe in the judgment of all, Mr. Robert Franklin Sutherland, member for the north riding of Essex, is well qualified in all these respects to fill the office of Speaker. The members of the present House who were his colleagues in the last parliament will agree with us, I believe, that we can fairly trust that in his hands the good traditions of the House of Commons as they have come to us from the motherland, as we endeavour to maintain them in this country, will be well preserved. I, therefore, beg to move, seconded by Sir William Mulock:

That Robert Franklin Sutherland, Esquire, member representing the electoral district of the north riding of the County of Essex, do take the Chair of this House as Speaker.

A SENATOR'S WRIT

ON Wednesday, January 11th, the Hon. Raoul Dandurand took his place as Speaker of the Senate. Immediately after his installation four new Senators were introduced. These were Rt. Hon. Sir R. J. Cartwright, C.M.G., Ottawa; Philippe Auguste Choquette, Quebec; James Hamilton Ross, Regina; and Thomas Osborne

*House of Commons Debates, Revised Edition, p. 1.

Davis, Prince Albert. The writ by which a senator is summoned is an interesting document, and is as follows:

CANADA

Minto.

[L.S.]

EDWARD THE SEVENTH, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

To our Trusty and Well-Beloved Councillor, The Right Honourable Sir Richard John Cartwright, G.C.M.G., of the City of Ottawa, in Our Province of Ontario, in Our Dominion of Canada.

GREETING:

KNOW YE, that as well for the especial trust and confidence We have manifested in you, as for the purpose of obtaining your advice and assistance in all weighty and arduous affairs which may the State and Defence of our Dominion of Canada concern, We have thought fit to summon you to the Senate of Our said Dominion; and We do command you, that all difficulties and excuses whatsoever laying aside, you be and appear for the purposes aforesaid, in the Senate of Our said Dominion, at all times whensoever and wheresoever Our Parliament may be in Our said Dominion convoked and holden; and this you are in no wise to omit.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of Canada to be hereunto affixed. WITNESS, Our Right Trusty and Right Well-Beloved Cousin and Councillor The Right Honourable Sir Gilbert John Elliot, Earl of Minto and Viscount Melgund of Melgund, County of Forfar, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Minto of Minto, County of Roxburgh, in the Peerage of Great Britain, Baronet of Nova Scotia, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, &c., &c., Governor-General of Canada.

At Our Government House, in Our City of Ottawa, this Thirteenth day of September, in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Four, and the Fourth Year of our Reign.

By Command,

R. W. SCOTT,

Secretary of State.

HON. R. F. SUTHERLAND, M.P.

The new Speaker of the House of Commons

THE NEW PROVINCES

THE establishment of new provinces in the Dominion does no more than emphasise the development of that part of Canada which, owing to lack of knowledge and lines of communication, has been the last to be opened for settlement. It seems strange, however, that no new province should be necessary since 1870, the year when Manitoba was erected. Thirty-five years is a long period in the life of a country, and in this case it brings clearly to the mind how slow the progress of the West has been. For nearly thirty years the development was far from being as spectacular as it has been in the last five. At times, even the bravest of our statesmen must have been discouraged. At times almost the whole nation relinquished hope. But the day of pessimism and doubt has passed; the rich and prosperous West contains two new provinces, the people of which will be greatly encouraged to supreme effort; and Canada is now a Dominion with nine provinces instead of seven. Welcome, Saskatchewan and Alberta!

John A. Cooper

TIGER TALBOT

DISGUISE it as the historians may, there were times in the history of the now loyal Province of Ontario when there was a strong feeling towards republicanism and annexation to the United States. This is not the time, however, for an examination of those circumstances and an impartial recounting of the causes of disaffection. Later on the people will be better prepared for the truth. Yet it is the present time which the fates have chosen to throw new light on the lives of some of the most sturdy champions of British connection. The life of Sir John Beverley Robinson was reviewed in a previous issue; that of Lieut.-Col. Thomas Talbot now demands attention, because of Judge Ermatinger's volume. "The Talbot Regime."*

The Talbots de Malahide were one of the nine great houses which survived the Wars of the Roses, and are now said to be the only family in the United Kingdom which has held its ancestral estate in the direct male lineage for seven hundred years. Malahide is a small village and castle on the Irish sea, nine miles north of Dublin. Here, in 1771, was born Thomas Talbot, one of a family of seven sons and five daughters. He was one of the younger sons; is said to have received a commission in the army at eleven years of age; was educated at Manchester; at seventeen was aide to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and, two years later, joined his regiment, the 24th, at Quebec. When Governor Simcoe made his first visit to Upper Canada in 1792, Lieut. Talbot was his secretary, and he was present at the meeting of the first Parliament at Navy Hall, Newark, in September, 1792. It was during these years as secretary that he conceived a liking for the province and a desire to help in the upbuilding of this portion of His Majesty's dominions.

After active military service in Europe, from 1794 to 1801, he returned to Canada to found a pioneer's estate. As an officer of the army he was entitled to 1,200 acres of land, but through his influence with Governor Simcoe and other officials in England, he secured a further grant of 5,000 acres. In May, 1803, he secured possession of these lands and began his real life-work in Canada.

There are two classes of pioneers. The one comprises those who are content to clear a small farm, stock it, work it, and help their children to do likewise; the members of the other class have more imagination, and desire to open up tracts of country. To the former, a hundred acres or a quarter-section is sufficient; to the latter, 5,000 or 10,000 acres may be insufficient. Talbot was by ability, temperament, training and opportunity, destined to be one of the latter class. In fact, for many years, he was the chief figure in the domestic events of southwestern Ontario. He was the registrar of the district by appointment, and governor of it by self-choice. He was in command of the militia of the London district when the War of 1812 commenced, and was of great assistance to Brock in his swift march against General Hull. When the war ended, the Colonel found his large farm laid waste by the enemy, his grist and saw mills burned to the ground, all his effects carried off or destroyed,

*The Talbot Regime, or The First Half-Century of the Talbot Settlement. St. Thomas: The Municipal World, Ltd., cloth, illustrated, 400 pp.

and his people reduced to the utmost distress and poverty. He set to work again in earnest and soon restored his thriving colony, made the Talbot road famous, and continued his efforts to extend settlement.

The story is too long to repeat here. The volume will repay considerable study, although it is so overloaded with useless details and ill-digested facts that it can never be a very popular book. The chapter of anecdotes throws more light upon the man's real character than any other. He was a rough-and-ready autocrat living in rough-and-ready times. That he was thoroughly British, and helped to keep this part of Canada for the British crown, is beyond peradventure.

CATHEDRALS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE*

THE English portion of the population of America has taken but little interest in cathedrals until recent times. Trinity Church, Boston, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral of New York are almost the only expressions of such an interest. As the author of several works on this subject says:

> "In recent times the Anglo-Saxon has mostly built his churches on what he is so pleased to think are 'improved lines' that, more than anything else, resemble in their interiors playhouses, and in their exteriors cotton factories and breweries."

There is some change imminent possibly, as more interest seems to be taken in all forms of art. Art expression must find its outlet somewhere. In France it has found it in cathedrals, and the time may come when the same occurs in America.

France, to-day, is divided into sixty-seven bishoprics and seventeen archbishoprics, but when the cathedrals were being built the sees were less numerous. The great era of cathedral building was in the twelfth century, partly because of the growing art knowledge of the people, partly because of the development of Gothic architecture, and partly because the archbishop desired a church which would rival in appearance and importance the fortress of his competitor, the feudal baron. The introduction of the Gothic arch made height a possibility. The old basilica, with an aisle 12 feet wide and a nave 24 feet wide, would give a roof-ridge height of but 40 feet. The Gothic church, with a nave of this same width would give a roof-ridge height of 82 feet. Enlarge the nave to 50 feet and the ridge rises to 171 feet.

There are hundreds of splendid churches in the South of France, and some wonderful cathedrals. Ste. Cecile d'Albi, which was begun in 1282, and was more than a hundred years in building, combines both the aspect of a fortress and a church. Its nave is 88 feet wide, and the body is built of warm, rosy-coloured brick. St. Front de Perigueux is "the grandest and most notable tenth-century church yet remaining in France," being about the size of St. Mark's of Venice, and greatly resembling that famous edifice. It, however, was rebuilt in the twelfth century and restored in the nineteenth. Notre Dame des Doms d'Avignon is a small, but pretty, twelfth-century church, less imposing than the later "palace" which marks the temporary residence of the Popes at that spot. St. Pierre de Poitiers and St. Pierre d'Angouleme are also twelfth century, but show more traces of the Romanesque style. The latter "possesses the finest Lombard detail to be found outside of Italy." Notre Dame Le Puy is of the same period, and is built on what is said to be the most picturesque spot in the world. It, too, is Romanesque.

The volume, which forms the basis of these remarks, is a notable production and is a credit to its author, its illustrator and its publisher. The author, Francis Miltoun, is also responsible for "The Cathedrals of Northern France," "Dickens' London" and

*By Francis Miltoun. Plans and diagrams by Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, 550 pages, ninety illustrations, $1.60. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

VIRNA SHEARD
Author of "By the Queen's Grace," etc
Photo. by Lyonde, Toronto

other works. He treats his subjects most sympathetically, though the arrangement of his material at times lacks orderliness and cohesion.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

THOSE who are interested in the present discussion of separate schools will find some conflicting testimony from the United States. Chapter xxi of the Report of the Commissioner of Education (Washington, 1904, Government Printing Office) deals with the subject of "Parochial Schools." Rev. Father Sheedy, the writer, opens by saying:

"The most impressive religious fact in the United States to-day is the system of Catholic free parochial schools. Not less than a million children are being educated in these schools. This great educational work is carried on without any financial aid from the State. The parochial schools are maintained by the voluntary contributions of Catholics. For the Christian education of their children, Catholics are making tremendous sacrifices that elicit the praise of all thoughtful Americans; and at the same time they are saving to non-Catholic taxpayers a vast sum, estimated from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 annually, for this is what it would cost if the children now being educated in the Catholic parochial schools had to be provided for in the public schools."

An entirely contrary view is given by Rev. Father Crowley in his book "The Parochial School: a Curse to the Church and a Menace to the Nation." (Published by the author, Sherman House, Chicago). He begins by saying "Catholic priests and prelates are determined to destroy the American public school. . . . The Catholic hierarchy has in view the selfish interests of its priests and prelates and not the true welfare of the church or state. . . . I shall deal in this book with the Catholic parochial school *as it is*, and I shall show that it is a *curse* to the Roman Catholic Church, and that it is a *menace* to the nation."

It is hard at this distance to know where the truth lies as between the disputants, but that there is a dispute and a question there can be no doubt.

THE SECRET WOMAN *

ONLY those with brave hearts and with an optimism which nothing can dismay should read "The Secret Woman," Eden Phillpott's latest novel. The bleak, forbidding moors of Devonshire are the background of a dark, weary drama of love and sin. Climate, atmosphere and topography have an effect upon the human mind, and of this Mr. Phillpott makes the most. The harsh conditions of life among the naval people of Dartmoor—where it will be remembered was the famous prison—make these ignorant persons hard and matter-of-fact. Their sentiments are of the crudest. Their conduct is near to that of primeval man.

There is an attractiveness in the book due to its realism—the realism of Maupassant and Zola. Jesse Redvers

*Toronto: Morang & Co.

DISRAELI AS A YOUNG MAN
From a Painting by Sir Francis Grant

is in love with Salome, daughter of a neighbouring farmer, but is unsuccessful in his suit. To add to his misery, comes a domestic tragedy. His mother discovers that the father is unfaithful and in a fit of anger she strikes him as he leans over the well. He falls in and is killed in the presence of his two sons. They keep the secret and give no evidence against the mother. Eventually, Salome decides to marry Jesse, and this draws from him the story of his father's death. Salome, the secret woman, who had loved his father, is thus placed in a position to avenge her lover's death, which she does. It is a powerful drama.

DISRAELI AS A POET

It may not be generally known that Disraeli was a poet. At the age of nine-and-twenty he wrote a long poem called "The Revolutionary Epick," of which a new edition has just appeared in England. The criticism of the time declared that it was not poetry but rhetoric. Yet, to the curious it is interesting, because in many passages it indicates the idea of the man at that period. For example:

> —Then let us learn
> That little virtue lies in forms of rule;
> But in the minds and manners of those ruled
> Subsists the fate of nations.

And again:

> A holy office mine and noble aim ;
> To teach the monarchs and to multitudes
> Their duties and their rights.

NOTES

It will be a hundred years next May since the poet Schiller passed away.

One of the greatest book needs in Canada is a two or three volume history of the country. It should be written, not by a collector of facts such as Sir John Bourinot was, but by some man who is able to present the material in proper perspective and enable people to see the underlying principles upon which Canadian civilisation has been built. There are several excellent single volumes, but there is no complete history written in the style of Green's "Short History of the English People," and in a corresponding compass. Kingsford is too bulky for the average reader.

It may interest Canadian poets and admirers of poetry in general to recall that Thomas Moore received £3,000 for the copyright of "Lalla Rookh." Moore did not, however, think that the popularity of this poem would be lasting. He is said to have remarked to Longfellow that "in a race to future times (if anything of mine could pretend to such a run), those little ponies, the 'Melodies,' will beat the mare 'Lalla' hollow." Moore died in 1852. Stephen Gwynn has just written his biography for the English Men of Letters Series.

Writers who tell the truth and are not always anxious to be in the swim, occasionally get into trouble. James S. Metcalfe, of New York *Life*, has been speaking frankly of the New York Theatrical Trust for some years, and has now been denied admittance to the 47 theatres in New York which the Trust controls. The fulsome flattery of the Trust's plays to be found in Canadian dailies will never cause the writers to be excluded from the Trust's theatres in Toronto and Montreal, but it is disgusting nevertheless.

"The Summit House Mystery" is the title of the latest story by Lily Dougall, author of "The Zeit-Geist," "Beggars All," etc. Miss Dougall is a daughter of the late John Dougall, of the Montreal *Witness*. She was born in Montreal in 1858. Her first book, "Beggars All," was not published until 1891. She was educated at Edinburgh University and has lived much abroad, but lately has spent part of each year in Montreal. The British journals speak highly of this new work, but Miss Dougall has never secured a Canadian publisher for her works. The United States market is taken by Funk & Wagnalls.

Hodder & Stoughton are bringing out in Great Britain a series of Literary Lives, edited by W. Robertson Nicoll. Three volumes are already issued: John Bunyan, Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman.

Chatto & Windus now offer a complete edition of Swinburne's poetical works in six volumes, at 36 shillings per set.

Among the recent issues in London are "The Secret Woman," by Eden Phillpotts (Methuen); "Life of Winston Churchill," by A. M. Scott (Methuen); "The Valley of the Shadow," by William Le Queux (Methuen); "The Year's Art" (Hutchinson); "Uganda and Its Peoples," by J. F. Cunningham (Hutchinson); "Unveiling of Lhasa," by E. Candler (Edward Arnold), and "The Road to Tuscany," by Maurice Hewlett.

The three hundredth anniversary of the publication of the first part of "Don Quixote" was celebrated by two dinners in London—one of a public nature, the other at the Whitefriars Club.

"Sandy," a new long novel by Alice Hegan Rice, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs," is announced for early publication in the forthcoming season. It tells the story of an Irish boy who goes as a stowaway to America, and then lives with one of the old families in Kentucky.

Idle Moments.

BYGONES

"Now tell me, my laddie, just why
Your history lessons you try
To avoid—don't you see
They will help you to be
A very wise man by-and-by?"

"But you told us, sir, not long ago,
To always obey you, and so
I thought I just would
When you said that we should
'Let bygones be bygones,' you know."

Margaret Clark Russell.

■

A QUESTION OF ACCENT

FRANCIS WILSON says that Maurice Barrymore once made the rounds of the offices of the theatrical managers in London, trying to get them to put on a new play that Barrymore himself had written. One of the managers to whom Barrymore had read the play seemed much impressed. Before their interview had ended it had been decided to give the piece an early production and to have Barrymore "do" the leading role. About a week after what Barrymore had supposed was the definitely agreed-upon arrangement had been reached, the actor received a note from the manager asking him to call. When Barrymore responded to the summons the manager said:

"I like the play, old fellow, and I'm going to give it a fine production; but, really, I don't see how I can use you in the cast. Your beastly American accent won't do at all, you know. They don't like it here."

"That's odd," said Barrymore; "they tell me on the other side that I won't do on account of my beastly English accent. What on earth am I to do—give recitations on the transatlantic steamers?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

HAVE EXCUSE FOR BLUSHING

"I wish they'd invent a new expression occasionally," said Top, as he perused the account of a recent wedding. "It's always 'the blushing bride.'"

"Well," replied Mrs. Top, "when you consider what sort of husbands most girls have to marry you can't wonder at their blushing."—*Tit-Bits.*

■

A PRIMER OF LITERATURE

What is the Literature of to-day?

Fiction.

How is Fiction divided?

Into Historical Novels and Nature Books.

What is a Historical Novel?

One that shows no trace of History or of Novelty.

What is a Nature Book?

A volume of misinformation about animals.

Why are Nature Books popular just now?

Because they are the fashion.

Mention some recent Nature Books.

"The Lions of the Lord," "Pigs in Clover," "The Octopus," "The Blue Goose," and "The Sea Wolf."

What are the best selling books?

Those which sell the best people.

What is a Magazine?

A small body of Literature entirely surrounded by advertisements.

Why is a comic paper so called?

Because it's so funny that anybody buys it.

What is a critic?

A Critic is a man who writes about the books he doesn't like.

What is Poetry?

Lines of words ending with the same sound.

UNNECESSARY QUESTION

ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST—"Well, how do you like it?"—*Punch*

What is a Minor Poet?

A poet not yet twenty-one years of age.

What is a Major Poet?

There isn't any.

What is a Publisher?

A man who is blamed if a book doesn't sell, and ignored if it does.

What does a publisher mean by Problem Novels?

All, except Kipling's and Mrs. Humphry Ward's.

What makes a book a phenomenal success?

Much bad, much pad, and much ad. —Carolyn Wells in *The Metropolitan Magazine*.

■

PAUL REDVIVIUS

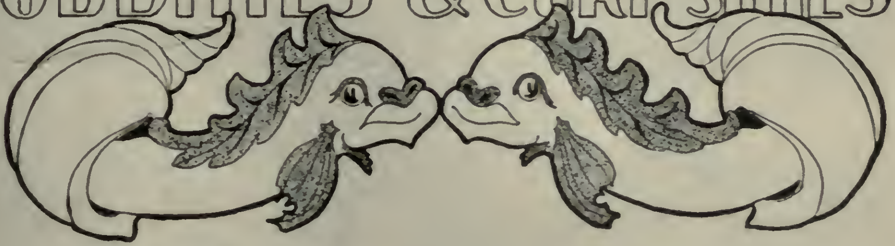
Paul du Chaillu, the one-time African explorer, performed a Good Samaritan act one night in assisting along the street a very intoxicated stranger. The man told him where his home was, and after considerable difficulty Du Chaillu got him to his door. The bibulous one was very grateful, and wanted to know his helper's name. As the explorer did not particularly care to give his name in full, he merely replied that it was Paul. "So it'sh—hic—Paul, ish it?" hiccoughed the man, and then, after some moments of apparent thought, inquired, solicitously: "Shay, ol' man, did y'ever get any—hic—any ansher to those lo-ong lettersh y' wrote to th' Ephesians?"—*Argonaut.*

■

RATHER POINTED

The young man who had travelled began: "And there I stood, the abyss yawning at my feet."

"Was it yawning before you got there, or did it begin after you arrived?" asked the young woman who had never been away. And then the young man found he had just time to catch the last car.



THE LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH IN THE WORLD

THE largest specimens of any variety of grown or manufactured product always has a special interest. To photographers and others, an account of the making of the largest photograph in the world must be exceptionally interesting. As is usual in such work, a number of sectional pictures are taken and then enlarged. These enlargements were printed consecutively on a large sheet of paper. The detail description, as furnished by Emile Guarino, is as follows:

This gigantic picture taken by the "Neue Photographische Gesellschaft," Berlin-Steglitz, measures 38 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 11 in., and represents the Bay of Naples seen from Castel San Marino, the highest point behind Naples from which the eye commands the whole city and bay as far as Mount Vesuvius and Capri. Six different views on as many plates were first taken; they measured 8 ft. 1 in. x 10 ft. 5 in. From these six plates, which were designed with a view to being connected with one another in a continuous series, six enlargements 4 ft. 11 in. x 6 ft. 7 in. in size were prepared by means of an apparatus with a lens 1 foot in diameter. The enlargements were made directly in silver bromide paper. In order to develop the picture, a huge wheel was made of specially prepared

HOW THE LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH IN THE WORLD WAS DEVELOPED
The wheel built for the purpose had a periphery of forty-one feet

RETOUCHING THE FINISHED PHOTOGRAPH

wood. The wheel was 13.12 ft. in diameter and 5.5 ft. in breadth, the periphery being 41 ft. and containing 90 slats. There were further used three large tanks about 70½ cubic feet in capacity, intended respectively for the developing, clearing and fixing solutions. A gigantic water tank 49 2 ft. in length, 6.56 ft. in breadth, and 2.46 ft. in height, having a total capacity as high as 476 68 cubic ft., was further used.

On account of the large developing wheel employed, the paper was developed by night in the open air. The total consumption of water used in washing the print was about 10,593 cubic feet.

After the water was drawn off, the picture was stretched out on wooden bars attached to the upper edge of the tank, where it remained for about ten hours before it was completely dried.

Each tank could be shifted about on five iron wheels moving along rails 52.48 ft. in length.

PROBLEM

A new problem will be found on page 488.

THE LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH IN THE WORLD

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS. A Department For Business Men.

OPTIMISM

IN an address to the Canadian Club of Ottawa, Mr. Byron E. Walker, General Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, declared that he was an optimist; that no business-man who is a pessimist can hope to succeed; that the wise optimist expects trouble, but looks upon all trouble as mere detail. There is food for reflection here. The optimist not only takes advantage of all progress, but he creates progress. If a nation consists of citizens who are not confident that a successful future lies before that nation, there can be little advance. Confidence begets confidence, and also begets success. A country is exactly what its citizens make it. All countries are pretty much the same; the varying degrees of progress are, as a general rule, the result of the various degrees of optimism which permeate the people as a whole. No nation of croakers can ever become great.

The same is true of business. All business progress is founded on optimism and common-sense—the one acting and reacting on the other. If all the business-men of a country decide that trade is likely to be bad next year. it will stagnate.

There never was a time in the history of Canada when there was a greater reason for optimism, nor greater need for it. The development of the last few years has been magnificent; the development of the next few years depends on our having confidence. The country is rich, immigration is proceeding apace, the Government is doing its duty, and the rest lies with the people—the capitalists, the bankers, the business-men, and the other classes. Mr. Walker's statement that optimism is the key to success, is worth remembering.

AGAINST RECIPROCITY

THE treatment accorded by the U.S. Senate to the Newfoundland reciprocity treaty indicates that there is little chance of a meeting of the Quebec-Washington conference bringing about any arrangement likely to make easier the trade movement between the United States and Canada. The fishing interests, centering at Gloucester, were able to persuade the Senate to strike salt fish from the list of Newfoundland products to be admitted free into the United States. These same interests would be more strongly opposed to the free admission of Canadian fish. Then, if the statements of the *New York Tribune's* Washington correspondent are well founded, the U.S. iron ore, coal and slate producers were opposed to clauses in the Newfoundland treaty calculated to effect their business, and they, too, were stricken out. The U.S. interests in question would have far more competition to expect from the free admission of Canadian ores and coal than Newfoundland under any probable circumstances could offer. It seems also, from the *Tribune's* report, that some of the senators were fixed in their views from a fear that the ratification of the Newfoundland treaty would prove an entering wedge which would make it easier for friends of reciprocity with Canada to secure a treaty. Both the rejection of the Newfoundland treaty—for its amendment

was practically a rejection—and the arguments on which the action was based, are indications that a reciprocity treaty with Canada, if it could be negotiated, would fail of ratification by the U.S. Senate, which is using its constitutional powers in regard to treaties in a manner to humiliate President Roosevelt and to make the representatives of other nations chary in agreeing to any convention with the United States that the Senate may have to do with.—*Montreal Gazette.*

THE PATRIOTIC CRY

AS far as possible Canadians should give a preference to the works of Canadian authors. At the same time Canadian authors should never count on the support of Canadian readers simply because they are Canadians. Many a novel, many a volume of poetry, many a work of history and biography and many a periodical, miserably mediocre in character, has been foisted on the Canadian public and its sale urged on the ground that it represents struggling Canadian literature. Better have no Canadian literature at all than that it should have to be judged by such a standard. Fortunately for our national reputation, we have some authors who can hold their own in the international arena and to whom we can point with pride as exponents of Canadian ideals and standards. We are to-day producing histories and biographies of real merit. Our novelists are winning world-wide fame. It is to be regretted that certain writers should be advancing unworthy claims for recognition. The patriotic cry has its limit.—*Bookseller and Stationer* (*Toronto.*)

GENERAL NOGI

Nogi has been a devoted family man all his life, but puts the ties of country before the ties of family. Before the war with Russia broke out he had two fine sons. When hostilities commenced he and his eldest son were one day talking about the likelihood of their going to the front, when the younger son came up to them and exclaimed that if they were going to the war he wanted to go too.

"Excellent!" replied the father; "it shall be a race in patriotism between us."

There has been a sequel to this incident which is very sad, and in which Nogi glories. The elder boy became a lieutenant in the First Division, and his father was just setting out from Japan for the attack upon Port Arthur, when the news of his death reached him. He had been killed in the battle at Nanshan. The sorrow-stricken mother was about to prepare for the funeral service when Nogi turned to her and asked her to hold it back.

"I say this," he said, "because I and my other son have resolved to give our lives for the Emperor if necessary, and if we all die one funeral will serve for us instead of three!"

Only a few days before the fall of Port Arthur the second son was killed at the capture of 203-Metre Hill, and now only Nogi, the father, remains. It is said that the Japanese were so impatient for the fall of Port Arthur that they would not have tolerated the delay in any other general than Nogi, being to a man assured that he would do all that was humanly possible.—*Selected.*

ANOTHER PROBLEM

IN response to a request for further curious problems, a subscriber sends this:

In the following sum in long division all the figures have become obliterated except four. Complete the sum by supplying the missing figures, and explain in simplest form how they are obtained.

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x 2 x) x x x x x x (x 6 x
       x x 2
       -----
       x x x x
       x x x x
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           x 7 x
           x x x
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Those interested are requested to send in solutions. The best will be published next month.

THE CREATION OF MAN—BY MICHELANGELO

FROM THE FRESCO IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME

"The Creator of all things, the Father old with the wealth of eons that we do not know and holding in the secret of his arm the dower of the new creation, the woman and the child, stretches out his right arm and touches Adam, the first man, lying on a rocky hill-side, formed and perfect, and waiting for the gift of life."

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE SISTINE CHAPEL

By KATHERINE HALE

N art, in literature, in life, we hear to-day the call of Nature, the old call which came to the Greeks in those early sun-washed days when strength of limb seemed necessary to strength of art; which came, in the middle ages, to Italy, and awakened the greatest Renaissance the world has ever known; which comes to us to-day and says "The body is the tabernacle of the soul; cultivate its joy and purity and power if you would cherish the life of the soul."

Now this deification of the body is a spiritual movement, one which has grown slowly—as all great movements of thought or action do. In looking back over centuries of art, we find ourselves most deeply indebted to one who of all the world's great artists best loved the human form divine, and who expressed this feeling in an art so exalted and so pure, that he seemed to have made anew the great discovery that "the body of man is a miracle of beauty, each limb a divine wonder, each muscle a joy as great as sight of stars or flowers." This man was Michelangelo, whose deathless marbles are among the great things of this world of ours, and whose whole gospel and ideals are set forth more convincingly than anywhere else at the Sistine Chapel in Rome where, deserting marble for the once, he painted frescos of such extraordinary strength and beauty that they are to-day the greatest frescos in the world, whatever the future may have in store for us.

To realise the significance of the Michelangelo of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, however, it is necessary to have known something of the younger Michelangelo in Florence, and to have observed his intermediate development in the study-life at old, art-haunted Bologna.

. . . .

We crossed the blazing square in front of St. Peter's one morning last spring to enter by the bronze gate into the long corridor that flanks the Basilica on the right and makes entrance to the immediate posessions of the Pope. And as we stood in that wonderful area with its obelisk, its fountains, its colonnades on either side, like long arms stretched out to gather all the world, we looked back at Rome shining in the distance. We thought of this work of Michelangelo enclosed here at the heart of the Eternal City as its immediate jewel, and then of little, sleepy, sunlit Settignana where he had played among the marble quarries as a child; of grim and cloudy Bologna, the scene of strenuous apprentice years; of the dear Florence of his early and later youth where still in the soft. sweet nights, along the streets of moonlit ancient palaces, one seems to catch the carnivalic note of those Mediccian revels; and still in the noonday's shadowed aisles the awful voice of Savonarola rings out through the old

DECORATIVE FIGURE—MICHELANGELO

SISTINE CHAPEL

Duomo as clearly to-day as in those old days when he became the soul's awakener of Italy and of Michelangelo.

To reach the Sistine Chapel one enters by the Portone di bronzo, passes the Swiss guards still wearing the very habits designed by the painter, and on up the splendid prefacing flight of the Scalo Regia to the Chapel of the Popes. Here one knocks in humble and supplicating fashion ere the door—a strangely little door—of the Sistine is opened. Then a key is turned from the inside, and in a moment one is within a faded, dingy room, long, narrow and poorly lighted; the very antithesis of everything that fancy had pictured. The sound of hammers, busy this morning over some trivial repairs, assailed the sense of reverence; while on rude benches scattered about on the darkening, inlaid floor sat or lay flat on their backs, as requirement suggested for better vision, a

DECORATIVE FIGURE—MICHELANGELO

SISTINE CHAPEL

meagre congregation of tourists and artists all gazing upward through opera glasses, or with the aid of hand mirrors for reflection, at the ceiling of Michelangelo.

This, at last, the Sistine chapel! The spot most sacred to art in all the world, where the greatest genius of form that has ever lived closed himself up for four years with his art, and painted upon the ceiling of this room not only the finest pictorial conception of the creation of the world and its redemption that has ever been accomplished, but with this—and strangely intermingled—the whole spirit and purpose of the Renaissance in Italy.

This faded, shabby spot!

Nothing but the dreary weight of the hand of Time was upon us at first; nothing but a sense of personal sorrow in the decaying tones of dying tapestries of fresco to left and right—those once glowing conceptions of Botticelli,

DECORATIVE FIGURE—MICHELANGELO

SISTINE CHAPEL

and Signorelli, and Ghirlandajo, with which the side walls are covered. The great cracked ceiling overhead that appears to be lower at first than it is by actual measurement, but as you look seems to recede almost imperceptibly.

Then, taking the first empty bench, we seated ourselves, strained backward, and began to search among the chaos of form and colour.

I shall never forget the sharp sensation, to which every nerve responded, when the first figure from out that chaos came forth to meet me. Gazing straight upwards towards the centre of the ceiling I had happened upon the greatest of all, the central theme of the whole composition, and was looking upon Michelangelo's figure of God. Out of the distance and the obscurity it came like some great Awakener, full of such strength, such untold vitality, yet such repose, that the fires

DECORATIVE FIGURE—MICHELANGELO
SISTINE CHAPEL

of all the worlds, the serenity of all the ages, seemed embodied in the sweep of that heroic and benignant form. The Creator of all things, the Father, old with the wealth of eons that we do not know and holding in the secret of his arm the dower of the new creation, the woman and the child, stretches out his right arm and touches Adam, the first man, lying on a rocky hill-side, formed and perfect, and waiting for the gift of life. Studying this group until the vast conception grows upon one in all its majesty, the whole imagination seems to be caught upwards by that mighty sweep of impulse, of gesture, of form, of Intention, which has been so mightily communicated to the painter that the everlasting, brooding, compelling God-thought of the universe is actually incorporate in the figure on which we gaze and gaze. We lose all thought of time, or any sense but this of satisfied longing—at last

THE PROPHET JEREMIAH—MICHELANGELO

SISTINE CHAPEL

the utter and complete satisfaction of all longing for one vision of the Perfect Thought incorporate in the Perfect Form.

All else in that morning was but the realisation of this the first knowledge of a new power and strength. Other forms, the crowding forms of that marvellous ceiling, glowed slowly for us from out the faded distance and overpowered us by their tremendous significance and beauty; yet, to the end of time, that first recognition of the Creating God will be for me the real and greatest Michelangelo.

. . . .

When the artist was summoned by Pope Julius II to decorate, according to his own ideas, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, he approached the task unwillingly, for while colour and brush meant much to him, the chisel and the marble shaft meant more. And then, if we know anything of the man himself,

EZEKIEL—MICHELANGELO

SISTINE CHAPEL

we must believe that he could not undertake the decoration of these walls—then the centre of the religious life of the day—without feeling that he must throw all of himself into the message to be delivered; and the all of Michelangelo was very great.

His life has been full of no less storm and stress than that through which his country had passed. He had lived to the full every emotion of a period when the old Greek ideals of freedom and beauty in art were struggling with a dying Romanticism, and when against the voluptuous Florentine culture had arisen the cry of the spirit which Savonarola sent echoing through all Italy, arousing such terror, and alarm, and sobbing cries, that men "passed through the streets breathless, more dead than alive." And Michelangelo, whose youth and early manhood were largely spent an inmate of Lorenzo Medici's household court, had

lived in an atmosphere where loveliness of human form was worshipped as the most excellent thing in life, and where a passionate sense of the beauty of perfect line, muscle, and contour, in the draped or naked form, became part of his very being; while with this feeling for the splendid physical grew a terrible sense of spiritual reality which reached him from the words of Savonarola—two forces which controlled his life ever after, and gave to his art that quality of intensity which grew to a perfect furia of potent strength as life and art became more and more significant to him. Then with these two impulses came another which worked out its great effect upon his art—the desire for Italy's freedom; a desire so passionate that it has been said that every Italian feels "the tramp of marching armies" in his tremendous canvases. All these impulses and forces, so vital to the life of the man, must be read into the work of the Sistine; and more than this, and most vital, an inner sense of Soul, of Destiny, of the dream of the World Beyond penetrating and entering into the glory of the world of Form to use it as the perfect medium for unseen impressions. This dream of Michelangelo at the full fever heat of thirty-three years of age was already a revelation.

. . . .

The Sistine Chapel is a long, narrow room, one hundred and thirty-two feet in length and forty-four in breadth; the ceiling is a flattened vault with no architectural divisions, the vast framework of pilasters and brackets, and ribbed arches, which divide the space and relegate each group into its appointed place, being a triumph of the painter's and not the sculptor's skill. The whole of this surface is covered with human figures—there are over three hundred in all, and most of them of heroic size—which typify the Creation of the World and its ultimate Redemption through Christ; the underlying theme of the whole ceiling being the anticipation of and preparation for the Christ.

Through the middle of the ceiling the artist represented a long, narrow space divided into nine compartments which portray "The Separation of Light from Darkness," "The Creation of the Sun and Moon," "The Separation of the Land and Sea," "The Creation of Adam," "The Creation of Eve," "The Fall and Banishment from Paradise," "The Sacrifice of Noah," "The Deluge," and "The Drunkenness of Noah." Of these panels "The Creation of Man" has been chosen for illustration.

Then beneath, and supporting the arches which contain these first acts in the drama of existence, comes a series of glorious nude figures of youths of superb vigour and beauty. "Form Poems," they have been called, "by which the artist would prove that the human body has a language inexhaustible in symbolism." These join in the decorative scheme like living songs of the first joy of life, and taken singly, apart from the artist's purpose, are among the most perfect creations of the whole Renaissance. Little naked children, cherub boys and girls, painted in chiaroscuro to imitate marble, support the columns on which these youths are resting; and below runs the great series of Prophets and Sibyls, colossal figures of wonderful force, instinct with passionate energy, overborne by the tremendous message given them. Greek and Hebrew alike, Pagan Sibyl and inspired Prophets, Michelangelo strikes a great note when he discovers in them the same expectance of the coming of ultimate Truth.

Ezekiel is here—who bends forward, the scroll of prophecy in his left hand—Joel, and Isaiah, and Daniel. The prophet Jeremiah, who with Ezekiel is pictured in this article, is of peculiar interest, for in the solemn figure absorbed in the intensity of his hidden vision we are supposed to have the painter's biography of himself. The Pagan seers are women: the Cumean Sibyl, like some primeval giantess in vast age and heroic strength; the Erithraea, who sits turning the pages of the book of the future; and that

loveliest Sibylla Delphica, who gazes out at us with wise yet youthful eyes. Below, in the lunettes, the subjects still bear out the same message of expectation of the coming of Christ; the Brazen Serpent is among them, and the story of David and Goliath, of Esther and Judith, figure with others in the mighty scheme.

. . . .

So mighty is the whole scheme that it is only when studied face to face, and studied long, that the entire majesty of such art can be realised. No description, no reproduction can disclose the heart of its mysterious beauty.

And yet the secret of this beauty and mystery lies open to the world in the whole Ideal of Michelangelo, which seems to have been embodied in his great desire for Life—Life to the fullest extent of the measure of that word. The Life of the Soul, of the Spirit, of the Mind, and as guardian of these, as their vehicle and most perfect expression, the Body.

The beautiful, strong, muscular, exultant Body! How this man loved every line and curve and muscle of it! How it expressed for him, and through him, the sweep and purpose and dominance of the Soul!

Is there a lesson here for us to-day who hear the call of Nature as they did in the sun-washed days of Greece, and in the days of the Italian Renaissance? God made this world of ours, yet sent as its Redeemer the perfect Man; Divinity shining through flesh; spirit flashing through form. It is the eternal and redemptive call which comes to us and says: "The body is the tabernacle of the soul: cultivate the joy and purity of the body if you would cherish the life of the Soul!"

THE MESSIAH

BY REV. A. THOMPSON, D.D.

O WISDOM! that from God's own mouth proceedest,
Extending far and nigh,
Come to the fainting soul, O Thou that feedest
With manna from on high.
Thine hungering children cry
For Thee, the Bread of Angels, strong and sweet;
O mighty One, make firm their tottering feet,
That on Thy strength rely.

O Adonai! Israel's valiant leader,
Anointed of the Lord,
Against the powers of sin and darkness dreader
Than Michael's flaming sword:
Thy strong, unerring word
That pierces through and through hath filled with terror
The demon's swarming hosts of lust and error,
And earth to heaven restored.

O Root of Jesse! royal stock that springest
From Virgin pure as snow:
A sign from God of truth and love Thou bringest,
A pledge Thou dost bestow
More lasting than the glow
Of burning bush, or Sinai's smoking peak,
When from the cloud of glory Thou didst speak
The law to men below.

O Key of David! Thou that openest wide
The gates of heaven to men;
Nor powers above, nor lords of earth, nor pride
Of hell shall close again.
O hear the glad refrain
Of white-robed myriads marching towards the gleaming
Of new-born light from pearly arches streaming
O'er mountain-peak and plain !

O Dayspring from on high! Thy light hath riven
The blackened pall of night;
And, tinted with the rosy hues of heaven,
The dawn shines fair and bright.
Before Thy holy light
The darkening shadows brooding o'er the land
Are scattered far, nor death nor sin shall stand
Against Thy might.

O King of nations! the desired of ages,
The reign of fear is past;
The empire, long foretold by saints and sages,
Of love is come at last,
Not with the trumpet blast
Of worldly pomp, with gold and purple sheen—
Within the heart-shrine decked with wealth unseen
A nobler throne Thou hast.

Emmanuel! O King, whose law eternal
Disposeth all things well,
From realms unspeakable of light supernal
Unto the depths of hell.
And all Thy glory tell—
The sunbeam's mote, Thy law and power extolling,
And through the vast abyss the planets rolling
The sounding chorus swell.

THE VILLA OF THE PETIT TRIANON
Built by Louis XV for Madame du Barry and frequently employed as a temporary residence by Marie Antoinette

THE PETIT TRIANON

By ALBERT R. CARMAN, Author of "The Pensionnaires."

VERSAILLES is the stateliest monument to dead pleasures in the world. If the Golden House of Nero had stood, it might have been a rival. But the mind can hardly recall another. Versailles was the pleasure palace of the most insolently luxurious court in history since the fall of the Roman Empire. When the French monarchy was gathering its great strength, it lived at St. Germain and Fontainebleau; but when, drunken with power, it lay with its foolish head in the laps of its mistresses, it built for itself the matchless folly of Versailles.

Then when the morning of feeble contrition came, and the unkingly Louis XVI was asked to pay the debts of his ancestors, he took refuge in a far-away corner of his park, and with his queen, Marie Antoinette, gave a touch of sympathetic interest to the gardens of the Petit Trianon. It is a pity that so many tourists feel that they can give no more than the day to Versailles. The Palace can be walked through and the gardens hastily visited, and even the villas of the Trianons seen in that time, but one cannot in a hurry and in a crowd catch the spirit of this daintiest and yet most desolate spot in all Versailles. Elsewhere throughout the Palace, which is so large as to suggest a deserted sum-

THE TEMPLE OF LOVE
A Classic Pavilion standing in the Gardens of the Petit Trianon not far from the Villa

mer hotel into which someone has moved an art gallery, and throughout the grounds, where marvels of marble colonnade and statuary peep at you everywhere through the trees, one has a sense of nervous activity. It may be the Bosquet de la Reine which recalls the intrigue of the Queen's necklace, or the 'Œil de Bœut which suggests the stirring days of the Revolution. But here in the gardens of butcher's wife and the peasant girl found only in riotous extravagance.

The villa of the Petit Trianon is a small building, which suggests the cool architecture of Italy. Within it are still some reminders of the Marie Antoinette who found such relief in fleeing here from the Palace across the park yonder, when the court was full of cowardice and indecision, when the Ministers of the King seemed to have

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S COTTAGES

A Court Rendering of a Thatched Peasant Cottage, where Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette and their courtiers played at Peasant Life

the Petit Trianon there is nothing but the spirit of play. And it is not the wickedly wasteful play of which one thinks when remembering the pranks which the gross Louis XV dared for the entertainment of his butcher's wife and his peasant girl; but light, harmless, almost childish play—the play of a Queen to whom it was a novelty and a relaxation to unbend, and who found in simplicity the pleasure which the no purpose but to thwart her royal will in the matter of expenditure, and when the people were a scowling menace, apparently—to her court-trained mind—intended chiefly to keep petulant Austrian princesses from getting their way. But things which were once used by Marie Antoinette may be found in many a museum. Isolated and ticketed and forlorn, they seem to have lost all aroma of her. The building

is, of course, only a villa, and is not very imposing, either inside or out. But the gardens behind it are places to rest the soul after long hours spent amidst the formal geometrical landscape gardening of Versailles. Here the paths have not been laid out by Euclid; and the Canadian traveller, at all events, is saved that teasing sense of the incongruous which burdens him a trifle at finding magnificent statuary scattered through rough copses in a haphazard fashion or piled in the basin of a running fountain.

As one takes to the paths of the Petit Trianon, he cannot tell in advance which way they will go. They may skirt a little pond; they may climb a low hill and then turn off in another direction once they are over it; they will split up and challenge you to decide which fork you had rather choose. It is a bit of park, quite in the English fashion; nothing Italian about it but the villa. And here you can far better catch the spirit of the wilful Marie Antoinette than from lonely pieces of her furniture standing in open desolation in the villa yonder. Here a perplexed Queen might forget the weight of a crown which had seemed a burden from the first, and play with great light-heartedness under these informal trees.

As for Louis, whom Mark Twain says was always "the female saint," he must have taken great satisfaction in pretending to himself that he was usefully employed here, grinding corn like any other miller. The little hamlet where all this imitation of peasant life went on, now stands empty and silent, guarded by a solitary policeman. It is a fair distance from the villa, and the gay company which had come over here from the stiff palace parterres to play out their comedy, might have felt themselves a hundred miles away from the circle of the court. The cottages are of the plainest, such

LOUIS' MILL

Here Louis played the Miller and ground Corn, while his People Starved under the Weight of Taxation

THE DAIRY

A Part of the Toy Peasant Village in the Gardens of the Petit Trianon. Note the natural trees and foliage in all these garden pictures, so unlike the formal Italian gardening of Versailles

as we might find here at an unostentatious summer resort; but they are carefully kept. They were fixing the heavy thatching which roofs them the day we were there. The low windows out of which Marie Antoinette sold her milk to the other villagers were not as ornamental as those of many a village home in France to-day; and no one could accuse the court of being extravagant in the building of this set of play-houses.

Of course, we went over to Louis' mill and looked at the really effective wheel still hanging in the still water of the little lake which borders it, and climbed about the baby building and tried to think how the amiable Louis looked, busy and benevolent with the white dust on his coarse clothes and about his sleek face, happy for once in his life. Near was the village green —not much larger than a good dancing floor—where they had their peasant dances, and doubtless told themselves how happy the peasants must be with none of the cares of State to perplex them. And all the while, outside this sheltered nursery for grown-ups, men and women were dying of hunger, and St. Antoine was getting ready for its terrible march to Versailles to bring back to starving Paris "the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's little boy."

On the way to the villa from this sylvan scene, we pass, standing alone and empty and open to the autumn weather, a graceful "Temple of Love" after a classic model. There is nothing daintier in all the parks of Versailles. And here in the garden of Petit Trianon, is the one place for such an airy temple of purity to rise under a sky which was accustomed to see a love in which purity had little part. For this play-ground of an honest — if stupid—King and an unstained Queen, is the White Stone amidst all the varie-coloured marbles of Versailles.

It is impossible not to feel a certain respect for this last of the royal couples

of France before the upheaval of the Revolution. It may be that the tragedy which ended their lives forbids us to look upon them with the critical eye we turn upon their predecessors. But there must be something, too, in the facts that surround us. Beside the Petit Trianon is the Grand Trianon which Louis XIV built for one of his mistresses, Madame de Maintenon. Over in front of us wave the trees of the park which is starred all over with stories of intrigue. Yonder in the Palace the guide will show you the apartments of DuBarry and of Pompadour. But here a man and his wife gathered their friends about them and played for a while at the harmless jest that they had been born peasants instead of princes and nobles. Here we can climb up under a clump of trees and throw ourselves on the clean grass and look with musing eyes at the toy mill and the thatched cottages, and breathe a sweet air without a taint of putridity. It is a place to wish that the inevitable Revolution had caught some one else on the throne of France except a high-strung Austrian Princess and a mild-mannered locksmith who, by great ill-fortune, got into a royal cradle.

TAUNLA, THE DACOIT

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Eye of a God," "Mooswa of the Boundaries," "The Outcast," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

HALF-WAY from Calcutta to Rangoon the white sand nips a pool from the bay of Bengal, and the pool is a harbour. On its southern rim is the town of Kyouk Phyou.

Once this place was a penal settlement, garrisoned by troops; but the jungle fever bit at the soldiers till they died or went away, leaving the life convicts to leaven with villainy the Aracanese dwellers in that land.

And now they were so bad that the Government had put a ban on opium; and because opium was proscribed, everybody used it, and the smugglers thrived. Where opium eaters are, are thieves always; so Taunla Boh, who had grown luxuriantly in the fields of villainy, made Kyouk Phyou his City of Refuge.

The dacoits who stuck to the jungle, and murdered poverty-stricken villagers, were but rudimentary robbers as compared with Taunla. He used to come to the police *thanna* and read on the notice board the rich, juicy reward offered for his apprehension; then he would laugh at the detailed description of his person, and go down to the bazaar and gamble with men who boasted of how they would like to come face to face with Taunla, the Dacoit Chief.

My impression of Taunla had been quite nebulous up to the time he cast covetous eyes upon the bag of *rupees* I was carrying from the Government treasury. As usual, Taunla had the advantage; he knew what was in the money-sack, while I did not know who was the simple villager in the red-and-green-striped *putsoe* who walked casually behind me.

Dan was waiting at the Government bungalow, and together we proceeded on our way to the Salt Village. From that place we would take a dug-out and go to Minbyn. Dan was stationed with me at Minbyn, and, in the left-handed vernacular of the native, had come by a curious name. I was the Sahib, and he, being my friend, was called the "Friend Sahib."

When we came to a fork in the road, my comrade said, "The tide does not serve till ten o'clock. I will go down to the bazaar, and

be at the Salt Village in an hour or two."

"Have you a gun?" I asked. "They're a pretty bad lot in the bazaar at night."

He hadn't, so I pressed my revolver upon him, saying that for the open road the "Penang Lawyer" I carried would be sufficient. A Penang Lawyer is a heavy-headed walking stick brought from Penang.

As I cut across the corner of a field to the Salt Village road, I observed two men, and instinctively knew that they had been watching me. One wore the red-and-green *putsoe* I had noticed leaving the treasury; whilst his companion's dirty attire betokened the opium slave.

The dusk of evening was graying the white sand that had gleamed like snow all day in the hot sun, and the road to the Salt Village ran through a stretch of jungle that at night was a cavern of darkness. And in this jungle was a village of thieves and murderers—life convicts, most of them.

All this came sharply to my mind as I cut across the stretch of waste land, and, from the corner of my eye watching the two men on the road, I tried to time my movements so as to fall in behind them; but they loitered along, talking and laughing, and checkmated me in this move.

Coming to the road, they were behind me; as I pushed on they quickened their pace, closing up. It was a dacoit plant, I reasoned. As we approached the dark passage in the jungle the two behind would give a signal, their comrades in villainy hiding in ambush would spring up, and I would be sandwiched between the two parties.

Having thought out their programme, I improvised a hasty off-set to it. As the natives say, I would "kiss the tiger," which is an Oriental way of taking the bull by the horns.

Gradually my pace slackened, while I keyed my ear to the music their slipping feet made in the yielding sand. When they were quite close I suddenly wheeled about, and at short range asked where they were going.

They started a little at first, but I spoke quietly, and a benevolent smile came to the simple face of the man in red-and-green, and he answered, in a soft Burmese voice, "*Salaam, Sahib!* your slaves are going to the Salt Village."

"Then carry this bag of rupees for me," I commanded; "it is heavy."

The benevolent smile was put to flight by a stare of astonishment, shrouded in a look of obstinacy.

"We are going to the Jungle Village first, Sahib," he objected.

I had worked to within striking distance of the two innocents, casually elevating my "Penang Lawyer" to the proper altitude for a downward stroke sufficient to crack an ordinary skull.

With my left hand I tendered the bag of rupees, accompanied by a few words of advice.

"Carry this," I said. "Now give me your *dah*. Fall in in front of me—there, that's the way now; so; I'll take hold of both your *putsoes* and if you make a suspicious move, or call to any one, I'll crack your heads with this heavy stick. Now march!"

There was a faint movement of rebellion from the opium eater, but the man in red-and-green muttered something, and the two started forward.

I saw at once I had to do with men who had "done time"; they had the unmistakable walk of legs wide apart in the step, that comes from carrying the jail shackles, the chain that runs from waist to ankles. And Red-and-green's ready acceptance of the situation marked him as a leader, knowing the value of discipline.

Under the circumstances I had made the best arrangement possible, but my plan might miscarry. The cool acquiescence of the leader somehow filled me with misgiving; and something in his steady, fierce eye suggested unholy retaliation if he got the upper hand.

Past a little white pagoda we went, on through the mango grove and, as we dipped down into the flat lands between rice fields, we came to the dark bit of jungle.

"Go slow," I said, speaking low; "and do not even call like a night bird, nor speak at all."

It was a close hazard—almost an even chance. If they broke from me I might bring one down—I could not hope to wing both of them. After all there might be no ambush; just that these had meant to rob me.

Slow-going in the sand of the road, our feet hardly whispered on the thick night air. Once I heard the "klonk-klonk" of the coppersmith bird from near the jungle village which was off the road.

"*Chup!*" (silence) I hissed in a whisper. The bird call might be a signal.

My men answered nothing; and straining my eyes till they ached from the tense concentration, I clung closer and closer to the two, and step by step we ate at the stretch of danger which was the dark going that reached beyond the village of thieves. Once a Burmese voice spoke from amongst the trees as we passed, but as nothing answered from the road, it spoke not again.

I drew a breath of relief as we slipped to the open road under the bright, star-lighted sky, and in half an hour I was at the Government bungalow in the Salt Village. My man, Emir Alli, was waiting on the verandah. As he took the bag of rupees from the Burman's hand I saw him start.

I gave the two men a rupee each for their involuntary service, and they slipped quietly, like grey shadows, into the night, and were gone

"Where did the Sahib find Taunla?" Emir Alli asked.

"Taunla!" I ejaculated, I fear almost in horror; "Taunla the Dacoit, do you mean, Emir Alli?"

"Yes, Sahib, I am sure that was Taunla. Surely Allah is great to have kept Taunla's evil hand at his side."

"Why didn't you speak in time?" I asked; "we might have captured the cut-throat—there's a big reward for the dacoit."

"I wasn't sure, Sahib; and if it was Taunla, we could not have taken him—he was watching like a tiger. Also is my family in the village, and if I fought with Taunla, they would all be killed by his men."

At nine o'clock Dan came with the other part of the happening engraved in lines of excitement upon his face.

"What is the matter?" I asked, when he thrust himself from the outer darkness upon us with the bustle of a man who has participated in a riot.

"Matter!" he gasped. "I was all but murdered. As I came stumbling along that dark bit of road near the jungle village, I blundered into a hornet's nest. Suddenly a man popped up in front, and I heard, or saw—I don't know which—the sweep of his *dah*, as he made a cut at me. I hadn't time to draw the pistol, but struck out with my fist. I landed, too, good and hard on his jaw, and he went down like a shot. Jehannum broke loose at once—the jungle was full of natives. They rushed me in a body, I suppose—I hardly know what happened—but I was on my back. I thought it was a plant against some rich native, and called out I was a sahib. Then old Rathu—I knew his voice—cried out to the others, 'It's the Friend Sahib; let him go!' The thieves were searching for loot—evidently they had got the wrong man."

I explained the situation to Dan as I understood it now. Taunla had planned to give the village thieves a signal as he was bringing the man with the rupees. Evidently I had come through earlier than expected, and Dan had fallen into the ambush.

"But why did not Taunla go back and tell Rathu the robbery was off?" my comrade asked.

"Taunla was afraid I would tell the Sahib he was a dacoit, and ran to the jungle," declared Emir Alli.

The flood tide was now running.

"Go to the fishing village, Emir Alli," I said, "and have the Headman send a dug-out and men to put us up the creek to Aung."

Emir Alli soon returned, and pres-

ently we heard a voice from the little salt pier calling, "*Thakine! Ho-o Thakine!*" It was the canoe-men, and we hurried down to the water.

Gingerly Dan took his place in the unstable craft, facing the bow paddleman. As I followed, cautiously crouching with my back to the paddler in the stern, Emir Alli touched me on the shoulder and said, "Turn around, Sahib."

"Why?" I queried, for it was unusual to sit facing backward in a dug-out.

"It will rain, Sahib, and the wet will be in your face."

The moon smiled in mockery at the improbability of my servant's reason; but he pinched my arm as he spoke, and without further question I turned toward the steersman.

I had carelessly dropped my big revolver in the centre of the canoe; and as Emir squatted between Dan and myself, he took the pistol from its holster, passed it to me, and said: "Keep the little gun in your lap, Sahib, so it won't get wet; and give me the bag of rupees here, for fear they fall into the creek."

Mechanically I complied. I was accustomed to have Emir arrange minor matters for me, but I was puzzling over why I should ride backwards in a canoe for seven miles. The rain story was pure fudge, for it was bright moonlight. The pinch on my arm meant something, but what?

To the groaning scrape of the steersman's paddle as he swept it along the gunwale of the dug-out, I pondered over my narrow escape from the dacoit's plot.

I was presently brought out of my reverie by Emir Alli's voice asking sharply of the Burman, "Where are you going?"

"What is it?" I queried.

"They are going the short cut," Emir Alli answered; "the tide is still low, and the mud bank will be bare."

The paddler in the stern answered angrily, intimating that Emir Alli, a Bengali fool, had come of parents that were of no nationality at all. But personal abuse counts for little with Orientals, and my servant ignored it, confining himself to the real point at issue, that we should be stuck high and dry if we went by the small creek.

The boatman was obdurate—did he not know the way to Aung; and had he not floated on those tides when Emir Alli was still with his animal parents?

Emir appealed to me, saying, "Don't let him go that way, Sahib."

Of the extent of the boatman's creek knowledge I was ignorant, but Emir Alli knew the way well, and his interests were my interests. So I commanded the Burman to keep to the big creek, and assured him that his loud voice made my head ache; therefore he must talk less and paddle more.

Also Emir Alli had touched me again, telegraphically, in the back with his elbow, so I uttered this command in a manner that compelled compliance.

We came to Aung peacefully enough after that; I paid the boatmen as they still sat in the dug-out; they turned the log craft about, and, hugging the shore to escape the current, paddled away in the moonlight.

Our ponies were waiting to carry us to Minbyn, eight miles. As we rode along I said to Emir Alli, jogging a foot at my stirrup, "Why did the boatmen go back against the tide? I never saw these lazy beggars do that before."

"Perhaps Taunla was afraid, Sahib."

"Taunla! Taunla again, Emir? And again you did not tell me?"

"I wasn't sure, Sahib, but I think it was Taunla."

"I don't," I answered. "This man was dressed like a boatman, and the other rascal had a fine *putsoe*."

"That is Taunla's way, Sahib; he changes his clothes like the tree lizard that is one minute green, and the next brown, and sometimes white—only Taunla's eye, that is like the tiger's, is always the same. That is why I thought it was the dacoit—only he has that evil eye. If the Sahib had sat with his back to Taunla, the dacoit would have killed him with his *dah*

when we came to the place of little water."

"You should have told me," I said again.

"The dacoit would have heard, and would have killed my family and me too."

"Well, we outwitted him anyway," said, "and it's the duty of the police to capture dacoits, not mine."

"Yes, Sahib, Taunla has gone back to be with the opium eaters at Kyouk Phyou. Allah was good to your honour this time; and the next time you go to Kyouk Phyou, Sahib, you must watch, and come by the road only in the daytime, for it is said here in Aracan that if Taunla casts his evil eye upon the rupees of any one, like a tiger he will never give up the stalk until he has come by them."

Half a mile short of Minbyn, as we passed the police station, the little bungalow was as silent in the gloom of a big cottonwood as a pagoda.

"The black police are of little use," Emir Alli said; "they sleep like opium eaters. One time Taunla came in the night to this *thanna*, and stole the guns, as the four police slumbered, even as they do now. Then for fear it would be known to the Captain Sahib, they sent a hundred rupees to the dacoit, and he sent back their guns."

In my bungalow I had no safe beyond a tin cash box; and in this I placed the bag of rupees, congratulating myself that it was not then in the hands of the dacoit. The money had been brought up to pay the coolies, and would not be in hand more than a day or two. In the day the servants were responsible, and at night I slept in the room with the cash box and its contents.

Next day my Burmese cook came to me and asked for his month's pay, with the usual Oriental reason that his mother was dead. I opened the cash box and paid him from the bag.

Glancing up suddenly as I counted the rupees, a covetous look in his sinister eyes gave me a start. The cook's small, red-and-yellow streaked eyes were wolfish — articulate with unholy desire for the silver wealth—for the half of which he would willingly commit murder, I had no doubt.

When he had gone I placed the bag of money in my trunk, knowing that if I had read his thoughts aright, and he were a Burmese thief, he would have many keys, and might find occasion to open my box.

Even as I finished the transfer I laughed at my own over-cautiousness. For two years I had had money off and on in just the same way and nothing ever happened—the affair with Taunla had probably got upon my nerves.

That night Dan came to my bungalow after dinner for a talk over our cheroots. As we sat in the big arm chairs on the verandah, I was strangely drowsy.

"By Jove! old chap, don't go to sleep," came from Dan presently, in a tone of remonstrance.

I smiled apologetically to myself in the dim light.

"I do feel deuced sleepy," I answered; "up so late last night, I suppose."

"Your liver, old man," Dan retorted. "Better take some quinine, and turn in. I'll clear out. Suppose we'll pay the coolies to-morrow?"

"Good-night," I answered.

Dan's voice had sounded far away. On the western shore of our island the heavy breakers were sending their booming roar through the jungle, and my comrade's voice seemed to melt in their sonorous wail.

"By Jove—I'm—I'm in—for something!" I muttered, for I lifted a load of many tons as I struggled from the chair.

From the leaf roof just above a tucktaw lizard droned drearily, "Tucktaw, tucktaw-w-w!" winding up with his sneering drawl, "aw-w-w!"

Had Dan called? My senses were poppy shrouded. My eyelids clung to each other, and I lifted them with pain I reeled; my feet were encased in leaden boots; heavy manacles bound my limbs; my shoulders swayed

drunkenly. "Dan! Dan! see here, old chap! Yes, he must have spoken—it was his voice."

I clutched at the bamboo wall, and slipped down, down. There was something soothing in giving over the struggle, and I laughed idiotically as I swayed for a second on my knees.

Was I in bed—where——? Then came oblivion. This lasted for hours.

"Dan — Dan!" (somebody had fallen over me). "Dan, old man!" Then I laughed. "I say, I thought you'd gone home."

Indistinctly I could hear him running down the steps of the bungalow, and with a silly laugh I called after him, "You're full, Dan—have you been hitting my bottle?"

A laugh came back out of the dark. I struggled to my feet. What was I doing there, sleeping in the doorway?

I shambled to the bed, throwing myself upon it, dressed as I was.

Emir Alli's voice woke me, calling me to breakfast.

Instinctively I looked for my cash box. It was gone! The little table upon which it had rested was bare.

"I've been robbed!" I said to Emir Alli; "the box is gone!"

The servant stood thinking for a minute.

"Allah! Allah!" he exclaimed. "It is as they say of Taunla, 'once he sees the silver he never gives up.'"

"Give the Friend Sahib my salaams, and ask him to come quick," I commanded.

Dan laughed when I asked him if he had fallen over me in the night, for I could remember it like a dream.

"Somebody drugged you," he said.

"The cook did that," I declared.

"But Taunla took the rupees," said Emir Alli.

"The *budmash* got them at last," muttered Dan, half in admiration for the villain's persistence.

"Hardly," I retorted.

"It looks like it," said Dan, nodding toward the empty table.

I unlocked my trunk, and my friend smiled in approbation when he saw the silver still safe.

"But also, old man, I am seven kinds of a long-eared goat, for I did this unwise thing. Because of the cook's thief eyes, I put the rupees here, thinking he might find a key for the box. But in it were papers more valuable to me than this bag of coin—a gold watch, a couple of one hundred rupee notes, and other belongings."

"He can't do anything with the notes," Dan declared.

"No, he can't. Nobody will take them unless he signs them, and he'll hardly do that."

"The cook is at the bottom of it," my friend declared, "and we'd better nab him and search his box."

"Don't do that, Sahib," pleaded Emir Alli. "Taunla will have everything, and you will find nothing. Don't let the cook know that you suspect him, but set a man to watch."

There was a consolation in realising that the persistent dacoit had so far made little gain to himself, though the loss of the papers would practically nullify six months' toil.

"We must have the police sergeant start his men after Taunla," I exclaimed.

But again Emir Alli objected. "The black police will not catch Taunla, and you will not get the papers back, Sahib. Let it be known that you will give a reward for your box; let the cook know this, then wait, Sahib; something will happen."

To have said nothing to the cook would have aroused his suspicion as effectually as charging him with the theft; he would have surmised that he was being watched secretly.

When summoned before us, he, of course, protested ignorance—he was a poor man that went to his family in the village at night, sometimes, and even last night he had been away. There were opium smokers all about, and some of them had done this wicked thing. Did he not eat the salt of my giving? Therefore, how could he think of stealing the good sahib's rupees?

It seemed positively wicked to disbelieve so holy a man—one so full of

allegiance. He must help us to catch the thief. Even if he got back but the papers, there would be for him, worthy cook, a hundred rupees. If I would grant him leave he would try to find the debased children of unrighteous mothers who had looted me.

The Friend Sahib opined that we must shadow the cook, but Emir Alli said, "No. In the jungle the wicked eye of Taunla reaches two *koss*, while the sahib's reaches one. If you follow the cook we will come by nothing. Let him go, and wait."

That day we saw nothing, nor heard anything. The next day a note written in Burmese was brought to me. It was from Taunla, and stated that if I would go alone at midnight to the Temple Hill I would hear the call of the king pigeon. If I answered, it would call again, and so going, answering and listening, I would come to one who would give me the stolen box, with its contents, in exchange for two hundred rupees. If I did not come alone, I would not hear the bird call, and would see nothing. Also if the black police came with me they would attain to Nirvana, for most undoubtedly they would be shot.

"He's a cool chap," Dan volunteered when I had finished reading the note.

"Can't we hide at the temple, Emir Alli," I asked, "and bag this cheeky sweep?"

"No, Sahib," my servant answered, "there will be spies watching the road to the pagoda. But this is the way, Sahib. Taunla is not a jungle dweller; even now he will be at some village. The villagers would not dare to speak of his being with them; also he will give them opium. The hill where are the cave temples is two hours from here, and one hour from there is the village of Mybo, and that is the home of the cook. Therefore Taunla will be at Mybo."

"We would better go right away and take him," I cried eagerly.

"No, Sahib. Taunla will come to the temple to-night. I will ask of the cook about the path to the cave hill, and he will think you are going there. Then to-night we will all go to sleep, and the cook will go away to his village and tell Taunla. When it is near midnight, we will take the police and go by another road to Mybo, and wait in the jungle till Taunla is going back to the village."

That night we followed out Emir Alli's plan, and about eleven o'clock slipped from our bungalow so quietly that no one knew. In two hours of the jungle path Emir Alli stopped us; we were near to the big rice fields, now in stubble, that lay between us and Mybo. There were two paths from the rendezvous the dacoit had named, and we split our forces. Dan and two police would guard one, while Emir Alli, a Punjabi policeman and I myself watched the other.

Once I had suggested to Emir Alli that we wait in the village for the dacoit's home-coming, but he answered that the pariah dogs would do nothing but howl while we were there, because of their dread of the sahibs, and Taunla would know.

We took our places just a little in the jungle, and waited quietly beside the footpath.

"Taunla would wait an hour at the Temple for the Sahib," Emir Alli said; "then he will sleep a little in the jungle, and will come to Mybo at daylight. He will not come in the dark for fear of a trap. He will watch the village from the edge of the jungle for an hour, and will know, because of the dogs and whether the children are at play, if there is a sahib there in hiding."

In spite of my servant's reasoning, we sat through the hours of darkness alert, rifles in hand.

All the dwellers of the jungle discovered our presence. Incessant, stealthy noises came to my ear as I sat cramped and uncomfortable. Creep, creep, creep, the stealing footstep of some curious animal, then a startled gasp, a scurry through the leaves burned to crispness by the hot days of the dry time, as a jackal or a barking deer or a wild boar, or perhaps even a

cheetah, fled in haste from the disconcerting discovery of the presence of humans.

My watch was the experience of Tantalus; the biting red ants foraged up my legs; the small green flies, that scorch where they touch, sought to home in my eyes and ears; and all the time the ever-present thought of a cobra or his silent, vicious compatriot, the red-eyed kharite, might seek the comforting warmth of my body as I lay, wedded to stillness, in his jungle home. The stalking of Taunla was undesirable sport.

Gradually through the thick jungle crept a warning of approaching light. The darkness seemed to vibrate tremblingly as if it gathered its black skirts for flight. A jungle cock sent forth his shrill clarion three times, and from a tall cottonwood a hornbill screeched back harshly.

Suddenly turmoil came to us from Dan's station; there were cries of disorder, a policeman's challenge, a ringing shot. We sprang to our feet.

"Taunla!" Emir Alli ejaculated. "Come quickly, Sahib!" And down the jungle path we sped with swiftness.

For a hundred yards I raced at Emir Alli's heels, when, suddenly taking a sharp kink that was in the footpath, we smashed into the forms of men running in the opposite direction.

The collision was fierce—Emir Alli was swept to one side like a reed, and something of weight crashed into me, carrying me to earth, and hurling my gun ten feet into the jungle. The something was my own cash box.

Springing to my feet, I saw the upward cut of a *dah*, and just in time Emir Alli threw himself like a tiger upon the man.

The Punjabi went down in a crumbled heap from a cut over the head. I saw his assailant was Taunla.

Then without looking back, with no word of regret to the fallen Punjabi, the nimble dacoit sped toward the village.

I followed, pulling my revolver from the holster as I ran, and shouting back to Emir Alli, "Stay with the cash box!" On by the winding path, catching tantalising glimpses of the robber, past where he had rested through the night, out from the forest cover into a thicket of elephant grass and swamp bush I chased.

Taunla was heading for the paddy-fields, and inwardly I surmised that I had him. I could outrun any Burman in the open, I knew. Taunla's gun, like my own, had tumbled in the collision, and my revolver was more than a match for his *dah*.

Almost cheerfully I swung along, letting Taunla race a little to the front, nursing my speed for the half mile of open course that was the paddy-fields.

Taunla had switched to the right; I caught glimpses of his brilliant *putsoe* flickering through the thick bushes. Why was he not heading for the village, which was to the left?

Presently this little eccentricity of the dacoit's was explained to me. The path we followed ran through a mire, thick bushes on either side, and tortuous as a corkscrew.

As I took one of the sharp turns, my eyes straight ahead in quest of the fleeing one, my legs struck into something that moved ponderously upward. And because of this impediment I dove head first into the mud and water.

As I scrambled to my feet I saw it was a water buffalo. Pig-like in his habits, he had been sleeping in the cooling mud. Other huge elephantine forms were looming all about me, uttering plaintive little grunts of disapprobation.

Twenty yards farther and I shot suddenly out into the paddy-fields, only to see, with a thrill of dismay, a rim of buffalo, standing fan-like, their heads toward me. And beyond, having slipped through between them, the figure of Taunla, his brown eyes twinkling derisively as they carried him over the tawny field of cropped rice straw.

The situation flashed upon me with instantaneous brevity. These half-wild creatures, familiar with the natives, had taken no notice of the Burman, but the scent of the white man was as the scent of a tiger in their nostrils.

Behind me from the marsh the buffalo were coming in another solid body. Well I knew that little squeal that was of anger and meant danger.

As I stood for an instant, irresolute, not knowing which way to turn, the mocking voice of Taunla carried back to me on the still morning air, crying, "*Chico, Thakine!*" (My regards, your Honour).

I did not answer him; I had more pressing business in hand. If I faltered, if I ran, I should be overtaken, and the long, needle-pointed horns would pierce me like the thrust of many spears. To stand my ground was but putting off the moment of destruction. Not even the jungle king, the tiger, faces a water buffalo when he is aroused.

The bulls were pawing the earth, shaking their heads, and their small, vicious pig-eyes flashed lurid and red in angry distrust. There was one possible chance of escape—if I could break the line. Their hostility had its origin in fear—fear of the strange creature, the white man with his unfamiliar scent. It was a great hazard, but the only chance remaining; in two seconds it might be too late—the line of buffalo coming up from the swamp was not fifty feet away.

Taking my big white hat in my left hand, I swung it about my head, and firing my revolver and yelling like an Indian, I charged back at the mob of buffalo fringing the swamp.

For a second the line held; then the buffalo in the centre wavered, snorted and swerved sideways; the others gave way, and a stampede began. Like two great wings, the mud-plastered brutes swept by me, breaking into a run, and thundered over the paddy-fields, their huge hoofs beating the sun-burned earth until the air palpitated with the sound as of drums.

Even Taunla might be ground to powder in that rush if once overtaken. Breathless, I stood watching the blue-black line, an undulating engine of death, sweeping resistlessly onward, behind the clever *budmash* that had led me to their favourite haunt, knowing that they would take me in hand.

Then I turned and hastened back toward the scene of the meeting in the narrow path. I found Dan and his party there, and, in custody, the cook. It was he, hastening from the village in the early dawn, that had started the uproar in their camp.

And Emir Alli and my Punjabi had captured Taunla's companion. The morning's *shikarri* had netted us the cook, a dacoit, and my papers recovered without ransom.

Taunla had escaped.

SEA-DRIFT

BY INGLIS MORSE

OFT have I wandered by the sea
While the stars rose o'er the night,
And my soul caught up the song
Of the years that rolled in flight.
Then from afar o'er the Sea of Time
Come the drift of weed and shell,
And a thousand mystic memories
Born of the sea-waves' spell.

ROBERTS AND THE INFLUENCES OF HIS TIME

By JAMES CAPPON, Professor of English, Queen's University

VI—POETRY OF THE CITY. NEW YORK NOCTURNES. EROTIC POEMS. THE ROSE OF LIFE. CONCLUSION

N 1896, or thereabouts, Mr. Roberts resigned his Professor's chair at King's College, Nova Scotia, and went to New York to push his literary career there. Years before, indeed, in one of his poems, "The Poet Bidden to Manhattan Island," he had hinted he might have to leave a country which was too poor to pay its authors, at least its poets, suitably:

> You've piped at home, where none could pay,
> Till now, I trust, your wits are riper.
> Make no delay, but come this way,
> And pipe for them that pay the piper!

Possibly the reasons for the migration of our Canadian poet lay deeper. In a more tranquil age he might have been content to go on writing Canadian lyrics and idylls and drawing the modest academic salary; and who knows but some day that ardent, aspiring genius of his which has tried so many forms might at last have found a supreme one and produced an immortal song? But the fever of the time has got into the blood of our literary men. The immense, cheap successes of the popular novel and play and the opulence of the successful journalist in the great cities have unsettled them. They seek the support of professional circles and syndicates, of patriotic associations and popular fashions; above all, they seek the support of an atmosphere which has a certain stimulating effect on their faculties, mainly in the direction, I think, of forcing a more rapid adjustment of their powers to the calls of the day and the hour. Spenser might write his great ideal song in the Irish wilds of Kilcolman, but our characteristic modern works with their near actuality of theme, the poetry of Henley, the comedies and literary criticism of Howells, the stories of Harding, come from men who breathe the atmosphere of our great cities. Their writings reflect the quickly passing spirit of the time, often of the hour, in which they live, and their material is of a raw kind, hard to transform into the highest moulds of art, because it consists of types and a social environment which they can hardly yet feel, any more than Jane Austen did in her novels, in their full and pathetic significance. Even Thackeray's strongest figures, his Colonel Newcomes and Rawdon Crawleys and his wonderful journalists, were reminiscences with a soft shading of the past about them, rather than mere transcripts of the passing day. But that is by the way, though it is not without its bearing on the new "poetry of the city" which Mr. Arthur Symons declares is the true form of poetry "which professes to be modern."

Mr. Roberts did not use to have so high an opinion of the "heedless throngs and traffic of cities" as he describes them in one of his poems, but like every one else he feels the set of the tide in these days. Accordingly his *New York Nocturnes*, the latest of the collections in this one volume edition, is a contribution to this "poetry of the city."

The romance of New York at night, the nocturnal brilliancy of its lighted pavements, the endless tide of movement, the fascinating privacy of its crowds, Mr. Roberts has come to think that there is poetry there as well as in the vale of Tempe and Canadian forest clearings. So there is, though the characteristic quality and aroma of it may be another matter. He does not, however, attempt to treat the subject with the breadth and boldness

of Mr. Henley's *London Voluntaries*, where the English poet struggles hard to render in the freest and most adaptable form of verse the elemental vigour and movement of city life,

> This insolent and comely stream
> Of appetence, this freshet of desire.

Mr. Roberts does, however, give us some vivid impressionistic pictures of city phenomena at night:

> Above the vanishing faces
> A phantom train fares on
> With a voice that shakes the shadows,—
> Diminishes, and is gone.

But there is less of this kind of work in the *New York Nocturnes* than one might have expected from a hand so deft with the impressionistic brush in other regions. The fact is, that in these poems the poet has begun to gravitate in another direction, towards the sentimental and erotic poetry of the Rossetti school. That is the form in which he now seeks to escape from the moral commonplace which holds us all in its clutches. The roar of Broadway at night, the thunder of the elevated railway and the glare of light at the railway station, are but the environment of "Me and Thee," of a passion that expresses itself with all the warm abandonment of the poet of the Religion of Beauty:

> The street is full of lights and cries,
> The crowd but brings thee close to me.
> only hear thy low replies;
> I only see thine eyes.

That is an epitome of the *New York Nocturnes*. It is a new Laura, whose phantom-like existence in the background of these poems is the artistic support for the poet's fancy, a Laura not enshrined as once by the running streams and woods, and the *aer sacro sereno* of Valclusa, but met amidst the hurrying throngs of Sixth Avenue or trysting at the New York Central Station.

The poetry of *New York Nocturnes* marks the beginning of a change in Mr. Roberts which amounts almost to an entire transformation of his literary or poetic ideals. One whole phase of his poetic career has come to an end, and he is to live, at any rate he is to write, less under those old influences which emanated from Rydal Mount and Concord and other sacred seats of the Muses, and more under those of our new literary, democratic Bohemia represented by poets like Mr. Henley, who sings of London crowds, and has transferred Pan from Mount Mænalus to Piccadilly. The poetry of *Actæon* and the *Sonnet Sequence* and *The Book of the Native* belonged essentially in its spirit and its form to the great orthodox traditional schools of the nineteenth century. It had all the reverence and decorum of priestly and prophetic utterance, it was full of chaste reticence and high conventions. The new poetry of the *Nocturnes* and *The Rose of Life* is the poetry of an age which is filled with the desire of life and eager to gratify every sense, an age which has given up the pale doctrine of self-suppression. It was only the other day Mr. Swinburne was singing its song of triumph in *Harper's Monthly*, and congratulating it on having escaped from the shadow of that dread God of the Hebrews:

> The dark old God who had slain him grew one with the Christ he slew,
> And poison was rank in the grain that with growth of his Gospel grew.
> And the blackness of darkness brightened, and red in the heart of the flame,
> Shone down as a blessing that lightened, the curse of a new God's name.
> Through centuries of burning and trembling belief as a signal it shone
> Till man, soul sick of dissembling, bade fear and her frauds begone.
> . . . .
> The song of the day of thy fury when nature and death shall quail,
> Rings now as the thunders of Jewry, the ghost of a dead world's tale.

That way of looking at the history of mankind, through the blood-shot eyes of a Mænad, one might say, is surely not a very wise one. If the white man's civilisation means anything we can be proud of, it means that he has not only kept clear of deifying the orgiastic instinct in human nature, but that on the whole he has not imposed greater restrictions on his life than were good for him at the time, or used stronger sanctions than were necessary to enforce them. So far as

he tended in the past to raise altars either to Moloch or to the Pandemian Venus, it was the worship of the "dark old God of the Hebrews" mainly that suppressed the tendency. The temporary tyranny of sects and hierarchies has little to do with the fundamental aspects of the matter. You cannot read man's history profitably as that of a nigger escaped from the lash, nor celebrate it wisely with Phrygian timbrels; no, not even if you have the ear of an Apollo for lyrical melody.

Naturally one of the notes to make itself more clearly heard in the new poetry is the erotic one which Rossetti, then singing in the colder atmosphere of another generation, introduced, in a delicate, mystic Dantean form, into English poetry. This is the dominant note in Roberts' latest volume, *The Rose of Life*. The erotic poetry of that volume has something of the delicate reserve which characterises the vein of Rossetti, and it combines, in much the same way as he does, æsthetic self-abandonment with the mystic idealism of the *Vita Nuova*. To look on the beloved one is to understand the secret of the universe, "the meaning of all things that are." * Mr. Roberts makes use of this sentiment with characteristic vigour:

> The world becomes a little thing;
> Art, travel, music, men
> And all that these can ever give
> Are in her brow's white ken.

Sometimes, indeed, he uses it with more vigour than delicacy:

> How little I knew, when I first saw you,
> And your eyes for a moment questioned mine,
> It amounted to this—that the dawn and the dew,
> The midnight's dark and the midmoon's shine,
> The awe of the silent, soaring peak,
> The hárebell's hue and the cloud in the blue,
> And all the beauty I sing and seek,
> Would come to mean—just you!

There is something of the recklessness of the *improvisatore* in that assembly of images.

* Rossetti; The House of Life, Sonnet XXVII.

This mystical element, however, which comes all the way from Dante and the Italian sonneteers of the 14th century, is frequently steeped by the modern poet in a warmer atmosphere of sense-impression than was the custom with the poet of the *Vita Nuova* at least. Roberts' *Altar* has the full red of the erotic chord:

> The pulses of your throat
> What madness they denote to me,—
> Passion, and hunger, and despair,
> And ecstacy and prayer to me!
>
> The dark bloom of your flesh
> Is as a magic mesh to me,
> Wherein our spirits lie ensnared,
> Your wild, wild beauty bared to me.

Indeed, there is the same ethical variety or heterogeneity in Roberts' new erotic vein as there is in his other poetry. In the poem which gives its title to this volume, *The Rose of Life*, the sentiment has the peculiar bitter savour which you find in Beaudelaire or Swinburne.

The Rose asks "Why am I sad?" that is, what is the meaning of this infinite sadness and subtlety in Desire? And a Wind, "older than Time" and "wiser than Sleep," replies:

> The cries of a thousand lovers,
> A thousand slain,
> The tears of all the forgotten
> Who kissed in vain,
> And the journeying years that have vanished
> Have left on you
> The witness, each, of its pain,
> Ancient, yet new.
> So many lives you have lived;
> So many a star
> Hath veered in the signs to make you
> The wonder you are!
> And this is the price of your beauty:
> Your wild soul is thronged
> With the phantoms of joy unfulfilled,
> That beauty hath wronged,
> With the pangs of all secret betrayals,
> The ghosts of desire,
> The bite of old flame, and the chill
> Of the ashes of fire.

Something of the livid vein of Beaudelaire has begun to tinge the the bright red of Rossetti there. There is a perceptible odour of those poison-flowers of the French poet which bloom only in charnel-houses and have the scent of death about them. The poem

would read impressively as a characterisation of some type of beauty like Swinburne's *Faustine*. There is a kinship in the thought of the two poems as well as in certain subtleties of style and rhythm:

> For in the time we know not of
> Did fate begin
> Weaving the web of days that wove
> Your doom, Faustine?

The poetry of Roberts' last volume seems to take us a long way from the poet of "The Songs of the Common Day" and "The Book of the Native," with their sober Wordsworthian tones and pious sublimities. But we need not mistake. It is only a canter which Roberts, the artist, is taking into that region of

> Fierce loves and lovely leaf-buds poisonous,

No doubt, the change of note denotes some change of intellectual centre in the artist's life and some liberation of sentiment due to a change in his circumstances. But the very variety of ethical tone in Roberts shows how much poetry is to him a matter of art, rather than the deep, essential distillation of his life, the concentrated essence of it from which everything secondary and derivative is excluded as valueless. The title of one of his volumes, "In Divers Tones," might be written over them all. The moral impulse toward song which is so pure and unisonant in the poetry of a Longfellow and a Wordsworth, for example, and for that matter in a Rossetti and Beaudelaire also, is capable of assuming any shape in Roberts with the greatest facility. Sometimes it is a Wordsworthian moral that inspires him as in the sonnet, *Where the Cattle Come to Drink:*

> A lesson of the calm of humble creed,
> The simple dignity of common toil
> And the plain wisdom of unspoken prayer.

Sometimes it is the call of Tennysonian lyrical sentiment and melody:

> Oh, clear in the sphere of the air,
> Clear, clear, tender and far.

Sometimes it is the blood-red glare of Swinburne's vision and his fiercely urged phrase, as in *Khartoum:*

> Set in the fierce red desert for a sword
> Drawn and deep-driven implacably! The tide
> Of scorching sand that chafes thy landward side
> Storming thy palms.

Sometimes it is Rossetti's imaginative self-abandonment to dream and desire, as in *A Nocturne of Trysting:*

> And life and hope and joy seem but a faint prevision
> Of the flower that is thy body and the flame that is thy soul.

Or it is the solemn, religious strain of *Ascription:*

> O thou who hast beneath thy hand.

Or it is a note from Browning, or it is still surviving in his muse, the languor of Keatsian reverie. In this very volume of *The Rose of Life*, filled as it is with subtle perfumes from the poetry of Rossetti and Swinburne, there is also a capital imitation of Kipling's manner in the poem called *The Stranded Ship*, which has all the swing of that master's verse and his healthy feeling for the romance of modern adventure:

> No more she mounts the circles from Fundy to the Horn,
> From Cuba to the Cape runs down the tropic morn,
> Explores the Vast Uncharted where great bergs ride in ranks,
> Nor shouts a broad "Ahoy" to the dories on the Banks.

But that a poet could, even from the point of view of mere art, write poems of such diversity of tone, is a striking illustration of the curious breadth and complexity of the spirit of our time. It is the old story of the Renaissance over again, with its desire to lay hold of every side of life, and that mixture of sentiment which Browning has satirised in the Bishop of St. Praxed's:

> That bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
> Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
> Some tripod, thyrsus, and a vase or so,
> The Saviour at his sermon on the Mount,
> Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
> Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
> And Moses with the tables.

But our more self-conscious age cannot attain to such breadth without feeling the moral contrarieties there are to dispose of.

There are samples, also, of our old friend, the cosmic process in poetry, in this volume, and a psychological poem *On the Upper Deck*, which leaves a somewhat faint impression on the mind as of a Gibson young man and woman playing at poetry and Browning. Some light lyrics in Part II are amongst the best things in the book. *Shepherdess Fair*, for example, covers a fine gravity and truth of feeling under a light play of fancy:

O shepherdess brown, O shepherdess fair,
Where are my flocks you have in care?
My wonderful, white, wide-pasturing sheep
Of dream and desire and tears and sleep,
Many the flocks, but small the care
You give to their keeping, O shepherdess fair!

O shepherdess gay, your flocks have fed
By the iris pool, by the saffron bed,
Till now by noon they have wandered far,
And you have forgotten where they are!

O shepherdess fair, O shepherdess wild,
Full wise are your flocks, but you a child!

You shall not be chid if you let them stray
In your own wild way, in your own child way,
You will call them all back at the close of day.

Large brain and soul, and many-hued web of thought, dream and desire, all in the keeping of sweet and twenty, who is distractingly naive—a fancy worthy of Heine, and set to words which have something of his charm without his bitterness.

As one may see from that last poem, Roberts has a true gift for lyrical verse. Nothing he writes in that way is ever wanting in vigour and natural freedom of movement. He has not the same command of the high and more sedate harmonies of blank verse. That is a great and treacherously smooth sea in which, if he does not quite sink, he soon begins to show a jaded and mechanical action. Monotony, unmeaning emphasis, solemnly factitious pauses, forced rushes of melody, cadences abruptly quenched in the sand-flats of the next line, these are the penalties for him who ventures over-boldly. But in lyrical measures, and especially in light movements, Roberts' verse has admirable qualities, truth of accent, spontaneity and vigour of movement, the nobler elements in metrical art. He has nothing of the smooth and subtle workmanship which is the pride of the modern æsthetic school. He may at times have a Tennysonian smoothness of effect but it is not a native quality of his verse. It is noticeable, however, that in his last volume the moulds of his verse are fresher and more modern than the old ones which he learned in the school of Tennyson and Longfellow. There is more freedom in the new metrical moulds and a cunning use of iterations and disguised refrains which in such clever hands gives an ear-haunting quality to the verse.

On the whole this new volume shows a certain novelty of tone and treatment and a tendency to introduce more rounded and concrete shapes of life into his poetry which may have considerable significance for the poet's future. Perhaps our best Canadian poets have devoted themselves too much to an almost abstract form of nature poetry which has too little savour of the national life and the national sentiment about it and is more dependent on literary tradition than they seem to be aware of. Mr. Drummond with his Habitant idylls is of course a notable exception, and the success they have met with shows what a ready public after all there always is for a true and lively presentation of life. It may be said that the vehicle which he uses, the broken English of Jean Baptiste, can hardly be considered a classical form for the expression of French-Canadian character:

Yes—yes—Pelang, mon cher garçon!
I t'ink of you. t'ink of you, night an' day,
Don't mak' no difference seems to me
How long de tam you was gone away.

After all it is hard for a French-Canadian to get over the fact that the language in which Marie really thinks of her Pelang is not that but something nearer the sweet note of *La Claire Fontaine*. Truly it was a different ideal which that finely cultured

school of French-Canadian writers, Crémazie, Fréchette, Gérin-Lajoie and others, old now or passed away, had formed for the presentation of the *habitant's* life and ways in *Les Soirées Canadiennes* of forty years ago. Prose of Bernardin de Saint Pierre and verse modelled on Lamartine and the early Hugo, where be ye now? Yet a touch of nature is worth all the culture in the world for popular poetry, and one has only to see an Ontario audience listening to Dr. Drummond's simple but effective way of reciting his poems to understand that, for the English Canadian at least, that language has the stamp of reality and carries with it a true suggestion of the *habitant's* life and character. In its way, therefore, it is a living language, and may be classed with the German-English of Hans Breitmann and the Chicago-Irish of Mr. Dooley as an artistic form of one of those new vernaculars which have arisen in the widely spread territories of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The true Canadian poet will be he who manages to get the right materials of Canadian life into his song in such a way that all the world may feel what it is that gives Canada character and significance amongst nations. I do not mean that we need any more heroic odes on Canada, or celebrations of Lundy's Lane or Chrysler's Farm, but rather a kind of poetry which is able to present the vital features of Canadian life in ordinary scenes and incidents which we recognise with pride and tenderness as distinctively national. It all lies in that "pride and tenderness." That has always, of course, been the line of the great popular or national poet, and nothing less popular seems capable of catching the ear of the democracy of our time. It is not absolutely necessary to be dramatic in form in order to do this. The lyric or descriptive poet has many means of doing it. When Burns sings:

> The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
> The wind blaws loud frae ower the ferry,

it is only a farewell song, but it twines into itself characteristic threads of Scottish life and some memories which are deep-seated in the hearts of the poet's countrymen. The Scot can see that little boat rocking at the wet steps of the old stone pier and hear that cold northern blast whistling through the rigging of the emigrant brig in the roadstead, and the chances are it minds him of more than one Willie or Tammas that he is not like to see again. At least it meant all that to the Scot of fifty years ago, and something of the power of its appeal remains with us still. But of course it would be vain for the poet of Ontario or Nova Scotia to try and wake those old chords in the same way. It would even be vain for him to use that language and its cadences, or any modification of that "rustic, hamely jingle" of old Scotia which was so powerful an instrument in the hands of Burns. The poetry of that hardy, self-taught Canadian Scot, Alexander McLachlan, for example, is sincerely enough felt. But though his subjects are Canadian pictures of pioneer farming and the like, his peculiarly Scotch strain, with its pathos, its reverence and its radicalism all so distinctively Scotch, does not make any universal appeal to Canadian readers except as the faint echo of an old song. It can never interpret the spirit and character of the modern democracies of to-day. It is too pathetically naive and tender for that, too much burdened with the sense of a past which is no longer a vital element in the Canadian consciousness.

At present, however, Mr. Roberts seems to have no further thoughts of a Canadian idyll, as far as his poetry, at least, is concerned, but to be moving in the different direction of *New York Nocturnes* and Rossetti's *Worship of Beauty*. Bye and bye, I suppose we shall have airs from the *New Mysticism* of Miss Fionna Macleod and the Celtic School. Of course there is poetry enough to be found in any aspect of life. But its true quality will be extracted only by him who seriously de-

votes his life to it. Poetry which is drawn from any lesser depth is necessarily imitative in its type and of secondary value. Roberts, like some other of our contemporary writers, needs a sterner literary conscience and more respect for his public. His work belongs too much to the region of artistic experiment. His constant transformations, too, and the ethical heterogeneity of his work take away something of the impression of sincerity and depth which true poetry ought to give us, and which some, at least, of Mr. Roberts' poetry is capable of giving us.

But it is much too soon to write Finis in any estimate of Mr. Roberts' work. He has the true singing quality; and the want of ethical centre and grasp, which has been his weakness hitherto, is one which the years may mend, perhaps, more easily than anything else.

THE END

A DREAM OF SPRING

BY FLORENCE MACLURE

SPRING lay beneath a maple tree
And roused her from her rest,
The first shy zephyr floating by
Her fair, soft cheek caress'd.

Spring sat beneath the maple tree
And as she sat she smiled,
The little birds came flocking round
By that sweet smile beguiled.

Spring walked beneath the forest trees,
And as she walked she sang
With such a subtle sweetness, that
The flowers to greet her sprang.

Spring sat beside a brooklet gay,
And as she sat she sighed
A sigh of satisfaction great
That thrilled with joyous pride.

Spring lay beneath a maple tree,
No cares her mind distress'd,
The gentlest zephyr floated by
And sang her soul to rest.

CAPTURED RUSSIAN GUNS

In the first battle of the war, at the crossing of the Yalu, the Arisaka field guns of the Japanese completely outclassed the Russian artillery. The Japanese guns were also served by gunners who were more efficient by reason of greater skill and training. When that fight was over, many Russian guns remained in the hands of the victors, and it was so in nearly all the engagements of the year. Those shown in this picture were captured in Fort Taikozan. It is evident that the breech-blocks have been destroyed or carried away, although no doubt the systematic Japanese had provided for just such a contingency and were able to turn these guns against their former proprietors. The fortified mountain in the distance is one of many hundreds which the Japanese had to face.

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JAPANESE TRANSPORT WAGGONS

The British Army Transport Waggon is a lumbering affair, but capable of drawing heavy loads on Macadamised roads in good weather. The Japanese went into Corea and Manchuria prepared for a country where there were practically no roads and few bridges. In February they faced the ice-bound roads of Corea; in June they used the sun-baked, clay roads of Manchuria; in July and August, the wet season made the paths channels of mud. This picture shows the light waggons adopted by Japan for this campaign. Each may be pulled by a harnessed ox as they were in Corea, or by a horse as in Manchuria. Each might bear a load of ammunition, telegraph poles, planks for bridges, shelter-tents, or even provender for man and beast.

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WEARY TRANSPORT

The best of armies may not have enough of everything and, though Japan was well prepared for nearly every emergency, occasionally the best of native workmanship had to be used. Here are three-mule transport carts of a heavier, native make. The "home-made" wheels creak on wooden axles and gather a fair share of the sticky mud. And the load? The great-coats of the Mikado's soldiers. The weather is warm, the steady march day after day is tiring, the soldiers drop their great-coats and leave them to be gathered up and brought forward by the transport. Or it may have been a battle, and it may be that there are a few hundreds of the "little brown fellows" who have no further need of great-coats, no further interests in the transport of a great army. Their spirits which may hover over the battlefield or return to the atmosphere of Japan there to watch over the destiny of the family to which they belong and to do further work for the progress of the Empire.

The stone-fence, the high corn in which the armies occasionally secreted themselves, the mud road, the rambling Manchu farm-house in the distance—all these are characteristic of the country.

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THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS

No army ever marched forth to battle better fitted to fight disease than were the Japanese. Physically fit was the description of the athletic half-a-million whom Japan sent across to Manchuria. They were in good health when they started and were never allowed to get into a different condition. A daily bath was the rule if water was obtainable. Then there was the light aluminum canteen, the aluminum or woven willow panikins, the carefully fitted shoes and tight leggings, the trim, close-fitting garments—in strong contrast with the unsanitary wooden water-bottle, the bag of brown bread, the heavy, ill-fitting boots, the big trousers, the long, clumsy great-coat of the slow and stupid Russian. But even the mobile Japanese army met with disease and bullets, and more often with the latter. The shrapnel occasionally tore holes in the ranks; the cold steel at the crest of hills and parapets inflicted many severe wounds; and often there were long processions as shown in this picture. The wounded and the dead were carried in waggons, or on litters borne by four men, away to the rear where were the field-hospitals and the crudely-marked graves. Nothing marks the cruelty and devilishness of war more than scenes of this kind. At the lower right-hand corner, the ridge of broken rock is part of the embankment of the railway to Port Arthur—for this picture was taken less than five miles from that place. The telegraph wires are out of commission.

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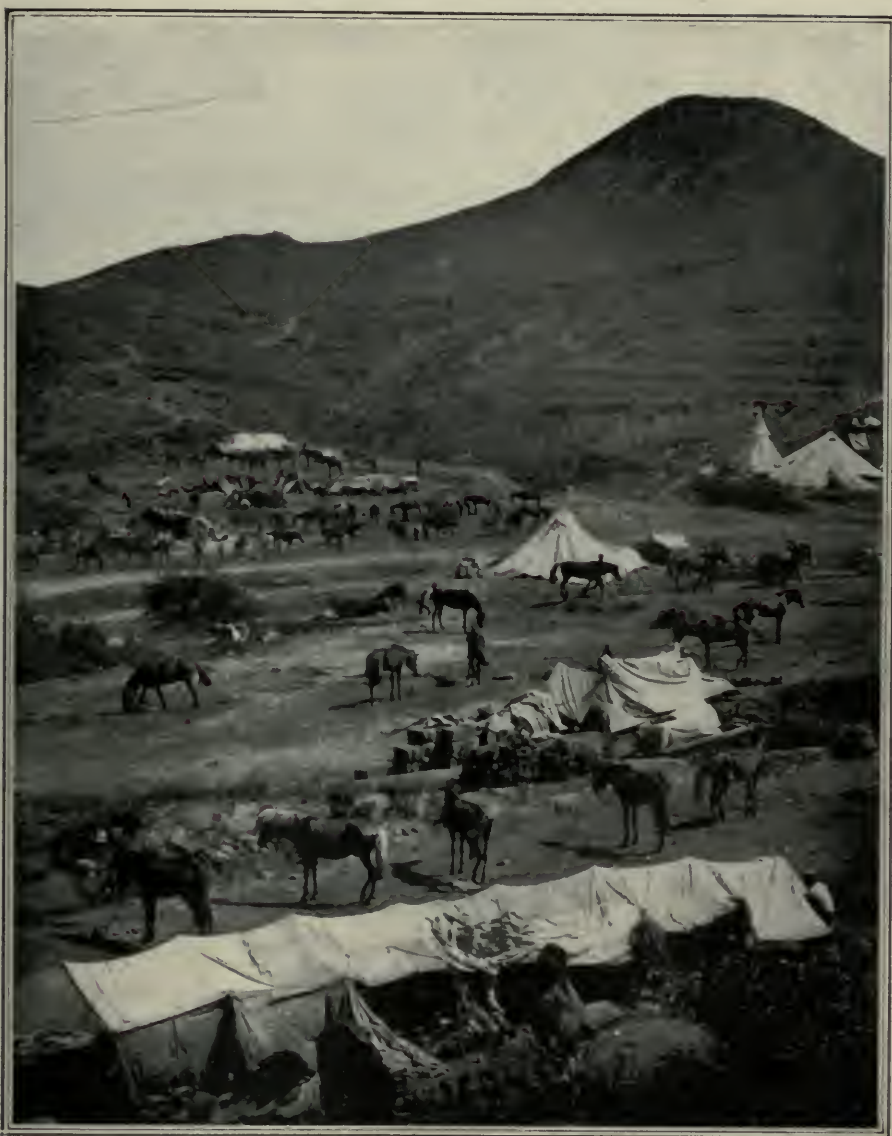

A JAPANESE CAMP BEFORE PORT ARTHUR

This picture presents a view of a camp of the third Japanese army in the siege line, looking north-west to Hoozan Hill, near Port Arthur. The horses of the cavalry are picketed about near the shelter-tents or are being led back from the creek where they have been watered. The soldiers are resting and awaiting fresh orders, while the engineers are working on new trenches and the big guns are thundering in their working of throwing shells into the fortifications. Even in this sheltered valley, an occasional Russian shell may burst and raise a cloud of dust. There were long periods of waiting for the cavalry and the infantry during the months which were required for the scientific, encircling attack which finally resulted in giving Japan possession of the fortress.

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A HUGE SIEGE GUN

Viceroy Alexieff believed in Port Arthur's impregnability. He boasted again and again that the Japanese would never take it. It was the emblem of his Eastern policy—a policy of expansion and exclusion. It embodied all his years of labour in China, his arrogance, his superiority, his sovereignty. He expected the Japanese to fight, but thought that their defeat would be an easy matter. He misjudged the enemy and he mistook the arrogance of himself and his officers for strength of character and military skill. The war tore away the mask and the incompetent, cowardly, besotted Russian officer stands revealed.

The Japanese entered Manchuria, crushed Stakelberg who marched to the assistance of threatened Port Arthur, and then ranged themselves round the doomed fortress. They had taken it in one day, back in 1894; now they were prepared to spend a month. As a matter of record, they spent nearly six. The sort of guns required to reach its vitals are pictured here—huge siege guns, mounted on permanent platforms suitable for the support of the intricate and delicate machinery used in the operating. These guns have a range of eight miles.

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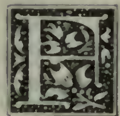
A RUNABOUT—AUTOCAR, TYPE X

THE MOTOR CAR OF 1905

By AUTOMOBILIST



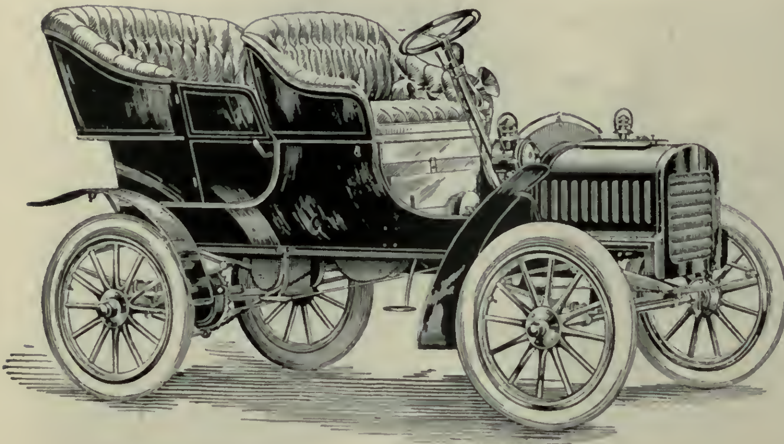
ADS have a habit of commercialising themselves into respectable customs. The motor car, while still to some extent a fad, is being rapidly commercialised.

The bicycle was a fad for years, but to-day it is a recognised method of transportation, though still used by certain classes for pleasure only. Its successor, the motor car, will degenerate into the commonplace much less quickly because of its greater cost, because its pleasure is secured with less physical exertion, and because it enables one person to add to the enjoyment of those whom he delights to please.

There is another feature of similarity in these two vehicles. Each machine owes much of its popularity to the fact that it enables the city resident to get out into the country. Only those cooped up in narrow streets and among high buildings, forced to breathe smoke-laden air for many hours a day, know how sweet and wholesome is the balmy country air, and how restful are the cool greens and browns of the rural landscape. In the United States and Great Britain the automobile has greatly increased the rush countrywards. The wealthy resident of the large city may go twenty miles from his place of business to his country-house in an hour. Or, if he boasts no country-house, he may spend the summer evenings giving his wife and children pleasant little excursions out through the parks and over the country roads. Saturday afternoon and holiday excursions are also popular.

The form of the motor car bears out this idea. The popular American vehicle of pleasure, where horses are the motive power, is the surrey with its two seats and with or without a

A RUNABOUT—NORTHERN



A CONVERTIBLE TOURING CAR—THE FORD, MODEL C

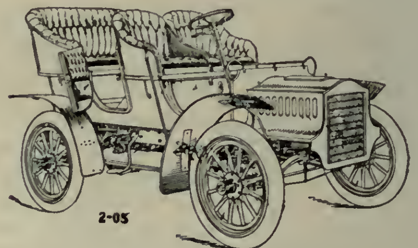
is just being introduced. Quebec, with a population of 70,000 people, had only four autos in 1904. In Montreal, only 60 licenses were issued last year. In the province of Ontario, where the roads and streets are more suitable, there were four hundred machines in use in 1904. There were no factories in Canada building gasolene autos, and only one make of electric runabouts.

cover. The popular motor car is an adaptation of this, with bulging seats, side entrances to the rear portion and with heavier and smaller wheels. The automobile of to-day is coming rapidly to a few types. The earlier vehicles were of a form peculiarly distinct from ordinary vehicles. The influences which made the surrey the popular vehicle have had the same effect on the automobile; hence the result stated. To the casual observer, most automobiles capable of carrying four persons look very much alike. Only the details are strikingly different.

It is but natural that Canada should be behind such countries as the United States, Great Britain and France in the use of automobiles. Not that we are less enterprising, but there is a difference between a small population and a large one, a thickly settled territory and the opposite. The roads in certain parts of Canada are good, but some of them are less than fifty years old. A macadam road requires age to bring it to perfection. Again, the Old Régime in Canada has left traces upon the cities of Quebec and Montreal in the matter of narrow, tortuous streets, which militate against the popularity of the swiftly-moving vehicle.

In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia—the most conservative parts of Canada—the automobile

The year 1905 promises a different condition of affairs. There will be three factories on this side of the border, there will be increased sales of machines of all classes, and more attention will be paid to the sport by all classes. Even business men will be compelled to seriously consider the possibilities of the auto in express, delivery and dray work. The snow and ice which coats our streets for three months in each year will retard this latter development until such time as the cities of Canada learn that all snow must be removed from business streets almost immediately after its arrival. The automobile is destined to change our idea of street cleaning and road building. The "good roads" movement gained much from the bicycle; it will gain even more from the auto.



A SINGLE CYLINDER—THE CADILLAC

THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW, TORONTO

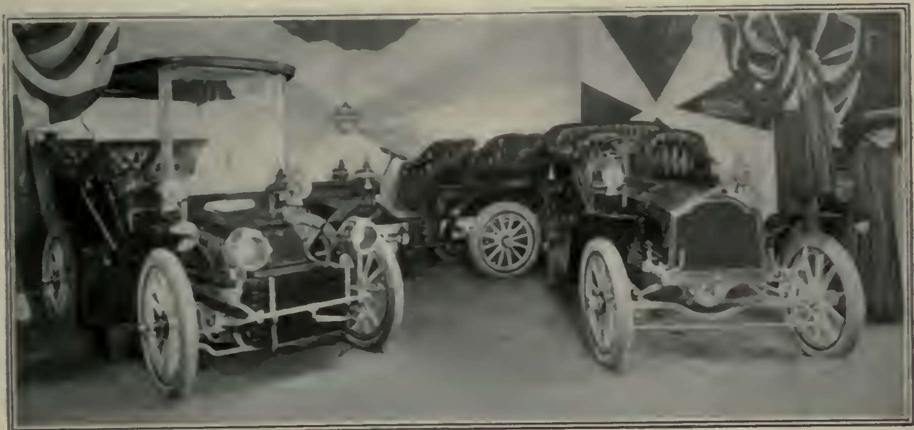
The automobile shows of London, New York, Chicago, and other centres, are the latest development in events which combine both social and business features

An idea of the variety and the similarity of the different makes may best be exhibited by a description of the leading makes now being offered to Canadian purchasers.

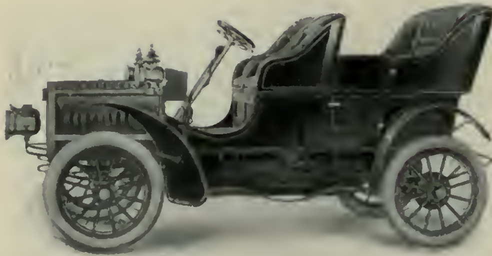
RUNABOUTS.

The runabout or two-passenger car suits people whose means are limited but yet sufficient to justify them in tasting this modern pleasure. It also is suitable for the business or professional man who prefers such a machine to a horse and trap.

The most modest car in this class is the Pope Tribune, manufactured by the celebrated Pope Manufacturing Co., for years known as the manufacturers of the Columbia Bicycle. This machine has a seven horse-power engine situated in front and drives through a sliding gear transmission to the rear axle. It has very handsome lines, and sells in Canada for $650.



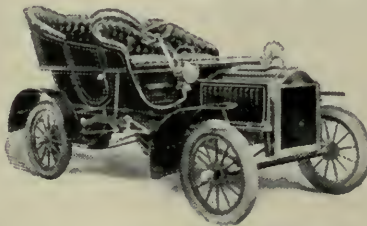
THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW, TORONTO



TWO-CYLINDER TOURING CAR—THE RAMBLER

The Autocar Type X, illustrated here, may be taken as a good type of United States runabout. It is ten horse-power, with two horizontal opposed cylinders in front under the hood. The control is on the left-hand side of the car. It has capacity for nine gallons of gasolene, sufficient for 150 miles.

The Northern Manufacturing Co. of Detroit have a nice runabout. It is a lower-priced machine with a single-cylinder horizontal motor. The engine is under the seat, not forward as in the Autocar.



TWO-CYLINDER TOURING CAR
THE OLDS

If, however, a purchaser desires to secure a city rig, his choice will perhaps settle upon an electric, of which the best known type is the Ivanhoe, manufactured in Canada by The Canada Cycle & Motor Co. It is of handsome design, has a mileage of about 40 miles on one charge, and thus makes an ideal carriage for physicians' use or for a city runabout.

LIGHT TOURING CARS.

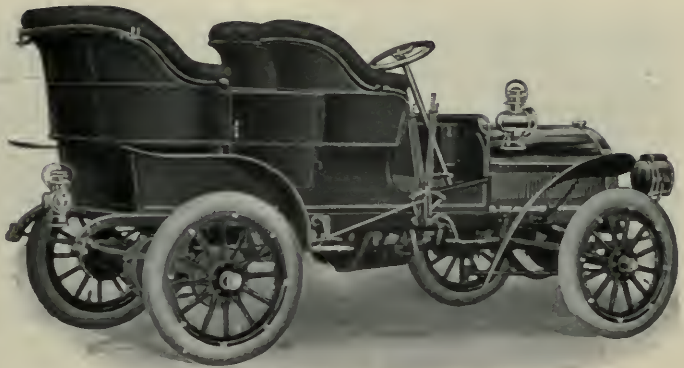
The next class of machines is the light touring car, usually equipped with a tonneau or rear seat which can be removed and so make a runabout to be used for conveyance of two passengers, while the additional rear seat on short notice converts it into a family carriage. This has been a popular style of car in America, and perhaps more of this variety have been sold than of any other one type.

The Cadillac Model F is a well-known, low-priced car of this type. It is a single-cylinder machine, with side entrance tonneau, individual front seats, selling at $950.00 in Detroit. The Cadillac machines have always been in evidence in Canada.

The Ford is a machine which is made in both Canada and the United States, the Canadian factory being situated at Walkerville. Their Model C, shown here, has a removable tonneau, and is listed at $1,100. It is a light and simple car which should find favour in this country. It has two cylinders, a maximum speed of 30 miles, weighs 1,250 pounds and is capable of going 180 miles with one filling of the gasolene tank. The engine is placed under the seat.

There is only one really "Made-in-Canada" touring car in existence, and that is The Russell. It appears for the first time this year. It is a medium-priced auto, capable of seating four persons comfortably. There is a fourteen horse-power, double-cylindered engine situated under the bonnet in front; a bevel gear drive direct to the rear axle; a gasolene capacity for two hundred miles; a side entrance tonneau, which is detachable; a slide gear transmission with three

FOUR-CYLINDER TOURING CAR
THE WINTON



A LIGHT FOUR-CYLINDER CAR—THE STEVENS-DURYEA

speeds forward and one reverse. The control is excellent, and the hang of the body gives a splendid spring. Naturally, Canadians will prefer a Canadian car if it meets their needs, and many will give this careful consideration. The writer has examined a great many cars during the past three years, and while it is not his business to recommend any make, he is free to say that the machine is a credit to Canadian mechanical skill. If the season's experience shows he quality to be first-class, this car should be very popular in 1906. The model decided upon shows considerable discretion and taste.

The Rambler, made in Kenosha, Wisconsin, is built this year in two models. Their Surrey Type 1, illustrated here, is the smaller car and is driven by a chain to the divided rear axle. The engine has two horizontal opposed cylinders hung below the frame of the machine. A long upright lever at the side regulates the clutches and the throttle is controlled by a light bronze wheel just under the steering wheel, to which is also attached the fuel regulating lever. This machine is eminently suited to the Canadian market.

The Olds are this year being made at St. Catharines for the Canadian trade. About 500 machines will be put together there. Their United States factory is one of the largest in that country, and Canada should be materially benefited by the entrance of so energetic an institution into the ranks of Canadian industries. The Olds, twenty horse-power touring car, a cut of which is shown, is an entirely new production. It is a double-cylinder machine with wheel steering gear, with surrey type of body and side entrance to tonneau. It has a seating capacity for five people. The gasolene capacity is fifteen gallons.

LIGHT FOUR-CYLINDER CARS

Heretofore the term four-cylinder as applied to automobiles meant large, heavy cars and high prices. The year 1905 has been marked by the advent into the market of an entirely new class of cars, viz., the light four-cylinder car, selling at from $2,000 to $3,000. These cars, of course, give a greater range of speed and power than the cars referred to in the preceding section. Their construction also tends to eliminate noise and vibration, and otherwise to make comfort and elegance

A FOUR-CYLINDER TOURING CAR—THE ROYAL TOURIST

A ROW OF PACKARDS, OWNED BY MEMBERS OF THE T. EATON CO.

in automobiling. Unquestionably cars of this design will be ready sellers during the coming season.

The Winton model "C" is one type of this car which perhaps will be sold at a lower price in Canada than any other well-known four-cylinder car. Its general construction is referred to again.

The Autocar is another popular car in this class. The makers of this car have already been known favourably in Canada in connection with the marketing of their runabout and two-cylinder cars. Their new four-cylinder car, cut of which is shown, is one of the most handsomely designed cars on the market, and the exposed chassis shown at New York and Chicago was one of the attractions of these exhibitions. The features of accessibility so noticeable in their runabout car are to the fore in this new model.

The Ford four-cylinder car is also a new comer this year with a 20 horse-power, four-cylinder engine under the bonnet in front, with a long wheel base and excellent spring suspension. It is going to prove one of the most popular cars of the year. It sells in Canada at $2,700.

The Stevens-Duryea is a name that has been synonymous with high grade construction in runabout cars this year. They offer a four-cylinder car with side entrance tonneau of special merit. Every attention has been paid to the reduction of weight. For this purpose the body is constructed of aluminum, and every possible ounce of weight has been removed throughout the frame.

The Darracq car will also be offered in the Canadian market this year in this light four-cylinder class. It is one of the well-known makes of French cars, and its sale in Canada this year marks the widening interest in automobiles in general. In 1904, the Darracq carried off first place at no less than sixteen of the large meets in France, Italy, Germany, Austria, England and the United States.

FOUR-CYLINDER TOURING CAR—THE DARRACQ

"TOP NOTCHERS"

There still remains the class of car which is purchased by the man who wants to get all that is given in automobile construction regardless of the cost. All of these machines are uniform in construction to the extent of employing four-cylinder vertical engines situated under the bonnet

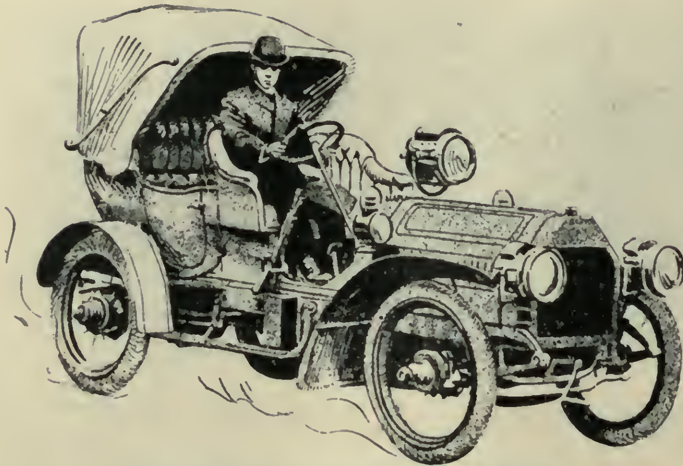
A LIGHT FOUR-CYLINDER CAR—THE AUTOCAR, 20 H.P.

in front. All of them are constructed with long wheel base, thus enabling them to accommodate themselves to our imperfect roads. Nearly all of them use the sliding gear transmission, giving three speeds forward and a reverse. Some of them have as many as four speeds. Some of the best of these cars are already well known to the Canadian public. The Peerless car, manufactured in Cleveland, became famous here last year through the phenomenal driving of Barney Oldfield. On this car all the track records from one to fifty miles were won during the past season.

The Thomas car, made in Buffalo by a manufacturer well known in Canada through the manufacture of the Cleveland bicycle in its early days, Mr. E. R. Thomas, is now well to the front. This machine appears in two models—one with 40 horse-power, and the other with 50 horse-power. One of the features of this car is the design of body on which the manufacturer holds a patent on account of its utility in turning the dust from the wheels backward in such a way as to remove it from the passengers.

The Pope Toledo car achieved its fame last year through the record it made in the various hill-climbing contests which were held under the auspices of the different automobile associations. This year the car was ex-

A FOUR-CYLINDER TOURING CAR—THE THOMAS



A FOUR-CYLINDER TOURING CAR—THE PEERLESS

hibited at the great Paris show, and is the only American touring car which has really begun to do business in Europe in competition with their own manufacture there.

The Packard four-cylinder car which is shown in this article has become so popular during the present season that already customers are offering from $300 to $500 premium in order to secure delivery of one of these cars. The Packard was subjected to a severe test last October. It was driven around a mile track a thousand times without stopping the motor. The time made, exclusive of stops, was a little less than thirty hours, or an average speed of 33⅓ miles. The drive is by bevel gearing instead of chain. The spark and throttle levers are both on the steering post. The price in the United States is $3,500.

The Winton is another car which has attracted Canadians. The four-cylindered vertical engine is in front, and the steering gear and body are much the same as in all high-priced cars. In accessibility, like other good cars, it shows considerable improvement over last year. The crank and gear cases have easily removed lids or sides, and all the working parts can be reached without difficulty. The pictures of chaffeurs, lying stretched out under their cars looking for complications, have apparently induced the makers of good cars to prevent such discouraging and uninviting scenes. One pedal and two levers control all transmission clutches and brakes—a sign of the striving after simplicity.

COMMERCIAL CARS.

The Oldsmobile manufactures Commercial Cars. Their light delivery car at $1,000 is suitable for florists, show dealers and other light work. Their

THE LOWEST-PRICED RUNABOUT—THE POPE TRIBUNE

heavy delivery car at $2,000 is capable of handling a ton, the engine developing sixteen horse-power. They also have a ten-passenger coach which is suitable for omnibus and stage coach service.

Only one commercial car is shown here, the Knox made at Springfield. Their No. 51 has a capacity for fourteen persons with a maximum speed of eighteen miles. They also manufacture delivery waggons and trucks of various kinds.

KNOX—COMMERCIAL CAR

SUNLIGHT

BY VERNON NOTT

KNOW ye the calling of the sunlight—
Lawn or meadow, woods and brooks?
What are critics, what is art, compared with sunlight—
What are libraries of books?
To a mortal in a mortal world there's one light,
Only one light
Clean and pleasant,
Free to millionaire or peasant:
And it's pleading, pleading, pleading, is the sunlight.
In the shadow 'neath the trees
And the cawing of the rooks,
In the whisper of the breeze
Thro' the leafy woodland nooks—
It is calling, calling, calling all who shun light,
To the blessing God has given,
Forth from manuscripts and books—
In His world from darkness riven,
You and me and everyone—
To the cleansing and the healing and the glory of the sun!
Heed ye the calling of the sunlight,
Summer, autumn, winter, spring!
What is money, what is fame, compared with sunlight,
But a very little thing?
El Dorado hath no treasure like this one light!
God's own sunlight,
Clean and healthy,
Holding life for poor and wealthy:
And its calling, calling you that seek to shun light
From your ledgers, ink and pens
To the joy of song and wing,
From your dingy, healthless dens
To the life the sunrays bring—
Will ye disregard the pleading of the sunlight?
See ye not, in mental squalor
Wrapt in purblind clamouring,
While ye breed the worshipp'd dollar,
Woe is to you, everyone.
For ye lose the priceless glory—all the glory of the sun!

"Quick, the knife," he gasped.—p. 541

Drawn by F. H. Brigden

Author of "How Hartman Won"

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off.

CHAPTER XIV

THE second night of the long march was passed by all in newly made shelters far away from human habitation. The sun was still above the horizon when the sleighs reached the little valley in which it was decided to pitch their camp for the night. The spot was well chosen, being sheltered from the winds, and lay close to a little tributary of the Shubenacadie.

Already the scouting party had commenced work. They had felled a big pine, directly across a narrow ravine, leaving space between it and the earth sufficient to utilise it as a beam pole for a large, improvised wigwam. Some of the men were chopping off the long branches and leaning them against the fallen trunk while others were cutting down saplings for a similar purpose.

"That's a good beginning," said the Colonel, as he stepped out of his sleigh and stretched his limbs after the cramping of the long drive. "A fine selection too, lots of water and no wind. Now every man must do his best. It will be dark in an hour and it will take until then for the troops to arrive. Chaplain, cannot you and the Doctor fix a place at one end of that shanty specially for Mrs. Manning, and make it snug and warm? She will have to camp out with her husband this time."

"That will be clerical work of a new kind," replied Mr. Evans with a laugh. "I can say grace over it while Beaumont does the fixing. How will that do?"

"Capital, if you will arrange the rugs and blankets while attending to your devotions," responded the Doctor. "I think the wigwam idea excellent. When hunting in winter I always prefer a shanty to a tent."

"Come along then," exclaimed the Chaplain. "I see they've got the poles up at that end already. If Madame will excuse us, we'll soon fix her little boudoir; and by the time Lieu-

tenant Manning arrives, he'll find his castle built and his lady waiting at the gate to receive him."

"It is very good of you," said Helen. But this time there was a look of apprehension upon her face, for they had hoped when starting to cover five more miles that day, in which case they would again have found a house for her to pass the night in. As it was, there was nothing but woods on every side, and even Harold could not arrive until the darkening.

Colonel Head's kindly eye noted the distress, which Helen was doing her best to hide.

"There is no help for it. We've got to take things as they are," he exclaimed, cheerfully. "It may be a good thing after all, that we can't cover the other five miles. The men are tired enough and this spot is simply ideal for a camping ground."

"I believe it is," returned Helen, who, in watching a dozen men swing their axes to good advantage, was regaining courage. "The women are helping and so shall I."

Every one worked with a will. Sir George, too, was constantly on the move, issuing orders and making suggestions to facilitate the completion of the preparations for the night. The experience in army life, which the soldiers' wives had learned in Europe, proved of advantage now. It was on this account they had been selected to accompany the column, and the wisdom of the choice was proving itself already. What added cheerfulness to the prospect, too, was the big fire of dead timber, built by the scouts.

Helen watched with interest the details of the work going on around her. She was laying in a store of knowledge for future use; and, before the wigwams and tents were ready for the night, she helped not a little to make them comfortable.

As the tired men marched down the hill to the camp, some of the wigwams were ready for occupation. The horses had been provided for in an enclosure made by arrangement of the sleighs; and supper was ready. Caldrons of pork and beans were sizzling on the fire, while tea and bread from the Halifax supply were there for all. The officers' mess, too, was a jolly one with its added fresh meat, biscuits and jam.

"My darling," said Harold to his wife after the meal was over and they stood together for a few minutes by one of the blazing fires. "I begin to realise now what you have sacrificed for me, and how much you were willing to endure."

"Don't talk in that way, please," she returned, pressing his arm, but at the same time dashing away a tear. "I was willing to come, Harold, and I have never been sorry that I did."

"And a brave little woman you are."

"I try hard. It will be easier when I get used to it. The worst of all is the loneliness, but that I knew would come."

"It is the hardest at the start, dearest," he said, holding her tighter by the hand.

"Forgive me, Harold. I know I am silly, but this is the anniversary of my mother's death. Is it any wonder that I should feel a little blue? But never mind my foolishness, I will be better to-morrow."

"Foolishness indeed! You are the dearest and best woman that ever lived. I had not forgotten either; and if I could I would have been with you all day."

"Well, I'm not going to be disconsolate any more," she exclaimed, in a gayer tone. "You have not seen the dainty little wigwam that the Doctor and the Chaplain have fixed up for us among the pine branches. They have covered the floor with pine needles. Then our bed is the funniest thing of all. It is a pile of small pine branches, covered with another of cedar. Over that are blankets, next a huge buffalo robe and pillows, and over all some more blankets and another buffalo robe on top. For a door you shove a slab of wood away and squeeze in. When inside you light a candle to find a sloping, branchy roof, seven feet high on one side and four on the other, with a

floor space that is quite large, and green branches all around."

"Is that your cozy corner, Mrs. Manning is talking about?" said Dr. Beaumont, who at this moment joined them.

"Yes, she is giving a graphic description of your skill as a builder," replied Harold, laughing.

"We did our best and the Chaplain said grace over it, too; but it is not much in the way of a lady's bedchamber; sans stove, sans windows, sans crockery, sans everything, but a place to sleep in," said the Doctor.

"Well, I only hope that your quarters will be as comfortable," was Helen's laughing comment.

"Thank you, we looked after that. What is more, we fixed our own bunk right next to yours, so that if anything happened to the queen of our party, we would be on hand to attend to her wants forthwith, whether medical or spiritual," rejoined the Doctor.

"How kind you are! What's that?" she exclaimed, turning her head to catch the sounds, for in the distance a long, shrill howl was heard.

"Dem's wolves, Madame," said Bateese, as he brought up another armful of wood for the fire. "Dere's anoder and anoder, sacré! de'll be lots o' dem to-night."

"What a gruesome sound!" exclaimed Helen with a shiver.

"The pack must be large," said Sir George, as he approached with Captain Payne. "You had better give orders," he continued to the latter, "to have big fires kept up all night. They say that when the wolves are numerous as well as hungry, they will even attack a camp if not well guarded. What do you know about them, Bateese?"

"Some tam dey very fierce, Monsieur, and when 'ongree will chase eem right roun' de fire till 'e shoot eem dead."

"They are not coming this way," said the Chaplain, who was listening to the direction of the sound.

"Na, na," said Bateese. "Dey smell long way off, and go roun' and roun' before ever dey come to camp."

"You don't say that we are in for fun to-night, do you?"

"Don't say noffin," replied Bateese with a shrug. "Only dey won't be here for a long tam, anyway."

"Will you take me to see the other women, Harold, before we go to bed?" said Helen with another little shiver.

"You are surely not afraid with such a body of troops around you, Mrs. Manning?" queried the Colonel.

"Not a bit, Sir George," was her answer and she turned upon him a face that showed no trace of fear, "but I want to visit with the women a few minutes."

"By jove, we are blest in having such a woman with us," said the Colonel to the little crowd about him, as the two moved away. "It gives us a bit of civilisation right in the woods. She's a treasure and you men must do what you can for her."

Helen found the women seated on a log with their husbands beside a fire near the middle of the men's quarters. They, too, were discussing the wolf question.

"Just listen!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardman in alarm. "There must be twenty of 'em or more. They might come to us when there is such a lot."

"Let 'em come," said Mrs. Bond, tossing her head. "What's twenty wolves agin two 'undred men?"

"That's not it," said the other woman. "They're such sneaks. They say they can squeeze into any 'ole. I wouldn't want one of them beasts in my bunk for a bedfellow."

"You need not be alarmed," said Lieutenant Manning. "There will be a fire in front of each camp all night, and plenty of men on guard. If the women are afraid though, Corporal, it might be better to put in a few more stakes to block up the bunks more thoroughly."

"Perhaps it would. We'll attend to it, sir;" and the two men went off to cut the stakes and put them in place.

Helen remained with the women a little longer, while Harold crossing over to speak to the Colonel told him of Mrs. Hardman's alarm. Sir George

laughed. Nevertheless, he gave the final order to double the guard for the night, with relief every two hours instead of three. At ten o'clock the bugle sounded the men to bed.

The large fires in front of the camps made them warm and comfortable; and in another hour the whole camp was still, with the exception of the guards on duty, who stood and lounged around the blazing fires. Silence and quietude reigned supreme save for the crackling of the faggots and the howling of the wolves. For a time the sounds were very distant, seemingly miles away.

Hour after hour passed by. Snuggled beneath the blankets the men and women were sleeping. Suddenly the howling, which had been circling in the distance the whole of the night, concentrated in one direction and gradually the sounds grew louder and the tones clearer.

Captain Cummings, knowing that the drivers would be familiar with the country and the habits of the animals, had arranged for two of them to take part with the pickets on each watch. This time both Bateese and Pat were on duty.

"Sacré! de dem wolf comin' straight for us," exclaimed the former.

"Be jabers! They're on a bee line down the Truro road," added Pat. "In foive minutes the howlin' pack 'll be on us as shure as shootin'. Pile on the dry pine, boys," he called out in a higher key. "Whin ther's a big pack and a cowld night, it'll take a tremenjous fire to keep the spalpeens from sissling right into us."

"We'd better call out the men," suggested a private.

"Holy Peter! we must call the dhrivers, too, or the horses 'll be after a stampede," was the answer.

But some of the soldiers had heard the wolves and were up. Captains Cummings and Payne and Sir George, too, were already out, and the men, many of them only half dressed, with guns in their hands, came tumbling after them.

"We may as well see the end of this," cried the Colonel.

"By Jove! Yonder they come," shouted Cummings; and at the top of the long incline, leading out of the valley, a dark, surging mass could be seen clearly in the moonlight.

On they came, straight down the road, filling the air with their loud, unearthly yells. Some in the centre were on a steady run, others at the side scampered irregularly to the right or left; while a few young and lanky fellows leapt madly over the backs of others in order to get to the front.

"Quick, men. Rifles ready," called out Cummings, as the men got into position before the unusual foe. The wild rush of the wolves was checked as they neared the blazing fires. Still, as Pat said, "numbers made them bould." There were more than a score of the hungry brutes; and the sight of fire was not enough to divert their attention from horses and men.

As they struck the camp they set up a more terrific howl than ever, and made a sort of momentary halt. The leaders, a couple of huge fellows, turning gray with age, seemed in a quandary whether to turn to the right or the left. Then they made a rush toward the rifle men who stood nearest, and the whole pack came on.

"Fire," cried the Colonel.

One of the old grays dropped and several others with him. With a cowardly yell the animals veered; but it was only for a moment. Then some savagely turned on their fallen comrades to tear them limb from limb, while others scattered to right and left. Again the men fired and then charged with fixed bayonets, rushing on the animals with cold steel.

By this time the whole force was roused and, clinching their guns, appeared on the scene. But brief as it was, the battle was almost over. A number of the wolves were killed, some were wounded and others, still unhurt, retreated into the forest; while one or two, surrounded by the bayonets of the men, made a wild dash through the camp for the woods on the further side.

Helen did not go to sleep early that night. The excitement of the day's

travel, together with the new conditions, had unsettled her nerves. Consequently, a couple of hours passed away before sleep came, and then troubled dreams marred her rest.

The mad yells of the wolves as they neared the camp awoke both her and Harold. With a suppressed scream, Helen clutched her husband as he sprang up to don his outer clothing. Then came the fire of the first shots.

"Don't leave me," she pleaded in momentary terror. "What if a wolf should squeeze in between the poles?"

"No fear of that, dearest," he answered, pulling on his boots and tunic in less time than it takes to tell. "But I won't leave you if I can help it. There has been no general call for the men as yet."

"The only way in or out is through that passage," she cried, calm again, and busy dressing while she spoke. The shooting continued and the shouts of the men were louder now, while there was less yelling of the animals. Then came a wild hurrying and stampeding around the camp. Harold had stuck a lighted candle in a crotch and a brace of pistols in his belt. In another moment he was ready for anything.

"What's that?" exclaimed Helen with a wild shout.

Harold turned instantly and by the dim light saw that the slabs at the entrance were wriggling.

"By heavens, it's a wolf!" he shouted, and almost without taking aim he fired one of his pistols at the head of a monster which was squeezing between the poles. The bullet grazed his shoulder but with a gruesome howl and snapping jaw he continued forcing himself into the narrow cell. Helen, springing to the further end, seized a dirk from the sheath in which it hung, while Harold fired his second pistol. This time the ball passed through the wolf's jaw into his body. Still he was not killed, and snapping savagely he floundered into the room.

Then came the life and death struggle between Harold and the wolf. With his empty pistol he struck him a fierce blow upon the head, while the wolf's teeth clutched the young man's leg.

"Quick, the knife," he gasped, and like a flash the dirk was buried in the brute's heart. The jaws relaxed. The leg was free again and the huge wolf rolled over.

The candle was still alight as Harold staggered, a gory spectacle, to his feet. Helen, too, was trembling and spotted with blood. Bravely she had faced it all and had not swooned.

"How terribly he has bitten you!" she cried with quivering lips.

"Only a scratch," was his answer. But the shots and Helen's screams had been heard, and the poles were being forced aside. Sir George, the Doctor, Cummings and others had come to the rescue.

"What in heaven's name have you here?" cried the former in consternation as, in putting his head in, he almost fell over the body of the dead animal.

"We've been entertaining a wolf," Harold gasped.

"And he's been trying to kill my husband," Helen added, bravely keeping back the tears.

"You're not dead yet, though," exclaimed the Doctor. "Can you stand up, old man?"

"Certainly I can." And Harold rose from the bloody couch to his feet. "The rascal nipped my leg, though. Perhaps you had better look at it, Doctor."

"Come outside then, if you can walk." He managed to reach the blazing fire, followed by Helen. And there the Doctor dressed the wound.

When the other men dragged out the dead animal before putting the place in order again, they were amazed at their discovery.

"Why! it's the big she wolf," Cummings exclaimed. "The mate of the old gray that was shot. What a desperate fight Manning must have had!"

"And his wife," echoed Sir George. "The wonder is that she retained her senses."

Harold's hurt was not a severe one.

Fortunately it was but a dying snap, and the blood on his clothes was from the wolf. So he cleaned and changed them, and Helen with water and sponge refreshed herself too. Half an hour later they returned to their own wigwam. But the men had not been idle. They had made it over again; and they found their bunk as good as new. So after each had taken a glass of Old Madeira, which Harold had fortunately brought with him, they once more retired to rest. The outside guards were changed, and soon the men of the troop were trying to sleep again, in preparation for the next day's march.

CHAPTER XV

NOTWITHSTANDING the exciting disturbances of the night, to both men and beasts, the troops were up by daylight. Breakfast was over, the camp was struck, and all were ready to march before the sun in the clear winter sky was much above the horizon.

During the last of the preparations, Helen, wrapped in her furs, was seated on a log by one of the fires. While waiting for Harold she was busy jotting down notes in a scrap-book that lay on her knee.

"Well, dearie," he exclaimed, as he joined her with a very slight limp. "We start in ten minutes. Are you quite ready? But what is this you are doing?"

"Just scribbling a bit," she replied; "commencing my diary. And how is the leg? It must hurt you."

"Only a little. The doctor has dressed it again. He says it is a mere trifle. The thick folds of my trowsers saved me from a bite that might have been serious. So you are turning historian are you? Commencing, I suppose, with a thrilling tale of adventure."

"Last night's experience should be thrilling enough to make a record of, don't you think?" was her answer.

"Well, yes, if you only put it down right. You should commence with an account of the brave lady, who, without fear, seized a dagger and by her dexterity saved the life of her husband."

"O, Harold! How you talk! What nonsense!"

"There is no nonsense about it, my dear. Where would I have been but for you? Both my pistols empty, clutched by a big wolf, and no knife within reach until you handed it to me. No, my dear Mrs. Manning, you were veritably your husband's preserver. Put it down quick, for we have scarcely a minute to lose."

"It is too late," she returned with grave perspicacity. "The first chapter is closed. What I have writ, I have writ, and there's the end o't." And closing her scrap book she opened her reticule to put it in.

"But my brave lady," he cried. "My heroine of the midnight battle, won't you let me see what you have writ?"

"That is a question," was her laughing answer, putting her bag behind her back.

"Why so?" he asked.

"Because——"

"Because what?"

"Because you shouldn't see everything I put down. I just thought I would write a bit each day until we get to Penetang; but there are things which a woman would not want to tell to a man, even her husband."

"I never thought of that," he replied gravely. "Still—there may be truth in it."

"I don't want to be mean, Harold," she said relentingly, handing him the scrap book. "Read it this time, but please let me write what I want without showing it to you again, until we reach Penetang. I will promise that you may read the whole of it then if you choose."

"Well, I agree," he replied, stooping to kiss her. "Writing letters to nobody with nobody to read them."

"Who else should read them but the nobody for whom they are written," was her laughing response.

The horses were harnessed, but he had still time to glance hastily over the first entry of her diary. It ran thus:

"Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, Jan. ——, 1814.

"Just two days and nights since we left Halifax. The weather sharp, cold and bright, with scarcely a cloud in the sky at any time. We had great fun at a lumber camp on our first day out. A good-natured Scotchman was what they call 'Boss,' and he made it very pleasant for us. He gave us an excellent dinner and was very gallant to us all; but he tried to be funny, too. For instance, he told me it was lucky I did not intend to stay in Nova Scotia, for if I did, I would become a 'blue-nose' like the rest of the women, for I was catching the disease already.

"I laughingly repudiated the charge and told him it was a calumny upon the Nova Scotia women, for their noses were all a natural colour.

"'My dear woman,' he replied. 'I'm no daft. Their noses are all blue, but for the sake of effect they just paint 'em pink.'

"The Doctor heard him and shook with laughter, while Mr. Mackenzie reiterated: 'Fact, Madame, fact! When you come back jess ask Mrs. Mason and she'll tell you.'

"Still, the 'Boss' is a fine specimen of his race, rough, generous and warm-hearted. I wonder if he has a wife. If not, the sooner he gets one the better; for, like Harold, he could make a woman happy.

"That afternoon we passed an Indian camp. Some of the red-skins were armed, and as there were a lot of them, and only a few of us in sleighs, it didn't seem safe until we had driven on and they had shouted their last 'Qua.'

"But the horror of all was last night, only three or four hours before dawn, when, if it had not been for a providential candle, Harold might have been killed. Oh, that blessed candle! I have stowed it away already among my most valuable belongings in commemoration of the event. The fiendish eyes of that gaunt wolf made my blood run cold as he wriggled through the bars into our camp. Harold shot him twice with his pistols and afterward stabbed him to the heart with his dagger; still, he could not have done it but for that little candle which he had stuck between the branches before the fight began. What a terrible scene it was! When Harold and the brute were locked together and the blood spurted all over, I felt sure it was Harold's. I almost fainted. But somehow I just wouldn't. So I grabbed hold of the wolf's leg and helped to roll him on his back. It was all the help I could give. The whole thing was horrible to think of. It made my blood curdle. But I don't care so long as Harold is all right. I always knew what a good, true man my husband was, but never before did I know how brave he could be. He's the—"

Here the record broke off abruptly, caused no doubt by the said Harold's arrival.

"I wonder how you purposed concluding that last sentence?" he asked with a laugh, as he handed back the book. "Possibly the dash was merely a happy substitute for something else.'

"On second thought I don't think I'll finish it," she rejoined, laughing. "Just leave it for you to conjecture."

"And am I to read no more chapters?" he asked.

"Not even one," she replied, nodding her head. "A woman's fiat is like the law of the Medes and Persians—it cannot be altered."

"So be it," he assented, while he helped her into the sleigh. "I shall restrain my curiosity until the manuscript is finished. But woe betide you if you do not let me read it then." Then they both laughed.

The next moment the bugle sounded, the sleighs and troops were already in order, and on the word of command the journey was resumed.

Helen's diary continued.

"Camp———miles northwest of Truro, Jan'y——, 10 p.m.

"I thought I would write a little in my diary every day when I commenced, but here on the very start I have missed a day already. Perhaps it was because Harold, on account of the wolf's

bite, has been with me ever since. To-day it has been terribly cold and I was afraid he might be worse, but fortunately he is not. The roads are still good through this mountainous region and without many drifts either. Bateese pretends to be disgusted. He says they are not worth a 'Tam'; for he has been doing his best to find a drift to camp in ever since we started. So we laugh and tell him it is foolish to despair.

"Last night we were on the lookout for wolves again. We sat on logs around the camp fires until quite late listening for them; but there was not a single howl. We did hear something, however, that pleased us better. The men had made our little camp comfortable for us, and Harold and I were having a chat by ourselves before turning in for the night. Perhaps I felt moody again in the still air and deep solitude of the woods. It was new and strange to me—so different from anything I had ever experienced.

"Suddenly we heard singing in the habitants' camp. The drivers were squatted around their own fire and listening to Bateese. I wonder if I can remember the words of the quaint little song. It ran something like this:

"'Ma luffly gal she ees so neat,
She be ma femme come by-am-bye,
She ope her leetle mouf so sweet,
An' all de day sing lullaby.

Ven she vas baby dress in print
Her petite nose was wide an' pug,
So dat it make her eyes go squint
Ven she shut up her leetle mug.

Her arms so short, her feet so long,
Dey make you tink of kangaroo,
Still, mon devoir, I sing ma song
An' tell de story all to you.

But she so fair, her hair like gold,
Her bref is like de rose to smell,
An' vat care I for tings I told,
I luff dat leetle gal so well.

An' den who cares vat people say?
Mon Dieu! e'en d'ho de night owls sing.
It ees no mattare; ve'll be gay
An' Cure'll marry us in spring.'

"Then the men laughed, and we laughed too. Somehow it roused my spirits, and I liked Bateese all the better for singing his foolish little ditty."

Diary continued.

"Miramichi River, New Brunswick, 240 miles from Halifax, Feb. —— 1814.

"I intended to write in my diary every day when I started, but 'The best laid schemes of men and mice gang aft aglee.' Several weary days have gone since I used my pencil last. I was more than half sick and did not feel like writing. Now that I am better, I start anew and shall try to keep it up. Harold has been very good to me; and so have the Doctor and the Chaplain and the Colonel and everybody. Still travelling twenty miles a day, no matter how you feel, is no joke, particularly when you have to camp out in improvised shanties every night, no matter how intense the cold. Two of the days it stormed furiously and Bateese had all he could do to keep our sleigh from upsetting in the drifts. Some of the others did go over, much to their discomfort, and we began to prize Bateese all the more for his dexterity even if he does brag a bit. When the blast was the keenest both the women got their noses frozen. That was two days ago and their driver discovered it just as we stopped to camp for dinner.

"'By gar!' he cried out, vehemently, 'de vemen's noses bot' be friz.'

"Bateese dropped his lines into Harold's hands and almost with a bound reached the other sleigh. Then the two men commenced at once to rub the frozen noses with snow, much to the disgust of the women. But opposition was useless. It was the right thing to do, and at the same time a rare joke to the Frenchmen who continued to jabber their patois.

"'Be quiet now, Femme Bond,' cried Bateese. 'You no want your nose drop off.'

"''Ardman never look at 'im femme again wid big hole in him face,' cried Henri. ''Old steel I say.'

"The women realised the truth and slowly the white ivory hardness of the

two noses disappeared, and they became red and soft again.

"'Dey must cover de face wid wraps all de rest of de day,' was Bateese's parting injunction as he left them to return to his own sleigh.

"We are lucky in having Bateese for a driver. He is usually so amusing with his stories. At first we used to believe all he said. Now we discriminate, and laugh at his tales about bears and things as heartily as he does himself. Speaking of bruin reminds me that I saw wild bears for the first time yesterday. Harold was with me. The Colonel's sleigh as usual was just in front of ours; and, as our horses slowly ascended a steep hill on the curve, we saw a big black bear with two little cubs sitting on her haunches right in the road.

"Sir George's horses reared, while the men in his sleigh picked up their guns and fired. The old bear dropped but the little ones were not hurt and, instead of running away, they cuddled beside their dead mother. Such a pitiful sight! Some of the men clamoured to keep the cubs for mascots, and the habitants declared that the journey would be lucky if they did. I was glad when the Colonel gave his consent, for I hated the idea of killing the cunning little things; if left without their mother they would surely die. So two of the sleighs stayed behind for a time to skin and dress the bear, for it was so much added to our larder; and also to fix a box to put the little cubs in.

"So last night we had roast bear for supper. It has a strong taste, but as I am getting well and hungry again, I relished it as a change from our regular diet.

"Harold was telling me afterwards that one of the cubs is male and the other female; and that the two companies are to have one apiece. The funniest part of it is that they christened them both with singaree—one to be called Helen and the other Manning. I knew the officers were very kind, but I never suspected that the soldiers cared a button for me. Pshaw! There's a tear on my paper. I wonder where it came from?"

TO BE CONTINUED

AN INTROSPECTION

BY L. H. SCHRAM

WHEN life appears a chaos,
When all happiness seems past,
When your molehills turn to mountains
Overshadowing and vast;
If you'll but with calm reflection
Take a retrospective view
Of the years of joy and sorrow
You've already travelled through;
Then this truth perforce must strike you,
As the Past its page unfolds—
That the dreading of the Future
Mars the joy the Present holds.

The PRIDE *of the* RACE

By Theodore Roberts

AUTHOR OF "HEMMING, THE ADVENTURER"—

Illustrations drawn by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THAT the Hon. James Selkirk was poor, was well known by more than his intimates — that he was proud was never suspected of him, until a girl found it out, to her consternation. In more ways than one he was a remarkable youth. He had never broken the heart of either of his parents. He was on the best terms with his elder brothers, and from the heir frequently borrowed such sums of money as that gentleman could afford to lend him. Though he had held a commission in an infantry regiment, he had never been cashiered. Though he arrived in New York very quietly, he was not under the shadow of any sort of disgrace.

The one letter of introduction which the Hon. James Selkirk brought ashore in the pocket of his tweed jacket, was to a very humble person—a bachelor without an automobile, whom one of his brothers had once met in Berlin. Within a week of the landing of this son of two earls, he was known to half-a-dozen young men as "Jim Selkirk." He shared a suite of rooms near Washington Square, with the man to whom he had brought the introduction. He speedily improved his poker play. He learned to blow the dust out of his cigar before lighting it, and became an adept at maintaining an upright position in a street car without clinging to the straps or clutching at the faces of his fellow-passengers. He was interested in the work of his suite-mate, which was the reading of multitudinous manuscripts in the office of a publishing house. He even added to his friend's work, without profit to anyone. For more than a month he lived modestly and merrily.

One night Benson, the publisher's literary adviser, took him to a small affair in a big studio. That was the beginning of it. He was dragged here and there, usually resisting, but always tempted by the chance of a waltz. Each last place seemed more desirable (to the person who dragged him) than the place before. The rumour of his ancestors went abroad. At last, with chagrin rather than surprise depicted on his open countenance, he landed on the warm side of the Bailey-Bancott's door. And there he met Elizabeth Fulton Van Dymple, and fell openly in love with her before he realised the full significance of her name. Elizabeth smiled back, and made him think that American girls were "awfully decent to strange johnnies," for she knew all about the two earls and four baronets. She waltzed as he knew she would, and his heart warmed toward everyone in the room.

As the days passed Selkirk perceived a coolness growing up between himself and his six first friends. This pained him, and like an honest Englishman he asked Benson what the trouble was. But Benson only laughed,

and replied that there was no trouble. One night, while five of them were playing poker, the chilly something in the air got too much for Selkirk.

"Why are you chaps beginning to treat me like a dashed outsider?" he asked.

"Far from it, my lord," said Hickson, with a thin smile.

"Shut up, Hickson," said young Jones, and looking at Selkirk he continued, "You see, Jim, we all got fond of you, and now we don't like to have you lured away from us, by the rich and the great."

Selkirk laughed.

"Hickson, I'll trouble you for three cards—aces preferred—and a cigarette," he said. He lit the cigarette and scowled at the cards, while the others watched him. "I have made seven what I really consider friends, in New York," he continued, slowly, "and you chaps know six of them. The seventh in number, and I must confess the first in order, I have never mentioned to a soul before now. It is she who represents, to me, the rich and the great. She is rich in beauty, and she is great in everything. My children, I, poor as I am, have lost my heart—have let it go without a struggle. If she will marry me, very likely the governor will give me charge of four or five farms, so that I may support a wife."

He grinned, and blushed. His friends shook his hands and patted his back. The cynical Hickson begged his pardon. Then they all put on their hats and crossed the avenue to a place where champagne could be purchased and enjoyed.

"Can't you give us the lady's name—we'll keep it close," said one of his friends. They lifted their glasses, expectantly. Selkirk whispered her name. A smile went round the table.

"My son," said Benson, "there will be no need of troubling your governor; Miss Van Dymple has a farm of her own, and our offices are situated in one corner of it."

Jim's confusion seemed sincere, but Higgins laughed incredulously. "Don't let a little thing like that spoil the romantic affair," he said.

The Englishman stared at the wine for a moment. "I won't," he said, "if I can help it."

ELIZABETH FULTON VAN DYMPLE

Selkirk went to the lady next day, mounted on a chestnut mare with three white stockings, and looking his best in breeches and boots. They had a date to ride in the park. After a short canter he drew up beside her, so close that with his toe he could have touched her hackney's elbow.

"I heard yesterday that you are frightfully rich," he said, blushing crimson.

She laughed.

"And you never guessed it?" she asked.

"I should have, of course," he said, "but I never thought about it, and—and I had the gall to—to love you."

The Honourable James was young, and he stared at the ears of his hired mare as if he thought of having them changed.

"Don't hustle Peter or he'll bolt," she warned him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and drew off.

They walked their horses for awhile, in silence. Smiling, with heightened colour, she watched him out of the corners of her grey-blue eyes.

"Did I interrupt you?" she asked.

Again he urged his mare to closer quarters.

"Do you know how poor I am?" he said, bending toward her. Their gazes met and lingered, and she read him to the bottom of his manly heart. He could see only the melting beauty of iris and pupil.

"Yes," she replied, "I knew that—before—I loved you."

Of course some people — mostly reporters—were surprised at Miss Elizabeth Van Dymple. But others considered the love-choice of a respectable, able-bodied younger son much better form than the purchase of a title. Old Van Dymple was one of the latter.

For almost a month's time the world was a place of roses and gold lights to James Selkirk. He loved her and was loved by her in return. To him alone, the sweet surrender of those incomparable lips; the delirious caress of those immaculate hands. To him alone, the message of those superb eyes—now commanding, and again all tenderness.

For him the laughter, the welcome, the companionship, the unembarrassed touch of the fair young body and the elusive fragrance of the coiled hair. Then came Satan, in a shape he knew not, to his Garden of Delight. The lady did not approve of his friends—of Benson, and Higgins, and the others who had welcomed him to New York. She snubbed one of them, cruelly, before his wondering eyes. Perhaps he was stupid. Perhaps he was not careful enough about his associates, as she kindly informed him. However it was, he could not understand.

"What did he do, to deserve that at your hands?" he asked. "His face was clean—his coat was all right. He didn't stir his tea with his fingers."

She tried to explain his friend's social insignificance.

"But he's a gentleman, even if you go only by the world's measure," he argued, sorely puzzled. "I happen to know that his governor is a parson—an Archdeacon, no less—and Horton himself is a scholar, and makes a decent living."

At last, vexed by his persistency in refusing to look upon (or away from) his former friends with her eyes, she remarked (with a note in her voice that she had scarcely intended) that perhaps their standards for such things were not the same.

"Mine are the standards of—of my people," he replied, crimson to the roots of his blonde hair.

When Benson returned to his rooms, that night, late from a Bohemian supper, he found his English friend at the writing-table, with his face on his folded arms.

. . . .

Three years passed, and at the end of that time Miss Elizabeth Fulton Van Dymple married the richest man in the Van Dymple set. Howard Cummings was good-looking, and as accomplished as he was wealthy and fortunate. Elizabeth was quite sure that she was very happy. She often told herself so, as if to impress the fact on her mind. In the way of a bridal trip they determined to do something out of the ordinary. They were both weary of Europe. So Cummings had his schooner-yacht victualled and manned, and on the day following the wedding, with a maid of honour and the best man for company, they set sail for the great salmon rivers of the North. The

"Yes," she replied, "I knew that—before—I loved you."

voyage northward was made in safety, for the *Polly* was big and comfortable, and a fine sea boat. They coasted Newfoundland (putting in at a rock-girt harbour every night), crossed the Strait from Cape Bauld to Henly Head, and continued their northing along the Labrador. At last they reached the purple and gray country of good fishing.

One morning, while Mr. and Mrs. Cummings were alone, whipping a pool about a mile in from the land-wash, Cummings stumbled over an alder root, and in his fall splintered the lancewood tip of his rod. Neither of them had brought extra tips; in fact they had even jointed their rods aboard the yacht, for when the flies are feeding on "the Larboardor," one does not want to dally with fishing tackle. It requires all one's nerve and fly-dope to keep the keenest angler ashore long enough to cast a fly.

After swearing mildly, and lighting his pipe inside his headdress of gauze, Mr. Cummings suggested that they return to the schooner together. But at that moment the lady hooked a fish. With an exclamation of disgust the man started back for the coast. It hurt him to see other people catching fish, especially when he himself was without a rod.

Mrs. Cummings played her prize desperately for about twenty minutes. Then she lost it, and was very angry, though really the fish was not to blame. She examined the cast with a wise air, and, as far as she knew, found the flies intact. Upon lifting her eyes from the gaudy lures, she uttered a

little cry of dismay. A wave of white fog had stolen in from the sea, and now rolled up the valley of the river, and across the wide barrens. Already the "rattle" below the pool at which she fished was cloaked with the crawling mist. Behind her, the sun still shone on the brown and rugged wilderness, and empurpled the low hills beyond. In the sunlight, as in the fog, there was no stir of life. Even the black flies and mosquitoes had fallen to quiet and silence. Across the expectant air floated the plaintive cry of a snipe. Between the emptiness of the wide barrens and the awful approach of the fog, Elizabeth trembled with apprehension. Dropping her rod, and wrenching the mosquito guard from her hat brim, she set out toward the fog and the coast. But the way was rough along the river. The fog drew about her like a white midnight, and in the first hundred yards of her journey she stumbled twice. She held a little to the left, deciding to keep clear of the hollows and tangles of brush along the stream. When she reached the more level footing of the barren she again altered her course, reshaping it for the coast, as she fondly imagined. But she possessed not a trace of the wilderness instinct. She even forgot to mark, and be guided by, the noise of the swift water. She came to a clump of spruce-tuck—not seeing it until the stunted, unyielding branches tore at her face and clothes. After skirting this dismal obstruction, she ascended a knoll of moss and granite boulders. From the summit, before her stumbling feet, a covey of willow grouse puffed up and hurtled into the fog. Sobbing from fear and fatigue, she sank upon a bed of moss and partridge berries, in the shelter of a towering rock. Away from her kind—crouched against the ground—hidden in the fog—she, who had prided herself on her courage, learned that she was an arrant coward.

Suddenly Mrs. Cummings sprang to her feet, and screamed long and shrill. Something had sniffed at her elbow, and she had seen the flash of red-brown fur. A fox—yes, she knew it was only a fox, but then how noiselessly it had slid out of the fog. Perhaps it had thought she was dead? She clutched the rock and trembled.

"Hullo, there," came a voice, muffled and faint across the fog.

"This way," she cried.

"Sit tight," shouted another voice, strangely familiar.

Presently she heard footsteps, and two figures loomed in the smoking allies of the fog. She sprang to meet them. Her right foot turned on a rounded stone, and with a cry of pain she fell forward on her hands and knees.

She must have lost consciousness for a few seconds. Then she felt strong arms lift her from the ground. Her foot hurt frightfully. She moaned with the pain of it. "Good lord!" exclaimed a voice close to her face. She opened her eyes, and behold, it was Jim Selkirk who carried her.

"Jim," she cried, "is it really you?"

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Cummings?" he replied. He was always stupid.

"Did you come all the way to the end of the world to save me?" she asked, softly.

Selkirk looked into the fog. "Pierre," he said, "I wish you would close in a bit, in case I should come a cropper." The other man, who had been a few paces to the rear, stumbled to his side.

Now he glanced down at the face of the woman in his arms. He did not smile. Not a flicker of the old light sprang awake in his eyes. Then he answered her question.

"Well, not exactly. We are on a government survey — came through from Quebec. Major Weston is in command, and a brace of scientists are along with us. Pierre and I were looking for our camp when we heard you call."

Mrs. Cummings wanted to cry. Her ankle pained her horribly.

"I did not know—you were still on this side of the water," she said, weakly.

"I am a constable in the North-

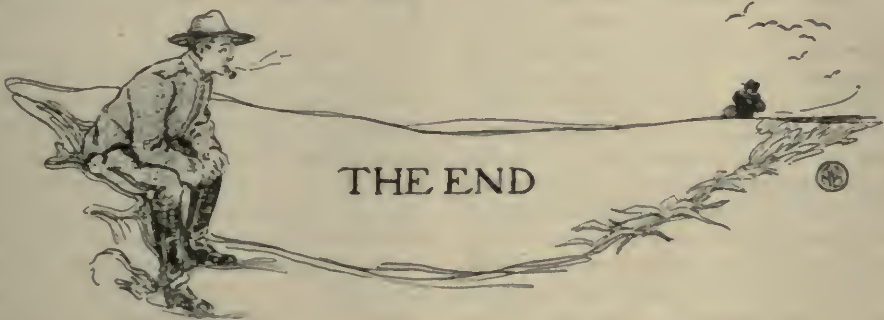
west Mounted Police," replied Selkirk.

For a long time they continued their journey in silence. At last Selkirk paused and leaned forward, listening. "I hear the boat," he said; and Elizabeth, looking up at him, saw the colour fade from his face. Pierre nodded.

"Now, Pierre," he continued, "you carry the lady down to the shore and see her safe in charge of her friends, and I'll wait for you here."

As Mrs. Cummings was passed gently into Pierre's arms, she stifled the protest that leapt from her heart and burnt against her lips. She closed her eyes—tight—tight.

"I hope your ankle will soon be right," said Selkirk. His voice was low, but it did not tremble. She made no answer. The half-breed trooper had carried her only a dozen yards or so, when the scent of tobacco smoke reached her on the fog. How bitterly she smiled, knowing that her old lover was unconcernedly puffing at his pipe while he awaited his comrade's return. But at that moment her knowledge of Jim Selkirk was even less than it had ever been.



THE DESPAIR OF SANDY MACINTOSH

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

IT was a windy, blustery day of early spring. The snow still lay in the shaded hollows, but the sunny spaces were showing green. The sky, which had lost its distant winter blueness, was softer and nearer to earth. The roads were a quagmire bordered by little rivulets of icy water, but an early robin sang from somewhere near, and the clear, pure air had a tang in it which made the blood leap gladly.

The minister of the Presbyterian kirk at Embro stepped out of the manse door with a song on his lips, to the tune of which he carefully picked his way through the many puddles which lay across his garden walk. But though he sang his mind was occupied with weighty matters, and Sandy MacIntosh lay heavily upon his conscience. Speaking as a philosopher, he considered Sandy in the light of a cross which must be borne. Speaking as a man, he admitted that he liked Sandy; but speaking as a minister, there could be no doubt that Sandy was a terrible scandal in the kirk. Only in this matter he and his elders saw not eye to eye. The elders were used to Sandy. For forty years he had carried the "Book" before the minister with stately step and reverend mien. What if it was true that he took a "wee droppie;" better men than he have their little weakness, and if, as a matter of fact, he was guided home from the "Rising Sun" every Saturday night, it was never said of Sandy

that he had to be carried, and Sunday morning always saw him clothed and in his right mind ready to carry the "Book" with steady step.

When it was at last decided that the session of Embro kirk should extend a call to the Rev. Robert MacPherson, B.A., there were a few who shook their heads.

"He iss a ferry fine lad," said Elder Mackay, judicially, "and herself will not pe sayin' he iss not a ferry fine preacher, but he iss not speakin' the Gælic."

"He iss speakin' the Word," rejoined a brother elder, solemnly; "it iss to our hearts he will pe speakin' it."

"Och, yes," agreed Elder Mackay, "but her heart would pe likin' the Gælic pest."

Before long, however, even Elder Mackay realised that the minister was making a grand fight of it. He had come determined to win a place for himself in the warm, sturdy Highland hearts, and winning it he was. A fine, strong, brave young man the Rev. Mr. MacPherson, grave beyond his years, as befits a minister who takes his calling seriously, full of faith and hope and good works, sure of his doctrine and his God as only a Scottish Presbyterian minister, in times now a little out of date, could be sure. Of the Gælic he knew enough to use in his prayer, but not enough to attempt a Gælic sermon until he had been minister of Embro kirk for many years. Yet, as the feeling of distrust amongst the congregation began to wear away, the minister himself began to feel less sure of his ground. As the Highlanders trusted him more and began to know him better, he found that, though a Highlander himself by birth, there was much about them that he did not understand. His education had not been among his own people, and he could not but find that in many things his view-point was very different from theirs, and realised that much adjusting must be done. So he was going slowly and feeling his way.

In the matter of the advisability of Sandy MacIntosh continuing to carry the "Book," he had been feeling his way for some time with little success. He was a man of strictest purity of life himself; he hated sin with what he was fond of describing as a "Godly hatred," and he could not reconcile it to his conscience that a "drunkard" should carry the "Book." In this he knew that he had not the support of his elders. To them the word "drunkard" could not apply to any man who came soberly to kirk on Sabbath and listened to the sermon with proper attention and discernment. To his Highland members Sandy was a man who "would pe takin' more than would pe good for herself," and by the Lowland folk he was described as apt to "taste a wee oor muckle."

As for Sandy himself, well, it was of Sandy himself that the minister was thinking as he tip-toed over the mud puddles on that blustery morning. He had decided to speak to Sandy. He was on his way now to Sandy's home. He would be mild, but firm—he would —ah, there was the subject of his thoughts now, coming from the usual direction of the "Rising Sun," jogging along beside his old blind horse, across whose saddle was lying a bag of potatoes and a small, suspicious looking keg.

"Caught in the act," thought the minister, with a feeling very much like triumph.

Sandy on his part was surprised to feel a trifle sheepish. Not that he was ashamed of the spirituous burden carried by old Nancy, but because the minister's absurd prejudice about "whuskey" was well known. So, entirely for Mr. MacPherson's sake, he sought to avoid a collision which might prove embarrassing to the minister.

"It is a fine morning, Sandy," began the minister, bringing old Nancy to a standstill by a firm hold upon the bridle.

"She would pe takin' home a few small potatoes," said Sandy in an explanatory tone, going straight to the point at issue.

"Yes, but the keg, Sandy—what is in the keg?"

To gain time, Sandy produced his snuff box and, after tapping it nervously, offered it to the minister.

"Och, the wee keggie," said he cheerfully, "Och, nossing—nossing at all—a bit whuskey whateffer."

There was an awful pause. Sandy's eye fell before the minister's and Sandy's feet began to shuffle. Guileless innocence was not going to work this time. Wildly he cast about in his mind for a reason—any reason which would satisfactorily explain the presence of the wee keggie. His eye fell upon the potato sack.

"Whuskey and small potatoes," he began slowly, then with a burst of confidence—

"Whuskey and small potatoes would pe good for the measles."

The minister sternly repressed a desire to laugh. Ordinary men might find Sandy's subterfuge delightful, but in the pursuit of his duty he was not as other men.

"This must cease, Sandy," said he firmly. "I cannot and will not countenance it any longer."

"God forbid!" said Sandy, greatly shocked. "It iss not herself that would be asking you, Maister Mac-a-ferson."

"But can't you understand that as long as I permit you to continue in your service at the kirk that I am countenancing it. You must surely see that, Sandy." There was real distress in the minister's tone.

"She would not pe understanding, but she would not pe likin' to be vexin' you, Maister Mac-a-ferson," said Sandy in conciliatory tones.

"Then will you promise to do better, Sandy—not to—not to—visit the wee keggie too often?"

"Och, yes, inteed, she'll no do that whateffer," said Sandy, earnestly; "she would not pe tastin' more nor would pe good for herself."

And with this the minister was forced to be content.

But it so happened that that very Saturday night the minister himself, returning late from a sick bed, was the disgusted spectator of Sandy's nocturnal home-bringing.

Sandy had not broken his word. His interpretation of what was "good for herself" was different from the minister's, that was all. But Mr. MacPherson did not realise that the fault lay in his own narrow notion of how much a hard Scotch head can stand and be "none the worse whateffer." And so it happened that while Sandy slept the sound sleep due to a "wee droppie" and a clear conscience, the minister sat in his study and composed a new sermon on the text "Without are drunkards."

This was a sermon talked of for many a day by those gentle-minded Lowlanders who had the privilege of hearing it, as "fut tae mak' the hair stan' on yer heid," and even the stolid Highlanders admitted that as a discourse it was "ferry powerful whateffer."

Indeed the stern young minister spoke from the depths of his heart and it was not his fault if those depths were severely Calvinistic. He felt himself filled with holy fire, a chosen vessel for the warning and rebuke of an endangered Israel. The hot words poured from his lips, he forgot that he was young and inexperienced and that he had determined to go slowly and feel his way. He only remembered that he was the minister of God and these were his people of whose spiritual welfare he must give account, and the congregation heard him gladly, rejoicing to know that the "meenister was speakin oot."

After the service Mr. MacPherson waited awhile in the session room, lingering in the hope that Sandy, a repentant sinner, might wish a word with him. And Sandy came.

Very warmly he grasped the minister by the hand, though this was a salute almost unknown among the undemonstrative Highlanders.

"Och, Maister Mac-a-ferson," said he in frankest admiration, "it wass a fine stirrin' word that you wass givin' us, och, yes. But herself was sinking that if there wass anyone that would pe given to tastin' more than wass good for herself she would

not pe feelin' ferry comfortable, whateffer."

When Sandy was gone the minister sat down by his open Bible and laughed a little hysterically. Perhaps it was the reaction of the morning enthusiasm.

It was that day with the black reaction upon him that he spoke of his trouble to Alexander Morrison, one of the wildest yet most sympathetic of the younger portion of his flock.

"The elders wont see it, and Sandy can't see it," he complained, "but everybody else sees it—and it is a scandal in the kirk."

And Alick was very sympathetic, saying that surely it could not last much longer; and, as he said it, in his mischievous, hair-brained head a plan grew, for Alick was very fond of the minister and Sandy was an old enemy of his not far distant youth. This plan of his was a fine plan: it would at once relieve the minister of the reproach of Sandy's carrying the "Book," and would provide for himself amusement and revenge.

So it chanced that no one, with the exception of one conscience-stricken scamp, ever knew what made poor Sandy's one wee drap so unusually potent upon a certain Sabbath morning. None could guess the cause but the effect was patent to everyone. Elder Mackay said afterwards that he "saw somesing wass wrong when Sandy came in wis the 'Book' and was 'ferry sankful that the meenister would not pe noticin."

The sermon that morning was upon the text "His own received Him not," and the minister was at his best. His voice, always low though clear and sweet, was to-day deeper and more tender than was usual. The congregation listened with awe and reverence to what was to them indeed and in truth the Word of the Lord. They never for an instant doubted that the Lord was in His Holy Temple. I have been in many churches and listened to many services but I have never found the atmosphere of reverent worship which I remember in the old frame Presbyterian kirk where our fathers met their God.

Into the midst of this solemn quiet, through which the low voice of the minister spoke to the hearts of his hearers, broke a terrific snore, then another, then another, then a crash, for the violence of the last snore had lifted Sandy bodily from his seat and deposited him upon the floor.

The minister paused, flushed painfully, and then tried to go on mechanically with his sermon. But he had lost himself. Again and again he broke, and finally, bringing his words to a hurried conclusion, came down from the pulpit and vanished into the session room.

From the first snore everybody knew that Sandy's fate was sealed. They had no sympathy or consideration for him now. He had disgraced himself and defiled the kirk and shamed the minister. Never again would he carry the "Book" with stately step and reverend mien. His service in the House of God was over.

The congregation dismissed that morning without the singing of the usual psalm. They went out slowly, saying little, leaving Sandy slumbering upon the floor. Presently the minister issued from the session room and walked quickly away, speaking to no one. His heart was full of Godly rage towards poor, misguided Sandy.

Of Sandy, when he awoke in the deserted kirk I may not tell. After a few minutes' thought and remembrance he came to himself and his heart knew its own bitterness. No one would have recognised in the shrunken, shamed man who crept out of the side entrance and hurried away, the fine, erect officer of Embro kirk. By many side ways he reached his home and, without a look around, went in and closed the door.

Two weeks afterwards came Elder Mackay to the minister.

"I would be speaking aboot Sandy," began the elder without preliminaries.

"I refuse to discuss the subject," said the minister coldly.

But the elder laid his big hand upon his arm.

"She iss a broken man, Meenister," he said, simply, "and it iss written 'the bruised reed will I not break.'"

The minister was troubled. He knew that his elder must have felt deeply to have said so much. For the first time in the two weeks he felt a little distrustful as to the Godliness of his rage; perhaps, after all, he might—

"Where is he?" he asked abruptly.

"She will pe at home," said Elder Mackay briefly, knowing that he had won his point.

"I will see him," said the minister, and taking their hats the two set off in the direction of Sandy's cottage. The minister alone went in.

There was a low fire in the little stove which had replaced the oldtime fireplace and over it a man was bending, a man who was old and bowed and who did not glance up as the door opened. The last trace of the minister's Godly rage vanished before that silent despair.

"Sandy," he said kindly; "haven't you a word for me?"

"She would pe pleased to see you, Maister Mac-a-ferson," said Sandy in an expressionless tone, rising painfully to place a chair in his old reverential fashion.

"You don't look well, Sandy," said the minister sympathetically.

"She is not ferry weel," replied Sandy dully.

Then the minister took the bull by the horns.

"When are you coming back to the kirk, Sandy?" he asked, and no one in the congregation would have been more surprised than himself as he said it.

A spasm passed over Sandy's face, leaving it duller than before. And for the first time the minister noticed the whiskey jug beside him on the floor. Sandy did not answer.

"We were very sorry for what happened—" began the minister, and then he stopped, feeling uneasy, like a man who has referred to another's shame before his own face.

"When are you coming back, Sandy?" he asked again.

Then Sandy lifted his face and looked at him with the look of a man condemned.

"Let us pray," said the minister, who felt that in the face of the man's trouble he was powerless. He stood and prayed, then he sat down and spoke again kindly, encouragingly, even entreatingly, but all his efforts were as fruitless as if he had beat his hand against a rock.

It was a minister with a white, exhausted face who left Sandy's door that day and joined the elder outside. The two men walked for a while in silence. Then the elder asked nervously:

"You will haf seen Sandy, Maister Mac-a-ferson?"

"I have seen a man who has lost his self-respect," said the minister with a shudder, "and God forbid that I should ever see another."

The elder said no more, but he put his sympathy in a handclasp as they parted.

Every day the minister visited Sandy MacIntosh, until Sandy's death, which occurred some weeks later, and was hastened, as the doctor said, by immoderate drinking. If that were so, and he sought relief in drinking, it was certain that he did not find it, for not once was his brain stupefied into forgetfulness. The heartsick minister toiled as he had never toiled before to win the man back to his self-respect, to give him some hope, all without avail. Sandy spoke little, and seldom at all to the purpose.

"She will haf disgraced the kirk," was all that he would ever say. And to all the minister's pleading of extenuating circumstances, of infinite mercy and goodness, of hope for everyone, of the experience of the thief upon the cross, he had but the one answer:

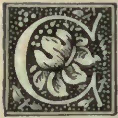
"She will haf disgraced the kirk."

That was all, save once, when he was dying, and the minister hung above him with a prayer upon his lips, Sandy's haunted eyes opened and his gaunt hand pointed somewhere into the darkness—

"Without are drunkards!" he said, and fell back dead.

A STREET SCENE IN RUSSIA

From "Chameleon" *By A. CHEKHOV*



ROSSING the market-place goes Police-Inspector Ochoumilov. Wrapped in his cloak of military cut, he might be officialism personified. And to increase the illusion, behind him strides a constable carrying a sieve piled high with confiscated gooseberries. Not a soul is to be seen in the Square; even the beggars have vanished; and the open doors of shops and taverns gape emptily at the sunshine.

"You infamous cur! So you bite—do you?"

At the sudden outcry, Ochoumilov and the constable wheel sharply.

"Hi, there! Catch him! Catch him! Don't let him escape! Yah!" And there follows a yelping, as of an animal in pain. Then, limping pitifully on three legs, a dog dashes out from Pichoogin's wood-yard. A headlong figure follows, cotton blouse and waistcoat flying in the chase. In his mad haste this person stumbles, and, measuring his length on the ground, grabs the dog by a hind leg. Again there is a yelping and a confusion of cries. Sleepy faces are thrust from the shops, and, as if by magic, a crowd springs into being and hurries towards the wood-yard.

"Seemingly a disturbance, your Honour," remarks the discreet constable.

Close to the gate of the yard the man in the unbuttoned waistcoat is showing his hand. One of the fingers is bloody. Short shrift for the dog if he gets *his* way! Already the finger is waving, like a flag of victory, as he advertises his wrongs to the people. The Inspector recognises him as Henkin, the goldsmith.

Meanwhile, in the middle of the crowd, trembling pitifully, and offering a conciliatory paw to anyone who will shake it, sits the author of all the commotion, a white borzoi puppy with a very pointed nose, and a yellow mark on his back. His eyes are full of terror.

"What's all this?" demands Ochoumilov, shouldering his way towards the dog.

"Look at my hand, your Honour," begins the goldsmith, nearly inarticulate with rage. "I went—I touched nothing, your Honour—to Mitrii Mitrievitch for some wood, and that monster set on me! Look at my finger! Mine is a delicate trade, and my hand will be useless for a week. It is not the law, your Honour, for every cur to bite."

"H'm——" remarks the inspector, his eyebrows moving unpleasantly. "Whose is the dog? It's high time to draw attention to this sort of thing! The owner of this dog has infringed a by-law, and must learn what the law means by 'roving cattle.' I fancy he'll find the term includes his mongrels! Eldirin"—turning to the constable—"summons the owner, and kill the dog at once—it's mad. Whose is the dog, I ask?"

"General Zigalov's," said a voice in the crowd.

"General Zigalov's? H'm. Eldirin, take my cloak—it has got abominably hot suddenly! Now, there is just one thing I cannot understand, Henkin." And the Inspector turned sharply upon him. "How could that little dog *reach* your finger? Such a puppy would never attack a great hulking fellow like you! You tore your hand on a nail, and then thought to wreak your annoyance on the dog. I know you!"

"Your Honour, it happened in this way," said a bystander, coming forward. "He put his cigarette in the puppy's face, for a joke. He's a bit of a wag, yer Honour! And the dog snapped at him. There's the whole story in a nutshell!"

"You've invented it—you liar! His

Honour, being a wise man, can see for himself you are lying. He knows when people are speaking the truth—as I'm doing! If I'm lying, let the magistrates decide. All are equal in the law, and I've a brother in the police force. If you want to know—"

"Shut up!"—interposed the constable. "That's not the General's dog. He doesn't keep borzois; his kennels are for pointers."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Ochoumilov.

"Positive, your Honour."

"I believe you. The General's dogs, at least, are thoroughbred; while this beast is a mongrel—no coat—no manners! The General wouldn't keep such a cur; they're crazy to suppose it! If this had happened in Petersburg, or Moscow, the beast would have been destroyed by now—and without consulting anybody! However, since you have been injured, Henkin, I shall not allow the affair to stop here. One must set things to rights. It is high time—"

"All the same, the dog is the General's," insisted the voice in the crowd—"it's not written in the animal's face, but I saw one exactly like it in his courtyard the other day."

"Of course, it is the General's," declared another bystander.

"H'm. Give me my cloak, Eldirin. How the wind is rising—it's quite cold." Ochoumilov was visibly perturbed. "Eldirin, you will take the dog to the General's house. Ask there. Say I found and sent him. And tell them not to let him run in the street. If he's valuable, and every pig pokes a cigar up his nose, it won't take long to disfigure him. You great blockhead"—turning on the goldsmith—"put down your idiotic hand. It's no use showing your finger. Your own fault entirely."

At that moment, the General's cook was seen coming round the corner. The Inspector looked relieved. "I'll ask him. Wait a minute, Eldirin. Hi, Drobar! Do you know this dog? Is he yours?"

"Ours? What an idea! Never had such a creature in our kennels."

"Then that settles it. The dog is a stray mongrel. No need to waste more words. If I say he is mongrel, he *is* a mongrel! Take and kill him at once, Eldirin. There, that's all." And Ochoumilov turned on his heel.

"The dog is not ours," continued Drobar, as if there had been no interruption. "He belongs to the General's brother, Vladimir Ivanovitch, who came the other day. The General doesn't keep borzois, but his brother has a fancy for them."

"Heavens! Vladimir Ivanovitch here!" exclaimed Ochoumilov, his face aglow with pleasure. "Has he come to stay?"

"On a visit, yes."

"And to think I never knew! I'm glad no harm came to his puppy. Take him, Drobar. He's right enough—a little playful, that's all. He bit that fellow's finger—showed his sense, as well as his teeth, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Why are you trembling so, puppy? I declare the rascal's quite cross. Good dog, then! Hi! good dog!"

Drobar called to the borzoi, and the two went out of the wood-yard. The crowd, having nothing to do, began to chaff the goldsmith. And Ochoumilov, followed by the constable, continued his walk across the market-place.

CANADIAN VS. UNITED STATES ENGINEERS

AND SOME RAILWAY HISTORY

By JAMES JOHNSTON

IT will be remembered that, in May of last year, the government appointed Judge Winchester a commissioner to inquire into the alleged employment of aliens by or on behalf of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Many complaints had been made to the Minister of Labour that Canadian and British subjects were being excluded from the survey work of the proposed national transcontinental railway. As a result of these, a Royal Commission was appointed, and pursued its investigations. The report of the Commissioner is now published.

The results of the investigation were published from time to time in the press, and are familiar to most of those interested. It was shown that a Canadian was offered the position of Assistant Chief Engineer at $4,000, and when he refused it, it was given to a United States engineer at $7,500. Many of the assistant engineers were United States citizens, and few Canadians were given an opportunity. As a consequence of the interim reports of the Commissioner, twenty-four persons were reported for deportation under the alien labour laws. The conclusion of the Commissioner is as follows:

"As the result of the evidence taken before me during the investigation I am of opinion that there was no earnest endeavour made to obtain Canadian engineers for the location of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway by those having authority to employ such; that had such an effort been made there would have been no difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number capable not only of locating, but of constructing the whole work. In the word 'engineers' I include all from the chief engineer and harbour engineer to the transitmen, draughtsmen, levellers and topographers. There was, however, a very earnest desire to obtain American engineers for the work, and in some cases applications were made to the heads of other railway companies to relieve men for the purpose of having them brought to Canada to be employed on this road. I have already stated the number of American engineers so employed. I find also from the evidence that the Canadian engineers are not inferior to the American engineers for the work in question, but having a superior knowledge of the country, they are better qualified for that work. I also desire to state that the Canadian engineers are not asking for protection for themselves, but merely desire that no discrimination be made against them. That discrimination has been made against them, in my opinion, there is no doubt."

Not the least interesting of the testimony presented in that report, is that of Sir Sandford Fleming. Sir Sandford organised and directed the surveys of the Intercolonial before Confederation; and was continued as engineer-in-chief to design and direct its construction by the Federal authorities. In 1871 he was appointed to conduct exploratory surveys for the railway which it was proposed to build across the newly acquired territory from the Ottawa to British Columbia, and was subsequently charged with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway as a government work.

It may be well to recall that Sir John Macdonald's government went down in 1873 because of the Pacific scandal—the name of the historical event resulting from the first deal be-

tween a government and a transcontinental railway company. In 1874, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie's government passed an act authorising him to borrow £8,000,000, aided by an Imperial guarantee for a portion of it. This was to enable him to build the "Canadian Pacific Railway" from a point near to or south of Lake Nipissing to some point in British Columbia on the Pacific Coast. It was to be built by private contracts under government supervision. In 1875, work was begun at Thunder Bay on Lake Superior, and a line was pushed through nearly to Winnipeg. Mr. Mackenzie was defeated in 1878, and Sir John Macdonald returned to power. He continued the work with variations in the route. He built nearly a hundred miles westward from the Red River and about the same length of line in British Columbia.

In 1879, the famous syndicate was formed to take over the line from the government, and it was given the three partially completed sections: Lake Superior to Emerson,

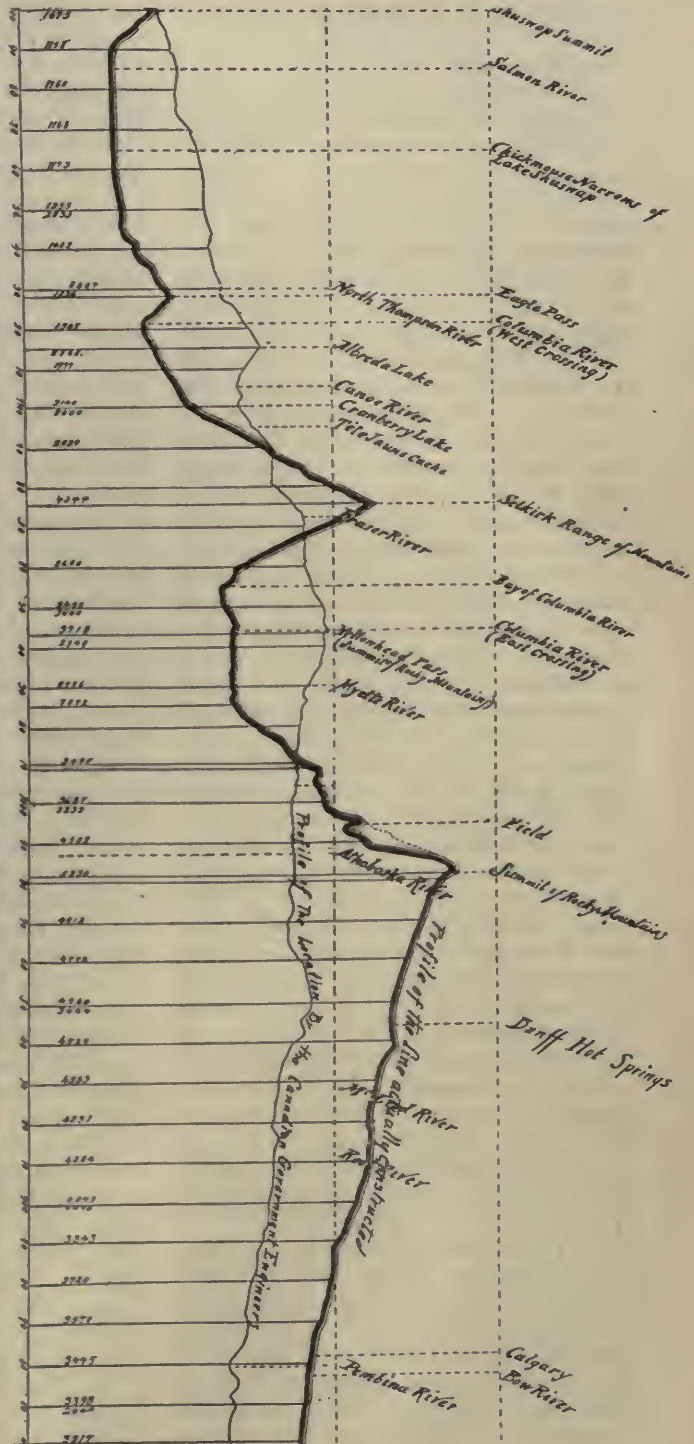


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE TWO C.P.R. LOCATIONS THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS EASTWARD FROM KAMLOOPS, REFERRED TO IN SIR SANDFORD FLEMING'S TESTIMONY

The shaded line indicates the profile of the line constructed; the other is the profile of the line located by the Canadian Government Engineers before 1880

Emerson to St. Boniface, and Burrard's Inlet, B.C., to Savona's Ferry, on Kamloops lake.

This explains why the work was in charge of Sir Sandford Fleming until 1880, and not afterwards. The new company employed its own engineers. With this explanation, Sir Sandford's evidence before the Commissioner will be better understood. It throws a most interesting historical sidelight on the building of the Canadian Pacific through the Rockies. In part, he said:

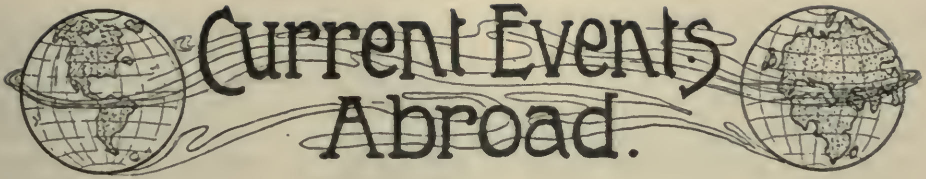
"All the engineers under me on the Intercolonial, the Newfoundland and the Canadian Pacific Railway explorations, location surveys, or construction, were Canadians. Some were born in the United Kingdom, but all were British subjects, and all were residents in Canada or in some portion of British North America when they were engaged. Such engineers were quite equal in ability, and generally speaking were fully as capable in the performance of their duties as any engineers from the United States whom I have known. No difficulty was experienced in securing Canadian engineering talent forty years ago for the Intercolonial Railway and since then for the Canadian Pacific Railway. A large number of men have gained good experience on these and othe. lines. The Military College at Kingston and the Canadian Universities have long been training young men for engineering work, and many of them have for years been employed on the survey and construction of railways and other work, and are now quite ready to fill similar positions. I am perfectly satisfied that we have to-day in Canada an ample number of skilled men to carry on and complete the new national railway. . . . .

"The work performed by the Canadian engineers on the several undertakings to which I have referred, bears enduring testimony to their attainments. If we turn for a moment to the work of these Canadians between the years 1871 and 1880, in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, we have the very best evidence of the value of their qualifications. Moreover, if we follow the enquiry we are afforded the means of comparing their work with the work accomplished in the same field by engineers from the United States.

"At the close of the period named, the Canadian Pacific Railway was under active construction at both ends and in the middle. An admirable location for it was found through the Rocky Mountain zone with gradients quite as good from end to end as on the railways in a comparatively level country like Ontario. All was accomplished by Canadians, without seeking for the smallest assistance from alien talent.

"We now reach a date when engineers from the United States were called in, and who after controlled the location of a portion of the first transcontinental railway. Fortunately they could make no change in the location of those portions of the line in process of construction by the Government, east of Winnipeg and west of Kamloops; but changes were sought for and made by them with a free hand between Winnipeg and Kamloops. Under the new régime the excellent location of the Canadian engineers was set aside, and on this section a greatly inferior location adopted. Thus it was that the Canadian Pacific Railway has been lowered in its engineering features, especially through the mountains. Thus it was that blemishes of a grave and costly kind have been bequeathed to all future generations, for the blemishes referred to are of a character which time cannot lessen or remove; and thus it is that the daily cost of operating the line for all time has been increased. For these regrettable defects the Canadian engineers are in no way responsible; but to all who know the facts they bring out in striking contrast the results of the labours of the two sets of engineers."

Sir Sandford's testimony is accompanied by a map, which is reproduced here also.



THESE pages have for months back been chiefly concerned in recounting events in which the Russian Empire has borne a conspicuous part. Nor does there seem any probability that she will soon cease to be an object of interest among the nations of the earth. The interest she formerly excited was that which a vast, proud and aggressive power is sure to occasion amongst her neighbours. What we witness now is her pride brought low, and her aggressiveness signally challenged and punished. Her case stands alone in history, and it is not wonderful that it should be so. A nation which in the twentieth century is still clothed in the social and political habiliments of the twelfth may expect to be thought oddly conspicuous. A great deal has certainly happened to Russia. It would be impossible to imagine a country of such real power in so pitiable a plight. The fleet with which she proposed to dominate the Pacific is at the bottom of the ocean; the fortress with which she proposed to overawe the whole East is pulverised and in the hands of the enemy; the second fleet with which she proposed to regain her prestige is skulking in unknown seas, not daring to go on for fear's sake and not daring to go home for shame's sake; and, last of all, its colossal army, driven in irretrievable defeat towards the mountains, has practically ceased to exist.

And what is the aspect of its subjects towards these disasters? We are told that the Liberals were hoping that the battle of the Shakhe river would be a defeat for Russia, and a defeat so decisive that there would be no doubt about it. A victory would only delay the reforms that are being pressed for. The internal condition is typified by the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius, following on the recent slaughter in the streets of St. Petersburg of the striking workmen and their kindred. It is always considered that the test of a civilised society is its guarantee to the humblest citizen of protection in the enjoyment of his life and property. This common boon Russia cannot guarantee to those who scarcely deem themselves merely human, but arrogate to themselves almost divine sanction and sanctity. Long ago its government was called an autocracy tempered by assassination. The description continues to be fearfully true. It is almost grotesque to speak of the omnipotent autocrat, when he and every one related to him are virtually prisoners in their palaces, and not safe even there, and while notices are posted on their gates that sentence of death has been passed upon them. Two Czars in the last century died by the hand of the assassin, and scarcely one escaped an attempt on his life. Within the past four years half-a-dozen of the instruments of autocracy have been miserably slain. The acceptance of the more ungrateful offices is a short way to an early death.

What will be the final outcome? Matters cannot remain as they are. It has arrived at a point where flesh and blood cannot stand to be crucified any further. The terrible disasters to Russian arms come as an irresistible hammer to break down the barricades that the civil spirit has already undermined and weakened. Intimations have come that the Czar is disposed to make some concessions to the evangel of social and political freedom. But he will be known to history as Nicho-

FIRST ADVANCES

RUSSIAN BEAR (tentatively), "Ahem"—*Punch*

(The latest reports from Russia seem to indicate that peace is in sight. The reasons for it seem almost irresistible).

las the Late. He had his opportunity before his subjects were slaughtered by the soldiers on the streets of every great city within his dominions. He had his chance before his uncle was blown to shreds almost within sight of his wife. What he might have conceded to liberalism he now concedes to what will be interpreted as force and fear.

He is more to be pitied than censured, however. Enmeshed in the Russian system, it would require a great and original character to break out of the net. There are not wanting indications that his tendencies are humane and even altruistic. In the face of threatened revolution, however, he remembers that the amiable and harmless Louis XVI died on the scaffold, and that his own grandfather, whose heart was full of love for his subjects and concern for their welfare, was assassinated with as little mercy as if he had been the most oppressive of tyrants. What a position to be in! He must crush down his better self in order to maintain traditions that he dimly or clearly apprehends to be wrong. Autocracy, moreover, has been found out. Heredity cannot be depended upon to produce a succession of Peter the Greats. There is no such thing in the world, of course, as a pure autocracy. The Czar is influenced, or perhaps even guided, by the great public servants whom he chooses, but even these are apt to reflect the weaknesses or shortcomings of their master, and there is no sphere in which honest merit has so little chance of being recognised at its true worth as in the atmosphere of a court. In M. de Witte the Czar has a man who has a right concept of what Russia's policy should be. Internal development was his watchword, but the gentlemen with a spirited foreign policy, if they had not the young Czar's ear, were at least too bold and spirited and too strongly supported by dead Romanoff policy and living Romanoff relations, to be resisted. And they have led him where he is!

Will peace negotiations now be entered on? At the moment of writing the extent of the disaster on the Shakhe river is not known, but it has all the appearance of an irretrievable overthrow. The mere commissariat losses at this time of year are overwhelming. Manchuria must be threadbare, and even the seeding has not been done for another harvest. Manchuria is unquestionably lost to Russia, for, humanly speaking, it could never be again regained. St. Petersburg may make whatever wry faces it pleases, and may postpone the unpleasant avowal of complete defeat for a time, but eventually it will have to take whatever reasonable terms Japan may propose. And however reasonable they may be, they will be an assurance that the Muscovite dream of vast empire in the Far East must remain a dream only. The railway for which such sacrifices were made will run for hundreds of miles through Chinese territory and under neutral control; the Gibraltar, which was to be the impregnable defence of its Pacific terminus, will be in the hands of Japan; the not unnatural hope that Russia would one day control China's myriads must be forever abandoned; and, in short, vast schemes of dominion unequalled since Genghis Khan overran Asia have tumbled down like a house of cards. The reflection that must be a bitter one to Russian statesmen is that the wreck has been caused by a little people whom they chose to treat with haughty contempt, and it must be said with stupid lack of discernment. We have heard a great deal in the past of the superior knowledge of foreign peoples which Russia's emissaries displayed. The first time it was really tried it was shown to be virtually nonexistent. The officials who failed to see how formidable a power they were bullying and aggravating into hostilities, cannot be credited with supernatural vision. A little more of the fox and less of the rough bear would have been good policy—for a few years, at all events.

Japan has become one of the world's great powers. Her sphere of influence, of course, is in the Pacific and the Far East. There she is master. The United States has a large Pacific littoral, but it cannot hope to be ranked before Japan. Marshal Oyama is being called the Japanese Napoleon, but Napoleon never had such soldiers under him as this grey-bearded Japanese marshal. He sets his men impossible tasks and they accomplish them. The power of patriotism when it becomes a fanatical religion is seen to be irresistible. Oyama, unlike Napoleon, is slow in the dispositions of his enormous forces, but his combinations, when the day of action comes, always connect, and he has the utmost faith that his men will effect the tasks allotted to them. He scattered his columns over an immense territory. The obvious danger was that Kuropatkin would break through them and the flanker find himself flanked. The amazing valour of his men appears to have made this impossible, and he has used his innumerable array like a ruthless and relentless chain, ever tightening its unbreakable grip until the Russian host was strangled in its coils.

Under the pressure of military disaster and civil commotion the Czar has, with evident reluctance, intimated that a representative assembly would be called in which all classes will have a right to be heard. There is already known to the Russian system a consultative assembly of notables known as the Zemski-Sobor. It has not been convened in the past 200 years, but it is not bad policy to revive a suspended institution and improve it if necessary rather then adopt machinery wholly new. Those who have read Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's account of the village councils or mir and the zemstvo or district assembly, will scarcely agree that Russia is quite unfit for representative institutions. It would undoubtedly be the part of wisdom to feel the way carefully, but it is

ROPED!

An elopement that has been declared off.—New York *World*

(The Senate has blocked President Roosevelt's half dozen of arbitration agreements with leading European nations.)

The Senate virtually spoiled the efforts made by President Roosevelt and his able Secretary of State to give the Hague Arbitration Court a significant recognition by providing the submission to it of such legal and interpretation questions as could not be accommodated by diplomacy. The agreements had been made with half a-dozen powers including Great Britain. The Senate, however, inserted a provision that the submission of each particular question should be first approved by the Senate in the form of a treaty. The President, in a vigorous letter, declared that this addition took all the virtue out of the work of the administration.

There is, indeed, a quite evident tendency on the part of the Senators to put a spoke in the Roosevelt wheel, not that he is *persona non grata*, but because his firm attitude on railroad and trust questions has made him some enemies amongst that gathering of the friends of monopoly in its various forms. There is plenty of evidence that the country is with the President and that if the fight keeps up long enough the President's desire not to be a candidate in 1908 will be swept aside by an irresistible public determination to keep at the White House a strong and courageous enemy of public plunderers, however strongly entrenched behind custom and capital. But that is a considerable time to look ahead.

not at all likely that there are one-quarter the dangers in granting a constitution that there are in refusing one.

The United States are practically committed to taking charge of Santo Domingo until the foreign creditor has his little bills settled and a financial equilibrium is established. President Castro of Venezuela will probably soon find himself in the same position. It is not a pleasant task, but the Monroe doctrine has its duties and responsibilities as well as its glories. The other nations of the earth may well evince their benevolent satisfaction at this attempt to make the notorious republics of the south behave with honesty and moderation.

John A. Ewan.

"I heard
One speak of you but lately, and for days,
Only to think of it my soul was stirred
In the tender memory of such generous
praise." —*Proctor.*

THERE is a strange fallacy which says that women are hard on their own sex. To a woman it is a matter of wonderment how such a thought originated. As a matter of fact, a woman involuntarily turns to and clings to a woman in times of tribulation and the mother instinct naturally implants sympathy for women which could not be found elsewhere. This is not meant to cast any reflection on men, except in the way of reminding them that they are sometimes too ready to cry, "Trust a woman to be hard on a woman!" Perhaps they are not aware, as many women could tell them, that it is always to a woman that a poorer woman comes when in trouble; we have this exemplified repeatedly in our homes by the back-door habitant. Not to speak boastfully, for I am speaking of the sex at large, it very often occurs to me that men scarcely know the little sympathies that are extended by women to women. The libel on our sex, which it really is, simply resolves itself into this fact: A woman who is hard on a woman is one who will be hard on everyone, possibly on her own children. She ranks the same as the man who would kick a maimed animal. Thank heaven there are not many of either class!

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AN interesting thought has for some time been holding the minds of Swiss scientists. It should appeal to all nations and classes of people who desire to never grow old and who wish to look forward to celebrating their two hundredth birthday by leading a cotillion. And such a simple matter that any intelligent house-wife could grasp! The Swiss scientists claim that by distilling water, which removes all the lime, thus doing away with the dread enemy of youth, we shall have left water of the purity and liquid enchantment of the gods! The Swiss gentlemen have proved their theory by literally "trying it on the dog." They took two canines, fed one on distilled water and the other on ordinary spring water for two years. After the two years had elapsed the dogs were killed and a sample of their blood and bone analysed. The dog fed on distilled water had aged exactly one-third more slowly than the animal who had been consuming a certain amount of lime. We are told that a still can be ordered from a tinsmith at the small cost of a few shillings.

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THE rage for Bridge holds in it some material for thought. Any one who has played Bridge (and not

to have played Bridge means not to have lived in these strenuous days), must have noticed the effect on some women's dispositions that this game has. Physicians who are ardent Bridge players, will explain to you that the danger lies in the close confinement, as some enthusiastic players in our midst play Bridge five afternoons a week and sometimes six; that this habit of hiding one's self away from the sunlight and sitting for three hours each day in an artificial light is scarcely beneficial to the physical side of a woman's nature. This is no doubt true, but there is a deeper danger even than this. It is the effect on the mental and, one might say moral, side of one's nature. There is a spirit of selfishness and a peculiar covetousness which, when brought into play five days a week, holds a danger of implanting permanent results.

Apart from all underlying thought, women who are inveterate Bridge players should remember that sunlight and fresh air are more worthy of being sought after than extraordinary skill in any prevailing rage.

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A WOMAN writer in a reputable current magazine has been discussing the decadence of story-writing. She very nearly touches the truth when she tells us that we shall have nothing great to hand down to posterity; that we have had no Dickens or Scott or Thackeray, or, in fact, anyone with anything pertaining to the greatness of the old writers of imaginary literature.

It is a peculiar fact, not touched upon by the above writer, that everything connected with science and discovery has undergone a wonderful evolution in the past few decades, while the arts have really not kept pace. More may be known of the theory of the different arts, but the fact remains that the efforts of the individual have not only remained at a standstill, but seem to have degenerated. Even such men as Leighton and Bourne-Jones could scarcely be placed beside Raphael or Reynolds. The same may be applied to sculpture, and, in the matter of literature, we certainly have no master intellects which we could place beside the old writers. I am speaking solely of imaginative work. The deeper fields of thought have an entirely different aspect. As a matter of example, Spencer and Ruskin could certainly be placed side by side with the greatest writers of their class. Perhaps Stevenson is the one imaginative writer who possessed some of the genius of the past.

Making a careful analysis of the present day writers, from a realistic standpoint, perhaps the entire lack of genuine humour is the most noticeable deficiency and, after all, the chief characteristic of story-writing should be to amuse. Where, in the course of a year's reading, could we find anything so distractingly funny as the humorous characters in Pickwick, or the jovial ex-collector of Boggley Wollah in Vanity Fair?

The modern story is typical of the times. It caters to a species of rapid transit mind development.

Esther Talbot Kingsmill

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SPRING'S MEANINGS

"Like tulip-beds of different shapes and dyes
Bending beneath th' invisible west-wind's sighs."
—*Moore*

AT the time of writing, the March sunset, watched from an upper window, grows a richer yellow every minute—sure prophet of wind; and this reminds me that to-morrow the fashionable feminine folk of the town will be out shrouded in veils and sportive in spring bonnets.

To the birds who are frantically settling in our tree-tops, taking advantage of squatters' privileges and eagerly grabbing the best sites for building operations, spring means the start of housekeeping, and matrimonial ventures with all their attendant cares and pleasures.

To the woodsman, the season suggests getting ready for the "dump"

and the beginning of the tedious and always perilous "drive" down the water-courses of our northland.

To the sailor—and who loves spring like the sailor?—it means new life in his lungs, the thrill of wind-sounds in the rigging and the joy of flapping sails!

But the women—is it a shame to confess it?—she is torn between the conflicting emotions of a keen eagerness to turn things topsy-turvy, by the process known to terrified man as a "spring house-cleaning," and a torturing indecision as to the exact size of dot in her spring veil, or the precise number and variety of colours advisable to have on her Easter bonnet.

Every fashioner of hats has but the one story to tell you this spring, namely, that there is positively no limit to the number of different and even discordant colours to be crowded upon one hat; and confidentially advises, in a stage-whisper, that if you want your new creation to look exactly like a Paris *pattern*, you must have upon it, in a "jumble," every colour of the rainbow!

Now, at this pitfall, the wise Canadian madame, or demoiselle, will use her brains, and avoid a headlong tumble by a little discretion. She *may* follow the Paris hat—at a distance—perhaps in form, or sufficiently so in colour, as not to be entirely "out of it," but she will select her colours with grave care, and, even should she choose seven, she will see to it that they all harmonise, and also that they will become her particular style of beauty.

> "These dazzling eyes before whose shrouded might
> Thou'st seen immortal man kneel down and quake."

And concerning the veil, which may lend to a woman an added power—a "shrouded might." This adornment may be termed an *extra*, as really a non-essential in woman's wardrobe, but if properly worn, is a very pretty adjunct to the feminine attire, bearing in its folds a quaint suggestion of aloofness. Like the high hedges about old English gardens, it shuts out a too bold gaze of the intruder, but, like the same hedges, it should be properly trimmed.

The veil must be judiciously chosen as to weave, colour and length, but, more important still, it must be artistically draped. Even as the knotting of a tie, or the arrangement of a girdle, the draping of a veil requires something more than can be taught in any school of fashion. Perchance it is a bit of feminine jugglery, mastered only by the few, or a deft twist of the wrist that a rare woman is born with, but whatever it is, that "something" is very necessary to one who would make herself presentable in a veil. Otherwise she might better, as Tom Moore suggests (with due apologies to Tom for changing "his" to "her"):

> "From her angel brow
> Cast the veil that hides its splendours now,
> And gladden'd Earth shall through her wide expanse
> Bask in the glories of this countenance!"

Watch the "veiled beauties" sailing along King Street any morning during a shopping tour, and see if you do not agree with me, that many of the flying colours there seen are reminiscent of nothing so much as a washing hung out to dry, or the tattered burgee on a defeated battle-ship.

A parting word about hats. One new shape shown me was called the "Kuroki"—a sort of cross between the "Lulu Glaser" and a Japanese sun-turban. The brim and inner rim drooped in parallel walls, making sort of a trench, not to fire bullets from, but to "shoot glances" over at the "enemy" from beneath banks of the loveliest flowers possible to artificial skill.

Annie Merrill.

A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU

THE demand for wealthy American wives on the part of impecunious members of the European nobility has led to the establishment on the Continent of a sort of bureau of information regarding the number and posi-

tion of marriageable American heiresses. The agency is said to have branches in several of the Continental cities, and to be extensively patronised by the hordes of princes, barons and counts found in Russia, Germany, and neighbouring countries. By its representatives in the United States the agency is supplied with the most minute details concerning Brother Jonathan's wealthy and eligible daughters. These descriptions relate not only to the fortunes and personal appearance of the ladies, but even include their character, temper, habits, height, weight, size of gloves and shoes worn, and so forth. It is, in fact, a sort of secret and exclusive matrimonial agency, patronised entirely by the male sex, for it need hardly be said that the information obtained about the ladies is mainly gathered by surreptitious methods. The particulars, in fact, are gleaned chiefly by women who are glad to earn fees by acting as spies on their wealthier sisters. Large profits are earned by the agency on each marriage brought about by its aid.—*Selected.*

EUPHEMISM

The humorists and the satirists are continually passing remarks upon the civilised barbarianism of modern times. Whether they prefer uncivilised barbarianism, or whether they think that civilisation should be entirely free from any barbaric qualities is not clear. At any rate, the veneer of Euphemism which is over the life of society is made into a target for their steel-pointed quips and jokes. Here is a recent example from *Punch:*

THE EUPHEMISTIC AGE

Time was we Britons all displayed
A frank and brutal candour;
We used to call a spade a spade,
But now we're growing blander.
If Truth be nude, we think it rude
To turn our glances on her:
We dare not look till we can hook
Some decent clothes upon her.

When nightly, as we sit at meat
Around the groaning table,
We over-drink and over-eat
As long as we are able,
'Tis not from greed we love to feed,
And swinish inclination—
Alackaday! we are a prey
To "social obligation."

When ladies seek masseuses' skill
To rub away Time's traces,
And sleep (as I am told they will)
With masks upon their faces;
When they repose with peg on nose
To mould it into beauty—
Good friend, refrain! Don't call them vain!
They are the "slaves of duty."

When City men conspire with Earls
To tempt untutored boobies
By talk of valleys filled with pearls
And diamonds and rubies;
When they invite the widow's mite
To set their ventures floating—
It's swindling? No! by no means so!
It's "company-promoting."

When public gentlemen address
Small cheques to institutions,
And little pars to half the Press
About their contributions—
You hint they're glad to get an "ad."
And easy popularity?
That's not their game! They have one aim—
"Disinterested charity."

"Many divorces are caused by a very common mistake."

"What is that?"

"Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."

"The professions are full, shall I give my boy a college education?" says the parent. No profession, no calling, no branch of life was ever filled. Good men and women need not wait on unperformed tasks—they never did wait. Will you give your boy a college education? Yes, give it to him if you think he will understand its usefulness, if his attitude will be such as to enable him to take advantage of it.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

HE peculiar political conditions of the past decade in Ontario political life have had a questionable influence upon the University of Toronto, the educational creature of the provincial government. Controlled by the government, dependent upon it for annual grants, for new buildings and other extensions of facilities, and for improvements in its administrative regulations, it must be influenced by the conditions of the times. For ten years, succeeding provincial administrations have been on the defensive because all the legislative majorities have been small. Each premier, instead of framing advanced policies, was simply strengthening his entrenchments. Each administration was peculiarly susceptible to influence and pressure.

The University of Toronto had great needs, and to satisfy them it was forced to look to its parental head—the government. That body could be reached most easily by influence and pressure. It was thus that corporations were securing privileges, that companies were obtaining legislature-made powers, that individuals were securing favours. What more natural than that the University should adopt means so potent and so well recognised!

To create pressure and exhibit influence the alumni were organised into an association, of which two of the university president's closest friends were chairman and secretary. The alumni of each county throughout Ontario were organised into county associations. A great machinery was created which would have political influence, or the semblance of it. A new science building was required, and demanded. The government's hesitation was speedily removed when this newly created machinery was set in motion by the president and his friends. A huge deputation visited the parliament buildings at Toronto and demanded this new structure and also payment to cover annual deficits. The government yielded.

A new Convocation Hall was decided upon. The machinery of the alumni association was put in motion and $50,000 was subscribed by the graduates and their friends. Then a

THE LATE E. F. CLARKE, M.P.

Member for Centre Toronto, and Ex-Mayor of the city, who died recently

Photograph by Gooch

march was made upon the government. The premier made a show of resistance. Further pressure was brought upon him through two of his colleagues who were graduates of the University and who were beguiled with high honorary degrees. In the end the premier yielded, and another grant was made. These are two conspicuous examples of the game that was played.

No doubt all these grants were required. Perhaps the new buildings were absolutely necessary. No doubt the monies so granted will be spent to the advantage of the Province. Yet, the method employed has had an ill effect on the institution. The president and his advisers have been looking so much to these material gains, that the mental gains have been overlooked. There has been more desire to increase the buildings and the revenue than to increase the efficiency of the staff, to raise the standard of instruction and to develop the intellectual life of the institution. The spirit of petty politics has permeated the university atmosphere, until the higher life of the institution has been threatened. On paper, the institution looks strong; in spirit, it is manifestly weak.

In the February issue of the *University of Toronto Monthly*, a writer dissects the *inner* university, the atmosphere of a university, and shows its influence. He preaches a sermon which it would be well for this particular institution to heed. A faculty, broken up into factions, composed of units each of which is striving to glorify itself when it should be inspired rather with a zeal for truth and a passion for life—such a faculty cannot impress a body of students. President Loudon and most of the professors are strong men, but they have been setting their minds to the building up of the outer university rather than the inner university. A change of methods and a change of ideals cannot come too soon.

VESTED RIGHTS

THE doctrine of vested interests is one which might reasonably be the subject of an historical or economic commission. It is obtaining a great foothold in this country because of church influence, corporate influences and judge-made law. It is being strained to defend much that is good, more that is indifferent and a little that is entirely wrong.

For example, a man is appointed a professor in a provincial university. He at once secures a vested right in his position, it is claimed, and for the remainder of life is entitled to $3,000 or so per annum. He may cease to be progressive, he may acquire habits which are detrimental to a proper intellectual influence, yet he is retained. When those senior to him in appointment pass away and he becomes senior professor, he is said to be entitled to a reversion of the presidency. He may have few qualities fitting him for that position, and some which unfit him; yet he and his friends rely on the doctrine of vested rights. He becomes president and does badly, he should be retired and a successor appointed, but the doctrine of vested rights comes in to save him. The institution may go to intellectual wreck and educational ruin, but the man may not be disturbed.

The state of affairs is much the same when a legislature or parliament grants a franchise to a corporation. That organisation may pay nothing for the franchise beyond what it handed to the campaign fund to prove its *bona fides*; yet the moment the grant is made, the vested interest arises. If the grant is to be rescinded a week later, the vested interest is valued at $100,000, or perhaps a round million. This is the doctrine propounded by telephone companies, gas companies, electric lighting companies, street and other railway companies. Once these corporations commence to do business in a certain community, henceforth that community is their property, something from which they, their heirs and assigns forever, are entitled to an annual revenue. The greatest of all annuities is the vested interest.

The Roman Catholic church has always been a great believer in vested rights. When the British conquered

the French in this country, the only stipulation of the surrender was that the vested interests of that church should be properly safeguarded. From point to point, through all constitutional and civil changes, the church has steadily fought to maintain that interest. The English church did the same in the early days of Upper Canada, but was defeated in spite of all the eloquence and organising ability of John Strachan. The Roman Catholic church has been more successful. Especially in Quebec has its vested interest grown and swelled to enormous proportions. A hundred million dollars would be a small estimate of the value of its Quebec franchise. It attempted unsuccessfully to exercise the same franchise in Manitoba, but partially failed before the Privy Council. Its vested interest claim would have been acknowledged by that body, if there had been sufficient evidence to support it. The doctrine itself found no disapproval there. Now, the sphere of action has passed on to the Territories where two new provinces are to be erected. Vested interests are again to the front, because separate schools have existed there since 1875. Separate schools are a part of the Roman Catholic franchise, and the Church zealously guards its right to maintain them. The country is mightily excited over the controversy.

THE HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON

Who has resigned from the Laurier cabinet, in which he was Minister of Interior, as a protest against some proposed features of the Bills creating two new Provinces in the West

It is an open question, whether this doctrine of vested rights is not being pressed too far. Shortly there will be a movement to tax the church property of all denominations. Is the cry of vested interests to arise there? Is every reform in educational, professional and corporation life, to be met with the answer: "You must not disturb vested interests"?

CANADA AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE

ABOUT thirty years ago the Imperial Government was content to pay a portion of the expense required to defend this part of the Imperial domain; to-day it is demanding that Canada not only provide for her own defence, but that she contribute to the defence of the Empire as a whole. From a purely business standpoint, the

demand is not based in reason. The growth of the naval expenditure of Great Britain has not been due to any development on this continent; the reasons are entirely European. The growth of the French, German and Russian fleets has always been given as a reason for increasing Britain's fleet—not the growth of Canada. If the British taxpayer is paying out more money than he can afford, he might lay away his cheque-book and his ambitions for a time, until his resources are replenished. *Punch's* cartoon, representing John Bull as bearing a great burden, and Jack Canuck following without offering any assistance, was neither justifiable nor in good taste.

It is but reasonable to assume that, as Canada grows in material strength and financial resource, she will add to her own internal and external defence. She has been steadily doing that. Her annual expenditure for militia and defence has grown from $667,001 in 1881 to an average of over two million dollars during the past four years. This amount will grow, because the country feels that this is necessary in its own self-interest. The annual expenditure will be practically doubled by the recent decision to assume the responsibility for garrisoning Halifax and Esquimalt, which up to the present have been Imperial stations. In the near future, the government will probably begin to build a defence fleet of some kind, and to train naval men as it now trains military forces. Canada is not persevering in this policy because of British demands. The policy was originated and has been maintained because it was felt necessary in the interests of this country. Future developments of that policy will be based upon the same reasoning.

If this view is correct, there is no need for Imperial rejoicing of the kind that has appeared recently. Canada's national pride is alone the mainspring of her actions.

John A. Cooper

THE PETITION

BY VIRNA SHEARD

SWEET April! from out of the hidden place
  Where you keep your green and gold,
We pray thee to bring us a gift of grace,
  When the little leaves unfold.

Oh! make us glad with the things that are young;
  Give our hearts the quickened thrills
That used to answer each robin that sung
  In the days of daffodils.

For what is the worth of all that we gain,
  If we lose the old delight,
That came in the time of Sun and of rain,
  When the whole round world seemed right?

It was then we gave, as we went along,
  The faith that to-day we keep;
And those April days were for mirth and song,
  While the nights were made for sleep.

Yet, though we follow with steps that are slow
  The feet that dance and that run;
We would still be friends with the winds that blow,
  And companions to the Sun!

THE LOUVRE*

CANADA is so young that she has neither art galleries nor art palaces worthy of special mention. Her lovers of art still turn for pleasure and inspiration to the galleries of Europe—the Vatican, the Pitti Palace, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the National Gallery and the others.

The latest popular book on the Louvre is that written by Mary Knight Potter, who has also written of the Vatican. Even to one who knows the Louvre only by secondary testimony, this book or any other of its kind must come as a messenger of pleasure—if the art-sense of the individual has not been dulled entirely by the brutalising tendencies of the modern money-getting. Even the student of history, who cares little for art development, will find here food for reflection and study. The history of the Louvre presents in vivid colours both the aspirations and the passions of the French race.

With the exception of certain foundations, no part of this gray rectangle of buildings, between the Rue de Rivoli and the Seine in the very heart of Paris, is older than the time of Francois I. It is said to have been first a mere hunting-lodge, and to have derived its name from that of the wolf—Lupus lupera. Others claim that Philippe-Auguste, pleased with his creation, called it *the* work—"*l'oeuvre, quasi chef-d'oeuvre.*" But Philippe built a fort or fortified palace as suited the thirteenth century. The work of enlarging it and making it a gallery was left for much later years. Colbert did his share, but most of the work was done in the present century under Napoleon I, Louis XVIII, Charles X and Napoleon III. To-day it is the finest of the museums of the world.

Francois I gathered the first paintings for the Louvre. He learned, through the wars with Italy, the value of Italian art, and invited Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto to his court. Raphael painted his Holy Family and St. Michael for this monarch, although the artist did not go personally to Paris. Under Louis XIV, as would naturally be expected, the number of paintings grew from two hundred to more than two thousand. Colbert spared neither time, pains nor money in adding to it. The art treasures of Charles I of England passed, through a banker in Cologne and his misfortunes, into the hands of *Le Grande Monarque.* Mazarin made a great collection for himself and, when he died, Colbert purchased 546 original paintings, 92 copies, 130 statues and 196 busts from this collection and transferred them to the Louvre.

When the Revolution came, the people called the Louvre the Muséum de la Republique, and opened it to the public in November, 1793. The Republic, with curious highmindedness and generosity, subscribed one hundred thousand livres annually for the purpose of buying pictures exposed at private sale in foreign countries. From guillotining monarchs to making art collections is such a short step.

Napoleon, with sardonic contradiction, gathered as spoils of war the art treasures of Europe, and sent them to Paris. From Italy, Holland, Austria and Spain came huge caravans of treasures. France claimed that these were not pillage, but honourable fruits of Napoleon's victories; nevertheless,

*The Art of the Louvre, by Mary Knight Potter. Illustrated, 418 pp, $2.00. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

many of them were returned when peace and order were restored.

All this information and much more is contained in the first two chapters of this beautifully printed volume. The other eighteen chapters are devoted to descriptions of the art treasures of the various rooms. Some of the famous pictures described and illustrated may be mentioned:

Mona Lisa, Leonardo da Vinci.
Immaculate Conception, Murillo.
Lorenzo Tornabuoni, Botticelli.
Visitation, Ghirlandajo.
Adoration of the Magi, Luini.
Madonna of Victory, Mantegna.
Charity, Andrea del Sarto.
Holy Family, Lotto.
Philip IV, Velasquez.
Charles I, Van Dyck.
Bohemian Girl, Franz Hals.
Christ at Emmaus, Rembrandt.
Entombment, Titian.
Jupiter and Antiope, Correggio.
Marriage Feast at Cana, Veronese.
A Morning, Corot.
The Gleaners, Millet.

Neither the pastels, the water-colours, nor the mural decorations are considered in the volume. Nevertheless the book is most satisfactory, both in contents and its mechanical excellence.

SHERLOCK HOLMES*

BETWEEN the ages of ten and seventy, a male person is interested in detective stories. One of our leading journalists tells that when, as a boy on the farm he became possessed of his first dollar, he walked ten miles to the nearest town, purchased ten ten-cent novels and walked home again with his treasures. From this and other instances, the thinking man will not condemn the average boy who is deeply interested in detective yarns. This interest is dangerous only when it takes possession of the boy and absorbs his whole being. So long as he can indulge in it in moderation, it is not necessarily harmful. Much nonsense is talked about the wickedness of allowing youths to read this class of literature. If parents feel that it is becoming harmful, let them not forbid it but rather turn the boy's interest into better channels. Kill the one interest by substituting another.

It is not the interest of youths which has made Sherlock Holmes more profitable to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle than a gold mine. It is the interest of men, business and professional men. If these men find a legitimate pleasure in the adventures and acuteness of Sherlock Holmes, why should they condemn a similar interest on the part of a younger generation in Old Sleuth of New York?

Sherlock Holmes is a type of shrewd man whose wits are keener than the average, a type of man whose courage is above the ordinary, a type of man with whom duty is always first. As such he is to be admired. His career has something which is admirable, even though it might not be chosen by the preacher as a model. Methods of teaching and methods of giving pleasure must always be various. No legitimate form of either is to be despised. Conan Doyle has made him a hero; and the common people have received him gladly. Let us, therefore, hope that the standard of duty and courage set by him will bear its proper fruit; for this seems better than lamenting to no purpose that the higher literary appreciation of good books is confined to the very few.

*The Return of Sherlock Holmes, by A. Conan Doyle. Cloth, illustrated, 381 pp. Toronto: Morang & Co.

TRAMPS

THE economic writer vies with the novelist in giving us information about tramps, their origin and their mental attitude. Charles D. Stewart has written a book called "The Fugitive Blacksmith,"* cleverly and humorously recounting the exploits of a mechanic who became a tramp because he was unjustly charged with the commission of a crime. The author is a

*The Fugitive Blacksmith, by Charles D. Stewart. Cloth, 321 pp. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Chicagoan who, though but thirty-seven years of age, has been tramp, blacksmith, photo-engraver, journalist, and labour leader. Apparently he himself is one of those unfortunate men to whom change is necessary, and with whom it is inevitable. This mode of life has a fascination of its own, and it is said to be followed in the United States by 100,000 men.

Mr. Stewart's story is interesting. Some of the chapters might have been eliminated—especially the first. There is no attempt at psychological analysis of the characters, and there is an entire absence of philosophy. It is a story in which the events explain themselves. Finerty, the Irishman in charge of the sand-house at a railway divisional point, is the person who entertains the tramps and listens to their tales. Finerty is as humorous as one could wish, and when he re-tells any part of the story it gains much in brilliancy. The blacksmith is not humorous, but he is ingenious, a shrewd observer, and a square partner amid all his misfortunes.

THEODORE ROBERTS
Author of "Hemming, The Adventurer."

THEODORE ROBERTS

OF all the younger Canadian writers, none gives more promise of excellence than Theodore Roberts. Like his sister and his three brothers, all older than he, he early gave evidence of literary and artistic taste. He is not yet thirty years of age, but his experiences have been varied. Most of his early years were spent in his native city, Fredericton, but in 1897 he joined the staff of the New York *Independent*. The Spanish-American War occurring soon afterwards he went to Tampa, Florida, as special correspondent, crossed to Cuba with Shafter's army, and was soon stricken with fever. In May, 1899, he went to Newfoundland, where he published and edited *The Newfoundland Magazine*. Such a venture was not likely to be successful in so small a colony, and he was soon forced to abandon it. In the meantime, his name had become familiar to the readers of New York publications, both his poetry and his prose finding ready acceptance. In 1899, a volume of poems from his pen and those of his brother and sister appeared with the title "Northland Lyrics," Professor Roberts, the eldest brother, writing a Foreword, and Bliss Carman, a cousin, an Epilogue. In January of last year, his first novel "Hemming, The Adventurer," appeared in Boston. Recently a Canadian edition has been brought out. Mr. Roberts was married last year, and has spent the fall and winter in the Barbadoes.

"Hemming, The Adventurer"* is the story of a British officer who lost his money by the treachery of a fellow-officer, and was compelled to resign his commission. Worst of all, he found his fiancée estranged by false tales. He engages as correspondent

*Hemming, the Adventurer, by Theodore Roberts. Cloth, illustrated, 328 pp. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

for a New York press agency, and visits Turkey and Greece, but is called to New York and sent on to South America. His adventures are numerous. The friendship with O'Rourke, a free lance like himself, is the strongest feature of the yarn. Both have been crossed in love, both love adventure for adventure's sake, both value the freedom which is the greatest reward of the travelling journalist. The story reminds one of the work of Richard Harding Davis, and of such books as "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is not ponderous in theme or in analytical quality; it is simply a lively tale. Nevertheless there is in it a shrewdness of observation, a cleverness in handling of plot and character which place Mr. Roberts above many of the popular story writers of the day.

A WOMAN PREACHER

WE are all preachers—that is, all of us who are of any use in the world. Some of us preach by practice and some by words, some merely by the lines on our faces. There are two English women-novelists who preach, Marie Corelli and Mrs. Humphry Ward. The former does it clumsily; the latter delicately. The former sometimes goes so far that one is impressed with a certain feeling of posing, of staginess, of insincerity; the latter is usually moderate. Robert Elsmere, David Grieve, Marcella and all the rest were sermons, gentle, pleasant, yet rugged and forceful.

"The Marriage of William Ashe"* is a novel of political life, with here and there shrewd comments, vigorous protests, clear commendations. Some Canadian public men are condemned, for example, by this quotation:

"Any one who knew him well might have observed a curious contrast between his private laxity in these matters and the strictness of his public practice. He was scruple and delicacy itself in all financial matters that touched his public life, directorships, investments and the like, no less than in all that concerned interest and patronage. He would have been a bold man who had dared to propose to William Ashe any expedient whatever by which his public place might serve private gain. His proud and fastidious integrity, indeed, was one of the sources of his growing power."

Mrs. Ward is more than a preacher, she is a creator of literature. She is not so tedious as Henry James or Watts-Dunton, but she is in their elegant class; to their dignity of diction and style she adds brightness of dialogue, sprightliness in the choice of character, lightness in delineation. One cannot but regret that hundreds will read her new novel and miss these subtle qualities because of the interest in the story itself.

Kitty, the wife of William Ashe, is a wonderful creation, something of the type of Lady Rose's daughter. She is summed up in the phrase "physically small and intellectually fearless," but that requires much elucidation in incident and picture. Her infatuation for Cliffe, "a kind of modern Byron," is in keeping with her other strange fancies. Her strong, irrational will leads her into grave errors. Her hatred of conventionalities cause her uncounted troubles. The secret of her peculiarities is hinted at early in the story, but is not fully revealed until the denouement.

NOTES

"Beautiful Joe's Paradise," by Marshall Saunders, the Nova Scotian writer, has been issued in England by Jarrold.

The Canadian public would do well to pass "The Sign of Triumph," by (Mrs.) Sheppard Stevens. It is a tale of the famous Children's Crusades of the thirteenth century, but is sadly marred by some filthy scenes which no

*The Marriage of William Ashe, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Cloth, illustrated, 563 pp. Toronto: William Briggs.

right-minded person would be likely to construct. All sins, mistakes and errors are not hideous, but the sins painted in this book are decidedly so. We feel certain that the Canadian publishers were misinformed concerning its character, or it had not appeared here.

"French Songs of Old Canada," by Graham Robertson, has been issued in London (13s. 6d.), by Heinemann. The songs are given with the music and an English translation.

Norman Duncan is issuing a sketch through the Revell Publishing Company, entitled "Dr. Grenfell's Parish: The Deep Sea Fishermen," which will give an authentic presentation of the great work which the doctor is doing on the coast, where Dr. Grenfell's parish covers a district two thousand miles in length.

William Briggs has just issued a volume of some importance from the pen of a Canadian, namely, "The Supremacy of the Bible," by J. Mercier McMullen, the Canadian historian. Mr. McMullen is now in his 85th year, and the book is an excellent example of prolonged intellectual energy. The book deals with the relations of religion to speculative science, remote, ancient history and the higher criticism; and, as the author puts it in a sub-title, is "a brief appeal to facts, inductive reason and common-sense." It is a volume of nearly 500 pages.

G. B. Burgin's new story, "The Marble City," has a Canadian setting, although the author is not a native. He is expected to again visit Canada this year, and will probably spend his holidays in Northern Ontario.

Harper and Brothers are shortly to publish a group of Northwest stories by Herman Whitaker—a new star in the milky way.

E. J. Payne has written a volume entitled "Colonies and Colonial Confederation," which is published by Macmillans. One would like to learn what experience Mr. Payne has had in colonial matters.

Stewart Edward White's books have grown quite popular in this country and apparently are doing well in Great Britain. "The Mountains," his latest book, has met with a good reception on both sides. It has less geographical interest to Canadians than his previous books because his mountains are the Western Sierras in the United States. Still, the book interprets the message of the mountains, paints the glory of that kind of natural scenery and indicates the prize which the seeker may find there.

A PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION

THE problem published last month attracted a great deal of attention. Here it is with the best solutions:

In the following sum in long division all the figures have become obliterated except four. Complete the sum by supplying the missing figures, and explain in the simplest form how they are obtained.

```
x 2 x) x x x x x x (x 6 x
       x x 2
       -----
       x x x x
       x x x x
       -------
           x 7 x
           x x x
```

The clearest and most complete solution is furnished by Mr. H. W. Brown of Berlin, Ont.:

For convenience sake allow me to substitute the following notation:

```
a 2 b) c d e f g h (i 6 k
        l m 2
        -----
        n o p g
        r s t u
        -------
          v 7 h
          x y z
          -----
              o
```

Obviously $y=7$ since the remainder $=0$;

7 being odd must arise from k times 2 + some odd number carried from k times b;

k must be less than 6 since $x y z$ is less than $r s t u$, that is $k=0$, 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5;

Now 0 and 1 are both impossible values because no carrying number would be produced in either case from k times b;

Moreover 2, 4 and 5 are equally impossible since the carrying numbers would have to be 3, 9 and 7 respectively to produce a 7 from the 2 in the divisor;

Hence $k=3$;

3 times $2=6$, therefore 3 times b must produce some number between 9 and 20 so that there may be 1 to carry to the 6 to make 7;

Therefore b must be 4, 5, or 6;

5 is impossible owing to the 2 in $l\ m\ 2$, so that b's value must be 4 or 6;

Let us now consider the value of i;

If $b=4$ i must be 3 to produce a 2;

If $b=6$ i must be 2 or 7 to produce a 2;

7 is impossible since $l\ m\ 2$ is manifestly less than $r\ s\ t\ u$;

2 is impossible since $l\ m\ 2$ cannot be less than $x\ y\ z$ and leave $n\ o\ p$ a remainder less than $a\ 2\ b$:

Hence $i=3$ and $b=4$;

Our system of notation is the decimal system, therefore $c\ d$ cannot be less than 10, and l, which is 3 times a, must be as near 10 as possible;

The nearest multiple of 3 is 9, therefore 3 times $a=9$, and $a=3$,

Now, by substituting the values we have obtained, we get

Divisor = 324,

Quotient = 363,

Dividend = 324 × 363 = 117612;

From these data all the remaining unknowns may be found in the ordinary way.

Hoping that this solution may meet with your approval, and trusting that you will continue this feature of the magazine from month to month, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Berlin, Ont. HARRY W. BROWN.

Somewhat similar accurate and clear solutions have been received from J. M. Hood, of Stayner, and James Quigley, of Regina.

Then there was a second class of answers which might be labelled the "rough and ready" class. Of these solutions, the following may be taken as examples. Oswald C. Withrow, M.D., Fort William:

I first found out what combinations of figures would give me 2 as end figure of a product, and rejected all but 3 × 4. I put the 4 as last figure in the divisor. Then I knew that as the first figure of the xx2 must be a high figure, possibly a 9, I placed 3 as the first figure of the divisor, making it 324, and 36x as quotient. Then as the middle figure of xxx would probably be a 7 so that it would come out even, I thought 3 must be the last figure of the quotient, making 363, and by multiplying I obtained 117612.

I was about 20 minutes obtaining the answer.

Abram E. Jess, Kentville, N.S., writes:

I first put 7 under the fig. 7 in problem; this must be right as there was no remainder. This 7 was to be obtained by multiplying the 2 in divisor by last figure of quotient, which must be 3, and last figure of divisor must be large enough to have 1 to carry when multiplied by the 3.

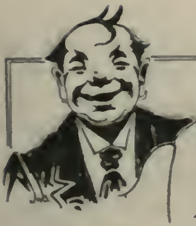
The figure 2x must be obtained by multiplying the last figure in divisor by first figure in quotient. After first trying 2 and 6 I found the correct figures to be 3 and 4, and the 4 must necessarily go in the divisor, so that when multiplied by the last 3 in quotient I would have the 1 to carry.

I now had 363 for the quotient and only lacked the first figure in divisor. I supplied this with the smallest figure that, when multiplying the divisor and quotient together, would bring six figures in the dividend.

This I found to be correct.

Correct solutions, some even better than these two, were received from Wm. M. Marshall, Goderich; Mathemat I Cus; Jean, Moose Jaw; J. J. Traill, Toronto; F. P. Macklem, Toronto (excellent); F. D., Cornwall (good), and several others.

A still more difficult problem will be given next month.



Idle Moments.

TRIOLET

It's funny, you know,
And as queer as can be—
It puzzles me so—
It's funny, you know,
Where the mothers' laps go
When they get up, you see;
It's funny, you know,
And as queer as can be.

Margaret Clarke Russell.

■

OUR FIRST MOUNTED PARADE

WE, the 2nd Battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles, landed in Africa on, I believe, the last day of February, 1900. After giving our horses a few days to get the stiffness out of their legs, the colonel decided to have a mounted parade. Our officers had but a nodding acquaintance with cavalry drill, or indeed, any kind of drill where a considerable body of men were involved; the horses were Western bronchos, frisky and wild as March hares, and the men earnestly intent on getting all the fun possible out of the campaign. Our lieutenant stood considerably over six feet. I do not know what his calling was in times of peace, but he was intensely military now. He talked wisely of arms, of camps, of the movements of the enemy and of the disposition of brigades. He breathed fiercely and glared at the graceless rascals of the 5th troop, C squadron, preparatory to shouting in stentorian tones "Shine," which was his idea of the military pronunciation of the word "Attention."

Like all tall men he showed a peculiar preference for small horses, and rode a 13.3 gray pony, which made up in girth what it lacked in height. We fell in for the parade in our lines, dismounted and led our horses out back of the camp, where there was sufficient room to manœuvre the regiment. On our right rear lay a battery of garrison artillery, back of them a regiment of infantry; in fact, on all sides of this open space were the camps of different outfits of soldiers. We were numbered off and then told off by sections, and then it was that our gallant lieutenant, glaring with deadly intensity, said, "Centre man, Prove!" Private John Russell lifted his hand over his head as a schoolboy does to attract the teacher's attention. "You are centre man, Russell," said Lieutenant ——; "you will ride two horses' length behind me, no more and no less; you will follow me wherever I go. Do you understand, sir; wherever I go?" "Yis, sor," said Russell, with a grim determination to do his duty. "And the rest of you men," said the lieutenant, "you will dress on Russell; that is, you will keep level with him wherever he goes." The order to mount was given, and somehow we got on our fiery cayuses and got into some sort of line. But the dust, the shouting and general commotion was too much for the nerves of the lieutenant's pony for, taking the bit in his teeth, he bolted straight for a regiment of infantry who were peacefully going through the manual of arms. With a delightful whoop Jack Russell jabbed his spurs into his horse and with a shout of "Come on, bhoys," took after our fleeing officer, and the rest of us, mindful of our orders to "Dress on Russell," soon got into line and kept magnificent dressing. Then the onlookers beheld a thrilling spectacle. It had been said that in modern war there would be no cavalry charges, but here was the real thing. Forty shouting, raving maniacs, mounted on forty half-broken bronchos, and led by a grim-looking warrior whose saddle had by this time

THE MOTOR-BATH

NURSE—"Oh, Baby, look at the Diver."—*Punch*

us really know, but we did it, and I observed that thereafter they never went to drill with the big guns without first posting a flying sentry between our lines and theirs. By tugging on one rein the pony was induced to describe a partial circle and finally came under control, and we came back to the regiment with our centre man two horses' length behind our officer and the rest of the troop dressing like veterans on Jack Russell, who was glowing with the righteous satisfaction of one who had done his whole duty.

Some months later I saw in an English illustrated paper a sketch of what purported to be a charge by my old regiment. We were shown with fixed bayonets on horseback. We carried our rifles in one hand and our revolvers in the other, and behind us, as far as the eye could reach, was a trail of dead

slipped forward on the horse's withers, and whose legs stuck out in front of the pony's head on either side like a pair of buggy shafts. Like a whirlwind we bore down upon the unsuspecting infantry. I believe that their colonel was a brave man and that the regiment had a good reputation, but they fled incontinently. We swept through their camp and out the other side. Here the garrison artillery were firing with 4.7 guns, and had their ears stuffed with wadding to save the ear drums. They were shooting out to sea and were intent on their business. They never heard us until we were about on top of them, and how we managed to get through them without killing a dozen or so, none of

and dying Boers, and I have often wondered just to what extent the artist of the sketch was inspired by the incident above related.

W. A. Griesbach.

■

"Young Dr. Swift calls every day on the little widow."

"Dear me! Is she as ill as all that?'

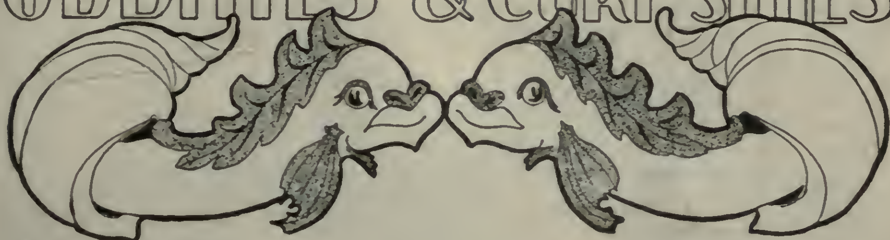
"No, but she is as pretty as all that."

■

Mrs. Forehundred: "What was that awful yelping in the nursery just now?"

Maid: "The nurse just slapped one of your children."

"Oh! I was afraid somebody had kicked Fido."



AUTOMOBILING ON RAILS

AUTOMOBILING on country roads is sufficiently exciting for most people, but one man conceived the idea of travelling across the continent on steel rails. This man, Charles F. Glidden of Boston, applied to the Canadian Pacific Railway for permission to travel over their line from Montreal to Vancouver—a distance of three thousand miles. He received it on the condition that he should carry with him an engineer and a conductor and that his machine should run on schedule time. The run was made in September last and resulted successfully. This photograph was taken at Medicine Hat, and is now published through the courtesy of the E. W. Gillett Co., Toronto.

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES

THE electrification of suburban lines is rapidly being carried into effect by one or two of the largest railway systems of England, and by several of the United States. In the former country the North-Eastern, at Newcastle, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire, at Manchester, have now local electric lines in operation. Other companies are carefully observing the results of the experiment, with the

ACROSS CANADA ON AN AUTOMOBILE, VIA THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE BUILT FOR THE NEW YORK CENTRAL

This style of locomotive will be used to draw the trains over the first thirty-five miles of their tracks running out of the Grand Central Depot, New York

intention, no doubt, of equipping their suburban service with electric power if the advantages sought by the experimenting roads are obtained. The underground railway in London, which has for so many years been run as a steam road, is now undergoing the process of electrification. Overhead railways of England, such as that of Liverpool, are electrified. But perhaps the best evidence of evolutions going on from steam to electricity are to be seen in New York and Chicago. The New York Central is electrifying all its suburban New York lines for a distance of thirty-five miles. From five to seven hundred trains enter the Grand Central station in a day, and to handle them 300 miles of single track will be electrified. This enterprise is costing many millions of dollars, but the company hopes to be more than compensated for their enormous outlay by the increased traffic they hope to receive consequent of the benefits given the public in more rapid travel, smokeless tunnels and safety from fire. Chicago is likewise witnessing a change in the operation of its suburban trains. The larger railways entering that city evidently believe electricity will not only facilitate the movement of the thousands who travel on their lines to suburban points, but will render travel less dangerous. In Canada, electricity on railroads has confined itself to street car lines and to electric roads running to country points. This, perhaps, is due to the fact that none of our cities are entered by tunnels nor have overhead railways. Experiments are being made in Michigan by the Grand Trunk, however, and one of the officials said recently that electricity would no doubt be used when it proved of economic value for suburban traffic. An official of the C.P.R. said the experiments of other companies are being watched but not followed out as yet.—*Montreal Gazette.*

"I think," said the prison visitor, "it would be helpful to you if you would take some good motto and try to live up to it."

"Yes," said the convict. "Now, I'd like to select, for instance, 'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'"

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.
A Department For Business Men.

RECIPROCITY

LORD Minto in a recent speech expressed the fear that the United States might offer reciprocity to Canada, and, through trade influence, create a sentiment that would win it away from Great Britain. There was a time when, had the U.S. Congress and Government been directed by statesmen, what Lord Minto alludes to might have been brought about. The fashion of the U.S. people in electing as their representatives a mass of narrow gauge, illy informed politicians, instead of giving Canada wider reciprocity, gave it the repeal of the only treaty negotiated between the two countries, the Fenian raids, President Cleveland's threats of commercial exclusion and the McKinley and Dingley tariffs. Incidentally also, it gave Canada a national backbone, that makes Lord Minto's fears needless.—*Montreal Gazette.*

IMPORTED READINGS

THE question of getting more British reading matter into the hands of the Canadian people is attracting much attention both in Great Britain and this country. His Excellency, the Governor-General, has interested himself in the movement and is lending it all his assistance. A petition from leading Canadians was presented to the British Postmaster-General a few days ago, and at the same time a deputation of British M.P.'s waited upon him. Lord Stanley, like his predecessors, refused to budge from the present practice, but that does not necessarily mean that there is no hope. Sir Gilbert Parker, who is directing the movement in Great Britain, states that the official answer cannot be accepted.

The Canadian trade and navigation returns of 1904, p. 316, give the following figures:

Imports of newspapers, and quarterly, monthly and semi-monthly magazines, and weekly literary papers:

Great Britain	$36,168
Hong Kong	2
Australia	5
France	1,532
United States	148,519
	$186,126

These figures do not include the quantities that come in by mail, but only such as are imported by news companies and newsdealers. It will be seen that the importations from Great Britain are only 18 per cent. of the whole, while the United States supplies 80 per cent.

AN OLD PROTECTION RECOMMENDATION

IN 1854 a Committee of the Legislative Assembly of Canada was appointed to inquire into the commercial intercourse between Canada and Great Britain, the British North American Colonies, the West India possessions, the United States and other foreign countries. On the 26th of May, 1855, this committee, of which William Hamilton Merritt was chairman, reported in favor of imposing "the same rate of duties on the manufactures of the United States as are imposed by that Government on the manufactures of Canada." At that time there was in force a treaty of reciprocity in natural products between Canada and the United States, but manufactured goods were not included. The Canadian

Customs tax on manufactures was 12½ per cent. and the United States tariff averaged more than twice as high. The advice of the Commission was not taken, but in 1858 the Canadian Government did adopt a protective tariff on manufactures which, while not so high as that of the United States, was remarkably high as compared with the tariff that preceded it. The duties were increased from 12½ per cent. to 20 per cent. on a long list of manufactures, including manufactures of silk, wool, wood, iron, brass, copper, silver, glass, leathers of all kinds and India rubber, while boots, shoes, harness and ready-made clothing got protection to the extent of 25 per cent. This protective tariff caused the establishment of many industries in Canada, but unfortunately at the time of Confederation the tariff was lowered to please the Maritime Provinces, which had not yet adopted a protective policy. The fact that Ontario and Quebec were so much in advance of the Maritime Provinces in manufacturing enterprises at the time of Confederation was largely due to the fact that the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada had enjoyed a considerable measure of protection for a number of years before Confederation while the Maritime Provinces were labouring under the disadvantage of free trade.—*Industrial Canada.*

PROSPECTS BY THE ATLANTIC

THE *Maritime Merchant* states that the prospects for 1905 in Eastern Canada are encouraging. It says:

"We think we can see this year a considerable alteration in the attitude of the people toward the year which is ahead of us. This time a year ago the note was one of pessimism. The outlook all over the provinces was none too cheerful. In Sydney and in the mining districts of Cape Breton the complexion of things was decidedly blue. Even then were heard around the steel-works complaints and murmurs, which some months afterwards ripened into action with disastrous results. The strike which followed made a big hole in the resources of the workmen, and in the profits of the company and of the merchants.

"Our own province and more particularly New Brunswick had to reckon with what appeared then likely to be, and what afterwards proved to be, a lean year in the lumber business. Failures and business embarrassments served to accentuate this note. With the beginning of the present year the note is one of optimism. From both provinces, and even from the very quarters where the outlook was darkest a year ago, there now come expressions of confidence. We welcome this change. We believe it is a great mistake not to be optimistic. The world is the better for its Mark Tapleys, who "come out strong" under all circumstances, even when the tide seems to be running against them. The optimists are not without reasons for the faith that is in them. In the labour world conditions are much more stable. The miners of Cape Breton and their employers have come together with a sweet reasonableness, between master and man, which is the more charming because of its rarity. For three years, at least, labour troubles will not deprive either labour or capital of their own. The outlook at the Sydney iron-works is promising. Both output and demand are increasing, and there is nothing in sight at present to interfere with the profitable operations of these works.

"The fisheries, which, after all is said and done, are the back-bone of these provinces, are in a healthful condition. Although the catch was not large, the high prices prevailing have counteracted this, and the fishermen begin the new year with full pouches. Fishing seers and those learned in the traditions of that ancient occupation, predict that the voyages of the coming year will be good ones. Although the lumber cut will not be large, prices and markets are improving."

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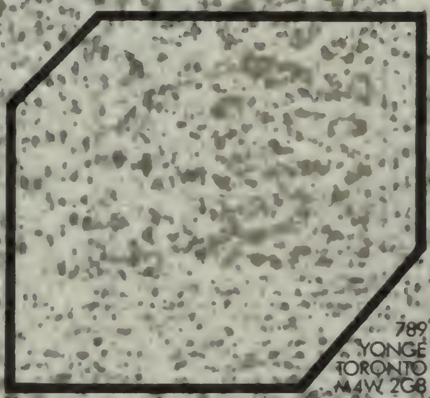

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